CONTACT DIARY PART 6

February 10, 2021 – July 10, 2021

Original writing with pictures inserted. – © Jo Danieli, 2021

February 10, 2021 – **The Pantyhose**

For weeks I've been thinking of buying a new *pantyhose*, as I've got only one left, and it is totally torn and barely covers my legs anymore. Every day I dispute with myself whether to wear it or not.

This morning … right on the road that leads to where I live, I found an **empty package of a pantyhose**.

Of a pantyhose. No other garbage. No paper, nothing. Just that.

SILCADA
Classic
Comfort

I had to smile.

Last night … I felt and saw ***Edith*** so clearly, as if she was really there. As soon as I had lied down in my bed, very late and had switched off the lights, *I was flooded by views and voices of my father and of Edith*, and being half asleep, I thought to myself ***"Wow, these are no memories, I've never heard them say this or seen them this way … these are Edith's memories, aren't they?"*** I got another swirl of Edith-imagery, and it meant "***yes***". I woke up, with my heart beating with excitement and even joy, and right then: The ***"knocking" sound at the exact same spot where it always happens when "Edith is there", at the one window.*** *Right then!*

Mind you … there are **no** crackling or knocking sounds ever in my apartment. I would notice, being the disca-talker that I am. This one sound only, always, when I feel Edith close.

I said out loud "Thank you, this proves it to me that you're here."

Then I had a very wild intense **dream** about me at some kind of *mountain-ocean-resort*, trying to shoot a *movie* with a man, a woman and a little girl. The man didn't really take me seriously or cooperate, and somehow, he ended up dead, and I thought the woman had killed him. None of them was familiar to me. There was police, and all my dream-persona could think about was that I was on a schedule and needed the film done. Then, somehow, it was the fault of the woman that the production couldn't proceed. She also kept *changing into some other personality that resembled a woman I had known in Vienna, Susi*, and there was something about *drawers*, like in cupboards, and she was running around between them … and the whole time I had the feeling of being ***in a place that I knew from my time with Bob***, very much "homey" … and yet I was hindered all the time by people in continuing my film production, they didn't take me seriously … At some point I stood on the ***slope*** of that mountain or hill, it was sunny, it felt like a resort of a kind … and there were people moving around, but I didn't see them clearly … only that ***upwards leading path***, a nature path, narrow, with green plants and trees, winding … and there was a house, and I was in it, for some reason, and the police woman came with an entourage of about 3, showed her badge and started to question me … but I wasn't worried, and I think I simply talked myself out of it all. There was an element that in the end I could prove to that man from the beginning of the dream that I was in fact capable of making that movie, and the feeling was that *the production continued* … but then I woke up.

I had finished a job last night, an ***astrology newsletter***, and even though I wasn't really interested in the content, there is one aspect of it that is now stuck in my mind: Since last spring, there has been a constellation that is now ending, and looking back, we, the earthlings, are supposed to look back and gain insights, what that phase had brought us and what we must eliminate from our lives. We are supposed, in the next week, to be inspired to know exactly what the plans for our future should be like. That was an interesting message. And then the movie making dream.

Oh I do want to make films – the ***"Regents of Cloud"*** franchise, that's my "***kuleana***".

I saw myself yesterday so stuck in a situation that I need to get out of, when I talked with my father on the phone, and he was outright nasty and then changed back to desperate and again aggressively rude … and I thought, no, that can't be that I must give up what I feel is my "***kuleana***". The situation how has become more difficult because of Edith's death … but also, hearing my father break out in hatred against everyone including me, on the phone, and his supposed caretaker, V., ranting and being truly nasty, made me realize that Edith really had been ready to pass on. It was like she was watching me and nodding at me, "See?" I had contacted the hospital for the medical records, and my father could request them anytime, but he refuses – even though he keeps saying that he can't find peace because he doesn't know what has happened. She died of acute liver cirrhosis … her death had been impending for a while.

Okay then … I just know that I must assert my standing and my interests and everything "me" at all times. It's very hard, though, I feel that the constant worries about my mother and my father weaken and exhaust me. And I'm aging so fast now. I'm learning to dive through his outbursts of anger and horrible nastiness … and I know exactly what Edith has gone through.

Maybe that's why she was so densely present later and *gave me a knock*, to tell me that I'm right and that she is truly fine.

My father told me on the phone, though, that *he doesn't want to hear more about the near-death-stuff*, it gave him bad dreams, in fact he said something like "about the people who die and come back from the dead" … which is an entirely different thing, of course. Like "zombies". What a limited view of things. I would have thought he'd be more open … But the way he "reflects" our conversations back to me, mostly, proves to me, that his mind isn't as "intact" as he thinks. Hasn't been since his younger years, likely, because I begin to recall how he was with my mother … and it's not different than his most nasty outbreaks today. He claims that I said or that we talked about things that were never said the way he insists or that weren't even said at all. But it's impossible to talk with him … he gets so outright so easily, in a dark and spiteful way disrespectful that it's virtually impossible to actually talk about anything with him. He'll immediately ridicule anything I say … but I shouldn't get too much into this, it's not relevant for this c. d., well, maybe in as much as I realize that I don't have a father or a friend or even an elderly man in him to talk about things. He is a mental case, a care taking case, a bitter old stranger. That's what I have to deal with. (***Note****: Months later I was to realize that only staying away from him would allow me to even live my life further … he is a sick and toxic crazy person. And he must have been for many years … poor Edith, an "enabler" and victim of a broken mind.)*

I remember so well, how Edith complained bitterly, already twenty years ago … how horrible her life was with him, how much she wanted to leave and that it wasn't possible because of their monetary involvement. He also mentioned that a carpenter was supposed to come, but then ranted that "it will be like always that he'll say that he was supposed to come another day and that I was wrong." This has happened to me too, with my father, that he didn't get the dates right. So … well, I guess I can only take a day at a time and prepare, mentally and emotionally, for the inevitable decline in my parents' existence. It's "only" that their brains along with their bodies deteriorate, as mine does, because the soul is getting ready to strip off that material shell that has an expiration date anyway.

But, on a mortal basis, living in this ***obstructed phase*** … It's just so very bitter, that neither of them has any consideration for me, they wouldn't ever ask me how I am or acknowledge how hard it is for me without Bob … I have nothing to expect from them. And that's not new or due to dementia, it has been like that for decades.

My parents never were there for me, all my life … except in my childhood, they had to house and feed me, and maybe there was some affection, but there was also neglect, violence, ignorance and outright torture. And now I'm their caretaker … well, that doesn't mean I have to do the literal caretaking, which I can't and won't.

Had Bob not died … I wouldn't have this role now. That's even what my father said the other day, "if he hadn't died, you wouldn't even be here." Who knows.

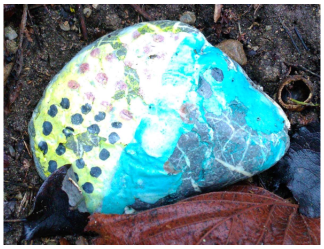
So … I really felt accompanied, walking down the hill and seeing the **pantyhose package.** Thank you, folks, I start to settle into the *secure knowing, that you are alive and right here*. Always.

(Later)

Took Jacqui on a walk at the beginning of the *treehouse field*, and there was a lovely **"stone in a stone**".

Yesterday I found a "**smiling stone**", and today I also found a "**stone wrapped in a white line**".

Went shopping in Völkermarkt – now I'm already shopping groceries to cook for my father, geez – and there was **a painted stone!** In a very unusual spot! Bob's favorite turquoise color, like his beloved swim trunks had been. And the dots …



(__Note__: Looking at that picture again months later, I feel like I should have "seen" something more in that stone … but the fact that it was right there, on my path, in this unusual spot, so unexpected, speaks for itself, too. It looks a bit like a *typical* ***ancient Hawaiian "game board"*** *("Konane board" or "Papamu")* … and there is the "sun" in the corner. *)*

(A greeting from my ancient past?)

(Later) **Edith's Fate & the Videos & The Knocking**

I had a very heartbreaking experience just now. Somehow I ended up watching German language ***educational videos about "Narcissists"*** and what they do with "Empaths", "***enablers***" … and it took my breath away realizing that I was listening to descriptions of Edith's time with my father … but also what my mother went through with him and myself! I was so baffled by the sudden flood of that information, I really sucked up one video after the other … and at some point I asked Edith to let me know if she was present …

And just a few minutes later – **the knocking sound** on the very spot where it always happens when Edith is "present" sounded! Just one single loud knocking sound! None before, none afterwards, none anywhere in the apartment at any time!

So I looked up and said ***"You are here, Edith, it's you!"*** And I ended up sitting on the bed crying, crying over what Edith went through, how she suffered … and I must admit to myself that it was my father who did that to her, because he is a full fledged narcissist of the worst kind. It's not his fault, it's a psychological problem, and he really "found" his victim, Edith, and he destroyed her with his narcissist spiel. I remembered the many times, even a year ago, when I tried to inspire Edith to break free and not do everything my father wants her to do … last year I was baffled by the willingness of Edith to be my father's slave … when for many years it had been clear how much she suffered from his toxic behavior.

Only today, *in several of these videos,* I learned it all … I got to understand what happened and why and why Edith could not be saved. She was trapped. She didn't even know it anymore, she had given up herself. The narcissist won. Only that Edith's soul took off, leaving the broken body behind … and now beautiful Edith is free.

I could cry again right now … and I haven't cried in a while.

When I said to Edith that I knew she was there … there was such a strong emotional flash … it felt like it was Edith herself connecting with me with those emotions … similar to yesterday, when I had felt her so close … about the same time as today, or an hour later, because it's midnight now.

I know that she knows the connectedness of all things and everything that happened, but I also know that she is still present in and very much connected to this realm … I told her that I'm not sure anymore what my job here is … I'm not sure what to do about ***Sandy***, Edith's dog … and in another emotional flash I just knew I had to save Sandy. I know she is in danger. The thing is only that taking her from my father would make him even more miserable. But clearly he doesn't treat her well, and he hates her. He has hated her in part for a long time, and Edith knew it and knows it. And he hates me. I have learned so so so so much today in those videos!

Thank you Edith, for helping me figuring out how to behave towards my father.

The video contents also taught me that I do need to muster up sympathy for him as a broken spirit, his mind is sick, and has always been. *(**Note**: Months later I had to realize that nothing helps to deal with a narcissist who has determined that you can only be hated, whatever you do, he will turn it against you. I have realized also that the only explanation for the strange resentful behavior or my neighbor J., **Marshall's owner,** against me, is, that he is a **narcissist** too and sees me as some kind of projection victim. I'm sure that in his later years, if he lives that long, he'll be a source of great pain for some family members, including his wife, who seems to be an enabler, because her mother, A., told me, with worries, that M. does everything J. says and never doubts him, even if what he does or says is obviously wrong.)*

There is no way to make him understand that … but I must somehow "get to him", and I have now much better tools than I had even earlier today.

I was lead to watching those videos … I had no intention whatsoever to watch videos about narcissists … and yet it happened.

I also suddenly flashed back to my **dream** of last night when I was sitting there and crying for Edith.

There was that *blond woman,* the actress in the dream … and with the intention to save my movie production, I told her that I was sure that she could *play her role impromptu*, because of some reason there was no time for her to learn the dialogue lines of the script, I don't know why … but I told her that I needed her to learn the lines on the spot, for every scene separately … and I told her that I knew she could do it.

Feeling so close with Edith I suddenly realized that of course I might be talking to "them" in my sleep state, and what remains of the inputs I'm getting are my dream recollections … and so that *woman and that situation with me insisting on continuing that **movie production*** and telling that actress how I expect her to do it … seems to have new and stronger meaning all of a sudden. And it has to do with … well, that I don't know.

I did, however, just earlier, check my emails, and I found a message that there is another possibility to submit scripts to a major Hollywood production company. Just the other day I saw the name in the credits of a movie, it's "Skydance", and Skydance is owned by Larry Ellison's son, David. How's that … me, trying to connect with Ellison, and now his son's production company is looking for "Prime Drama" and "Grounded Sci Fi"? I will submit "Paradise" and "Regents of Clouds". (***Note**: I did, nothing came out of it.)*

And I hope that Edith in her new old wonderful happy state will support me.

I will do my best to be good and helpful to everyone … even though right now I'm not sure I know how. I feel worried about Sandy, keep thinking that the poor dog has only one single spot where she can lie down: in her dog basket, that's a plastic container that's too short for her, where she can't even really stretch out. I saw her lying there, her nose pressed against the one side of the plastic and her butt at the other.

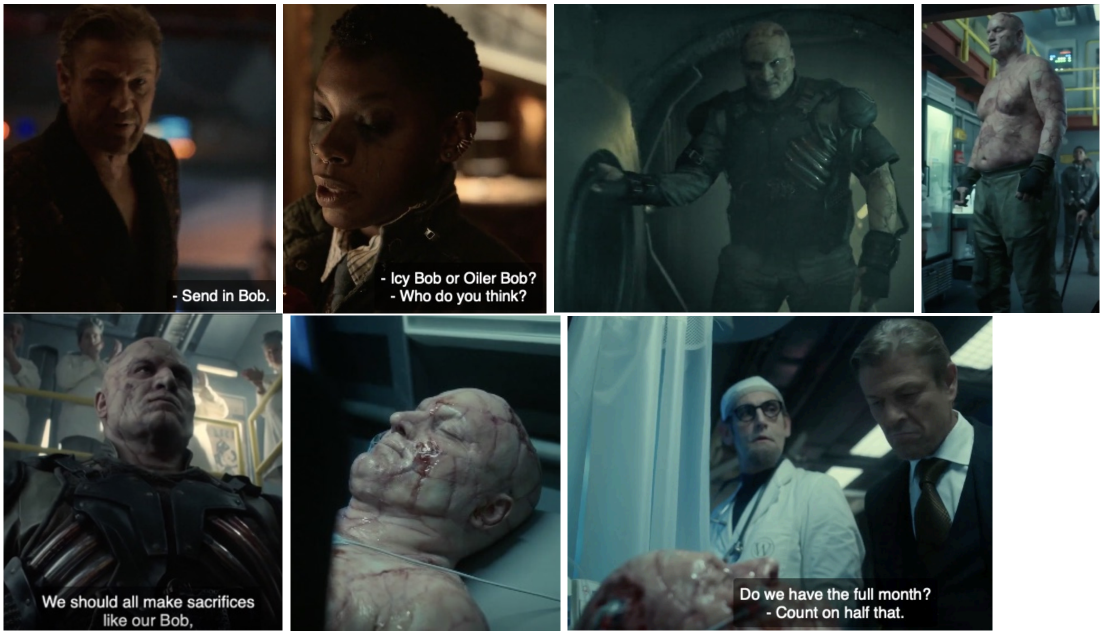
Oh geez.

But the **knocking** … ***as a direct answer to my asking "them" or Edith to give a sign*** … wow. That was powerful.

February 11, 2021 – **Bob & the Questionmark & the Edge of the Mountain Dreams**

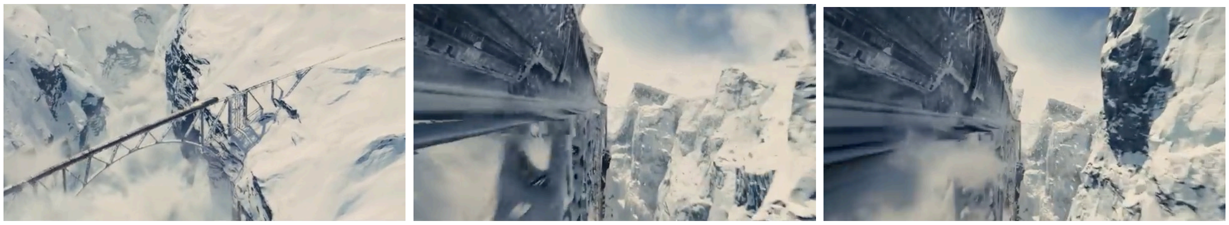
The most amazing greetings from "there" … in movies, again! Even the questionmark in the sky that I saw a while ago … including a mentioning of Bob himself …

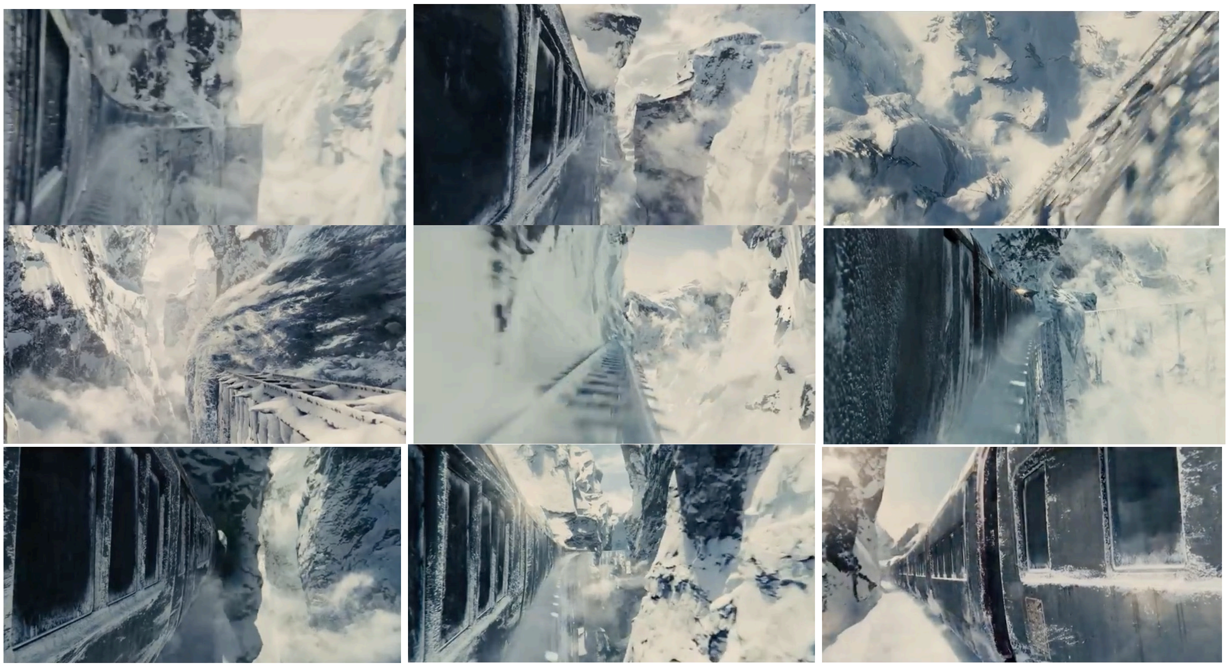
There is an "**Icy Bob**" in the "***Snowpiercer***" movie – the worst shit of a movie I have ever seen.



Yes … *the one month that Bob and I had* … five and a half weeks, to be exactly. Really not enough.

There is also something that I've seen **in many dreams** over the years: ***Me "driving" next to a drop, on the side of a hill or mountain with no way that the vehicle I'm in, mostly a car,*** could make it along that track without dropping. Those dreams were horrible … me on the edge of falling into a very dangerous depth … and I think I did fall sometimes, and sometimes I experienced the fall all the way to just before the very painful crash hitting the ground, and during the trip down I would anticipate the pain that awaits me … but it never got to that. And in "***Snowpiercer***" the train travels at a hell of a speed along such a mountainside, and it makes me at the same time nauseous and totally excited to see that …





… wow, *flashing back to so many dreams!* How strange to get to see that “for real”! As I’m writing this down, I’m heating up, feels like a panic attack … can only make it through this sentence, then I’ll get up and open the window and breathe. and everytime an **ice bear** shows up, I think of my grandmother Maria …

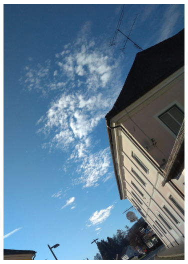
TORELLO
TRASPORTI E LOGISTICA

On the way to my mother I saw the car license plate number “**48000**” on a truck! The full “audio” code! I’m going to hear something from Bob soon? (It can be, that it’s “**480 DD**”, but it looks like 48000.)

The movie ***“The Map of Tiny Perfect Things”*** about a Groundhog-day situation not only showed me “**Edith” dying at the hospital** … and my lonely shocked father leaving …

… but also a scene of a **lottery win**! That’s why I picked that movie randomly?

And: There is a "**Questionmark** in the sky" … and later … when questions were answered, an **exclamation** mark! I saw that amazing clear question mark on the day of the ***mediality session with Dr. Alice*** (Nov. 22, 2020).



(This one is real!)

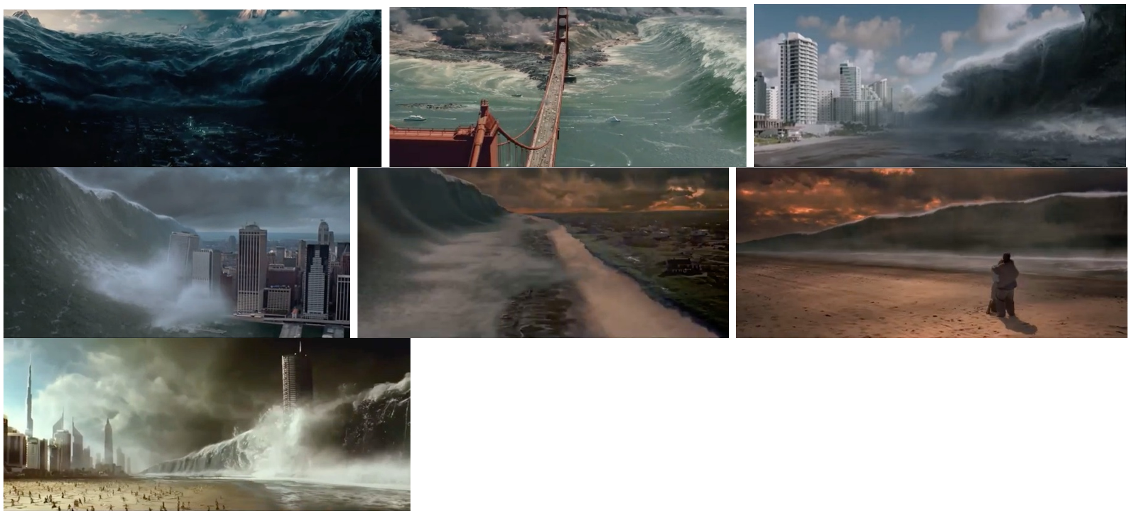
Of course, there was someone with a **sun** on his chest … and scenes of a **couple** together, in the **rain**, like Bob and I … walking up to a similar house like our "housie" … and a **turtle** …

13241
GOOD MORNING

… and yes, one guy with a "Star Wars" T-shirt, reading **"Return of the Jedi"** …

LUKE SKYWALKER
EAGLE MOVING

(Something just happened: It's now March 27 as I'm dealing with the remaining photos, and just the day before yesterday, the ***"angel wings"*** had shown up on that *truck*, right after I had gone to check out that apartment in "Angel alley" … and the first image I saw today: **angel wings**. From *"The Map of Tiny Perfect Things"*.)



February 14, 2021 **– Walk of Conversation**

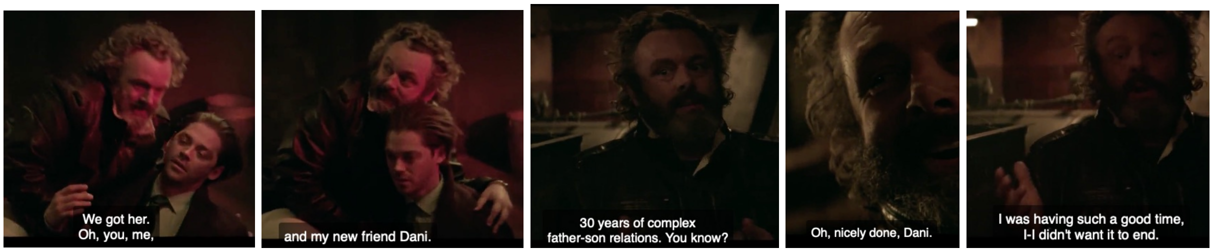
Amazing hike. Today I took Jacqui on a long hike instead of driving to Velden … after the éclat with my father yesterday, due to the dumb behavior of his "caretaker" Valentin … I'm so not willing to let my life be more miserable.

So on the hike today … *so much happened!*

I walked up on top of a hill, where I was last time in June last year, with both Jacqui and Marshall … and on the way there I had the most beautiful **view of "Haleakala" Koralpe mountain** right behind the place where I live and where the "house of the sun" is!

Also … it so happened that I looked sideways – and just then, a **branch with leaves dropped** "like a stone" right in front of my eyes, among fir trees!

It felt like someone said “Now pay attention, Dani”. I also remembered that in “**Prodigal Son**”, the TV-series I like, there is a “**Dani**” character …



We got her.
Oh, you, me,

and my new friend Dani.

30 years of complex
father-son relations. You know?

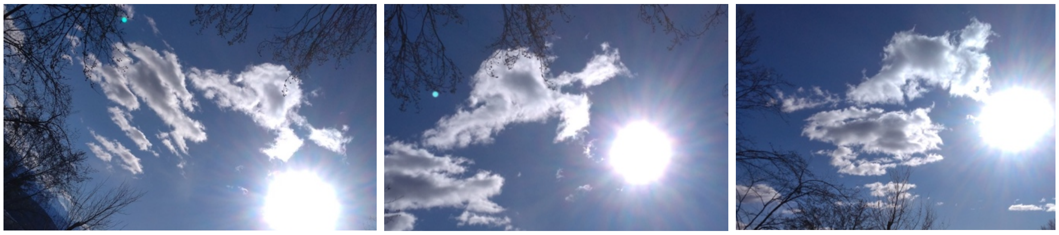
Oh, nicely done, Dani.

I was having such a good time,
I-I didn't want it to end.

Then, I heard a very strange **sound** … an eerie singing sound … and it came from the **power mast and lines** there! I had to cry so hard, because I realized with ice-cold clarity that I won’t ever hold or see him or be with him anymore … and today that felt unbearable.

I stood for a while listening to that sound … and the “**48000**” on the license plate came to my mind … of course I couldn’t hear words in the strange frequency singing, but the way the sounds changed so that new higher sounds kind of intermingled, and then there was long dark haunting moaning … It felt like “**talking**”, just in a **frequency** that my brain can’t decipher. Then: A ***woodpecker*** began to peck loudly on the tree next to the mast …

So I looked around … and there were the most amazing **clouds** … so strange … like a “**cloud turtle**” and a “**stack of three**” … one **“teeth” cloud** seemed to want to “interlock” with tree tops (but I was too late to photograph it).



And I started to think "**Regents of Clouds**" … noticed an **"S" and a "c"** … and an **elephant's trunk**.

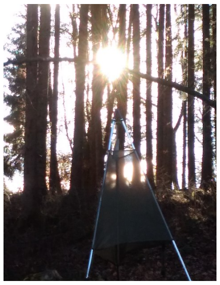
I walked on and came across the "**broken stone**" again … wow, it was so clear … the "broken stone on my path".

… and soon after, I stood baffled in front of a car **battery** stuck in a tree!

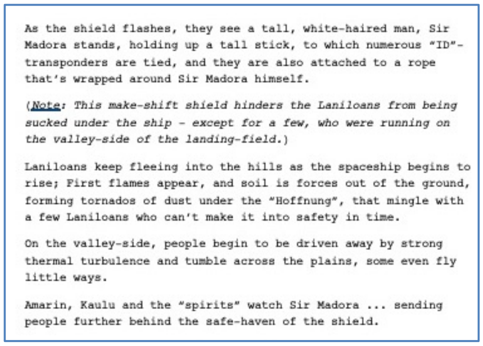
And then … it happened:

I had just realized that I had seen that **lottery win scene** in that strange movie that I only skipped through … and I started to talk to Bob about how I really need him to support me with "Regents of Clouds" …

I walked downhill, and it just so happened, that I looked sideways – into the sun that blinked between the trees … and I saw the strangest thing: A **triangle** in the forest on whose top the sun was blinking, and just there, where I stood, I could see it that way!



I was baffled. But: Even right away, when I walked on, I realized that *this was **a scene*** **from “Regents of Clouds”** … that I had just seen yesterday, where one of the characters ***combines forces to the top of a triangle …*** when I had put all scripts of the trilogy together for submission to “Skydance”: It’s the **sacrifice** scene on “Laniloa” … where the tips of a shield get connected energetically in a certain way to enable the spaceship “Hoffnung” to take off … but there is one tip missing, and one of the “Regents” sacrifices himself, “**Sir Madora**” …



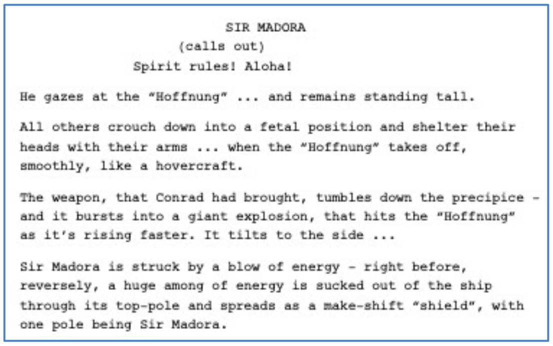
As the shield flashes, they see a tall, white-haired man, Sir Madora stands, holding up a tall stick, to which numerous “ID”-transponders are tied, and they are also attached to a rope that’s wrapped around Sir Madora himself.

(*Note: This make-shift shield hinders the Laniloans from being sucked under the ship – except for a few, who were running on the valley-side of the landing-field.*)

Laniloans keep fleeing into the hills as the spaceship begins to rise; First flames appear, and soil is forces out of the ground, forming tornados of dust under the “Hoffnung”, that mingle with a few Laniloans who can’t make it into safety in time.

On the valley-side, people begin to be driven away by strong thermal turbulence and tumble across the plains, some even fly little ways.

Amarin, Kaulu and the “spirits” watch Sir Madora … sending people further behind the safe-haven of the shield.



SIR MADORA
(calls out)
Spirit rules! Aloha!

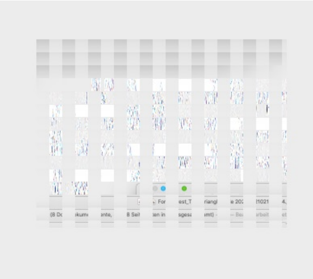
He gazes at the “Hoffnung” … and remains standing tall.

All others crouch down into a fetal position and shelter their heads with their arms … when the “Hoffnung” takes off, smoothly, like a hovercraft.

The weapon, that Conrad had brought, tumbles down the precipice – and it bursts into a giant explosion, that hits the “Hoffnung” as it’s rising faster. It tilts to the side …

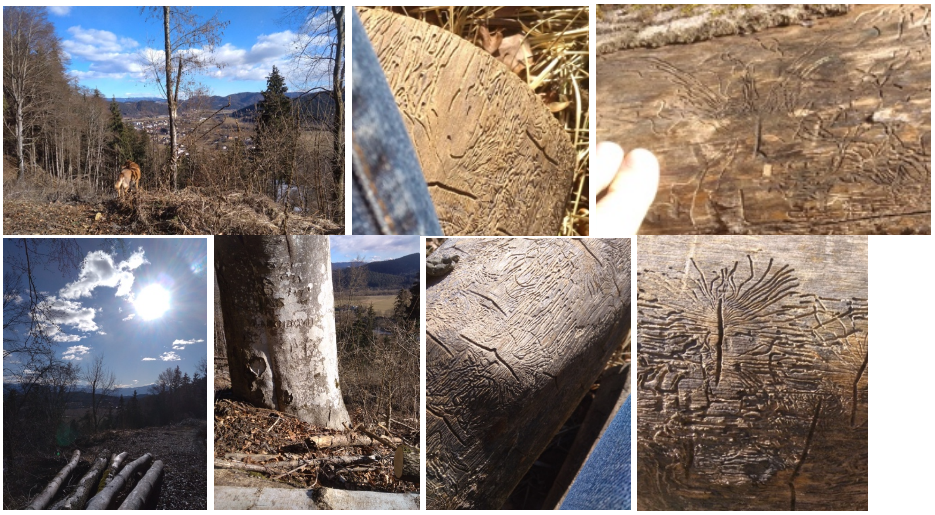
Sir Madora is struck by a blow of energy – right before, reversely, a huge among of energy is sucked out of the ship through its top-pole and spreads as a make-shift “shield”, with one pole being Sir Madora.

Oh wow! Suddenly I saw that there – in the forest! And strangely, a screenshot I took of the folder with the screenplays – as **distorted**! This has never ever happened before! I have never seen this, I never took “**distorted**” screenshots. The image simply wouldn’t appear on the screen! The scene in “Regents of Clouds” is all about an energetic phenomenon, a shield and a related “distortion” …

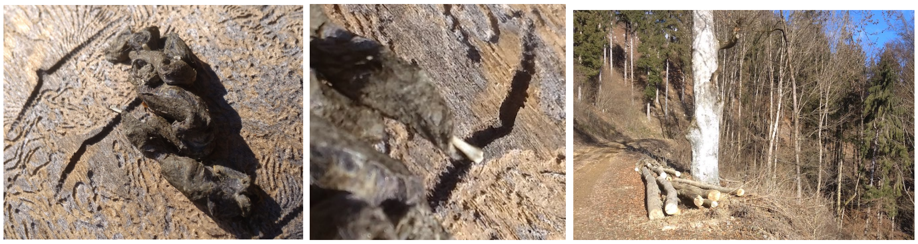


And as I walked on, I though “Of course, **Skydance**!” that’s what the **clouds** were doing!

Then, around the curve – I saw logs in the sun and was about to sit down for a rest – when I saw the amazing **patterns** that the wood **worms** had made under the bark! Wow!



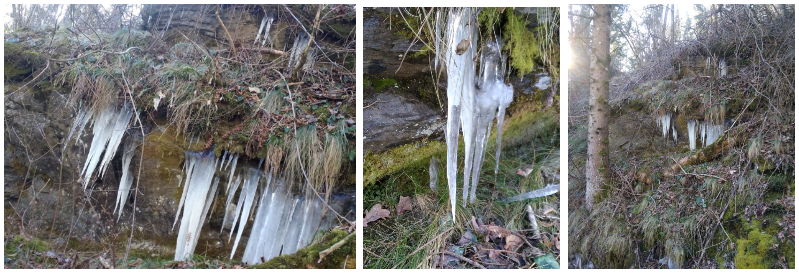
And there was a **little tiny heap** of what I thought was dried out leaves … but as I looked closer, I saw **tiny little bones** sticking out of that – either shit or vomit!



Wow, I “heard” in my mind “It’s all about paying attention” … and I recalled that movie title, “***The Map of Tiny Perfect Things***” and I knew that this related to making the right choices. And right there, next to the natural nuts from the tree under which I was sitting – were **peanut shells**!

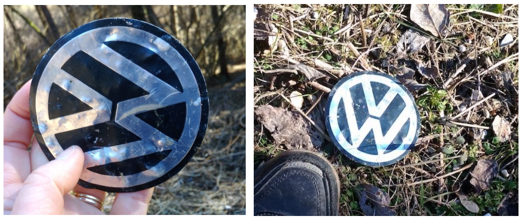
Had I not paid attention to the tiny bones, I wouldn't have seen the peanuts …

Well, what a strange walk, I thought … but it wasn't over:
Around the next corner, I stood facing … ***Icy Bob!***
Icicles on rocks! Nowhere snow, no ice – just there, on my path: "**Icy stones**"!

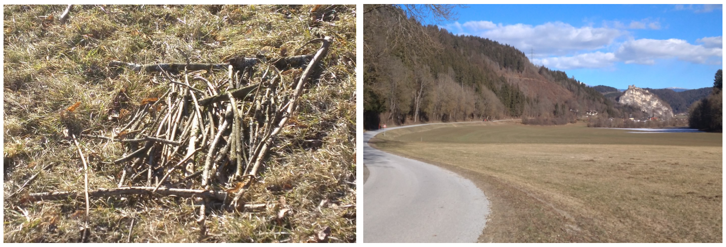


And there were two more weird finds: A **"VW" plaquette** … and that was significant because at the beginning of this hike I had walked past Ingrid's house … and my glance fell on the "VW" of a car parked in their driveway. I had thought about whether that had really been a "VW" or an Audi-rings-sign … and when I found the "VW" plaquette, it was like an answer and like "zumbuddy" telling me that they had also seen what had just earlier caught my attention!

I walked by that car again, later, and the "VW" was still there.



On the way back to the "Oasis of Quiet", with the frozen over pond, I came by something kids had arranged on the ground … **a pattern made of thin twigs, framed** … not sure what it wants to tell me, but it looked noteworthy.



Again Sunday, nobody walks little Marshall.

And I'm not sure how things with my father can continue … I just can't handle his extremely negative and aggressive way and his neglecting his dog. I had to write a letter to Valentin, who had betrayed my trust and read to my father my concerns that I had shared about Sandy, and that he should take her with him when a crisis should happen. And my father had called me and yelled at me that he never is aggressive and that I had accused him of wanting to kill his dog. At our last visit he had talked again (like several times before) about that guy who had shot his dog and himself … I'm just not willing anymore to take his bullshit and play along. Why doesn't he want to know what really happened to Edith? Sure as shit I want to know.

Also …

I found a TV-series today called "***The Arrangement***" … and I had no idea but it's about the movie biz. Very interesting insights of how things are in there … the folks who are the true ones calling the shots. The story is kind of dumb … but it feels good to be "in that scene". Just said to Bob today how impossible everything seems, how lonely I am without him, there is nobody who knew me like he did and with who I could talk … about knowing how important "Regents of Clouds" is …

And now he isn't visible or audible to me. Or tangible.

(Later)

Wow, "The Arrangement" features a ***spiritual self-help organization*** – just like the one Bob was a member of and that fucked him up big time! In the movie it's called "IHM", *Institute for the Higher Mind* …

INSTITUTE FOR THE HIGHER MIND
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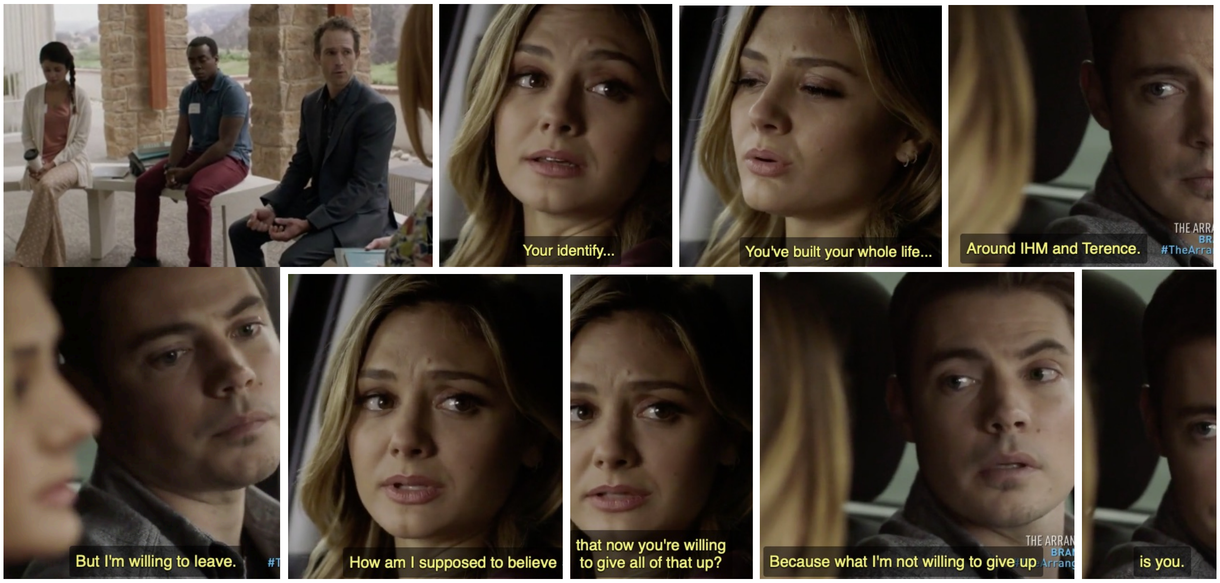
… and I'm just baffled to see that … it causes me a lot of flashbacks to my time with Bob. Working in **video production** with him …

THE ARRANGEMENT
THE ARRANGEMENT BRAND NEW #TheArrangement
Movement of Spiritual Inner Awareness
Church of the Movement of Spiritual ...
guidestar.org

… but also thinking about how he and I talked about his involvement with that spiritual organization, ***MSIA*** … ***and how much he wanted out.*** I told him I was worried about him sticking to those … I don't know, "truths" … that weren't such as I felt. I wish I had googled that guy who ran that organization many years ago … but some people simply didn't occur to me … oh why, oh why? ***He was a fraud.*** He died several years ago. Well, I bet Bob and he have been having conversations …


Your identify...
You've built your whole life...
Around IHM and Terence.
But I'm willing to leave.
How am I supposed to believe
that now you're willing to give all of that up?
Because what I'm not willing to give up
is you.

And only now I know how captured he must have felt, with no way out … a man, who had such a hard time standing up for himself ..

Plus … the other day, a "**sparkling heart**" was put into my hand, when I asked for something … it looked like it was covered with many many tiny pearls … and something just like it showed up.

THE ARRANGEMENT
BRAND NEW
#TheArrangement

February 15, 2021

Parallel stripes above the treehouse field … like two people traveling together.

February 16, 2021 – **My Body, my Pain – in a Movie!**

Very strange new communication, as it seems …

Yesterday it happened three times that I felt such a ***sharp pain in my right side lower abdomen,*** that I really let out a moan and bent over. I was baffled, and even said “Wow, that’s new.” I’ve never felt that before. It was a cutting sudden pain that subsided quickly. No pain upon touch, nothing, just three times within maybe an hour that very surprising experience. It gave me the impression, right away, that something is really going on in my body, and it has to do with me dying. My face also is very very old at times, surprisingly so, whilst on other days I look astoundingly young.

Yesterday I took the effort and submitted “Paradise” and “Regents of Clouds” to the Impact/Skydance producers … and after one of those pangs of pain I thought that maybe my time is over because now the stories could be in the right hands, and I’m supposed to die now? But then this idea felt stupid, and I dropped it.

Later that night, I started to watch the season 2 of “***The Arrangement***”, and again I had very intense thoughts about my time with Bob and how he was affected by the ties that he was in because of that spiritual organization that didn’t want him to leave. I asked him once why he didn’t simply quit – they kept sending him DVD, and he was supposed to hold lessons – and he said that they’d not easily accept it and ask a lot of questions. So he rather keep pretending … wow, the “pretending” theme came on very strongly.

And then it happened, *in episode 1 of season 2,* after the lead character “**Megan**” has left the compound of the organization where she had been held against her will: **She feels sharp pains in her right side of her abdomen, and she moans and bends over in pain!**

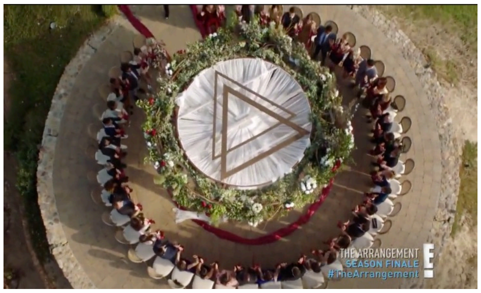
THE ARRANGEMENT
BRAND NEW
#TheArrangement
E

Jesus Christ, that’s just what I had been doing only hours earlier! *I felt the **sharp pain in the same spot** and had reacted the same way, bent over! There are no odds that one sees that kind of scene “by accident”!* Have you ever? Right after bending over with sharp pain in your right abdomen you see someone in a movie do the same!?

Later Megan broke down, literally, falling unconscious, and this didn’t happen to me … but I had a hell of a night, with wild dreams and sweating … and I had a hot head and felt nauseous a lot …

Wow.
What's that supposed to tell me except: "I'm right here, Dani, I know what you're going through."

In "*The Arrangement*" "Megan" realizes how her great love "Kyle" had been on the side of the organization, claiming that it was "for her own good" and thereby "for the greater good" – like the boss of the org says, and how Bob said so many times … ***"for the greater good".*** *Oh shit, how often have I fucking heard it from him!*



Lying in bed I realized that a lot of that early years with Bob is in a blur, it was so incredibly stressful and painful to see him so stressed out and strange and aggressive, turning against me after a short time when I was the only one to be really on his side. He was trapped, my Bob. In so many ways. I was lying in bed last night seeing myself lying alone in my bed in "housie" on Maui for what seemed to be thousands of nights. ***Not once*** did Bob come to try and make amends or ask me how I was or what we could do for … us. For our future.

I was left alone, Bob was *painfully distant*, always distant, always hostile to me – because I was a threat to his "comfy" routine of being a slave and a victim. It was all so fucked up from the beginning. And Bob being a member of that organization made things so much worse … Oh geez, I think I'm oppressing a lot of shit.

I have thought about my parents the past two days … and how they misbehaved so badly all through my life towards me, with outright hostility, unable to "get" what they were doing. But yet … I'm really not willing to be their caretaker. I can't. Why would I?

It's my birthday tomorrow. I'll call my mother, but I'll sit it out with my father. *(**Note**: He never said a word, but what the hell did I expect? To him it's all about him, always was, always will be.)* And then I'll see how they react and what they do. Both have always ignored my birthday or me or what I was doing … always. I'm going to be 57, I'm old and ugly and fucked up, but I will not be oppressed in any way any longer.

Thank you, pain in my side. Thank you reflection of it in the movie. I think it means that my days are counted, and that there is much "sick stuff" in me that is hindering me …

The teachings of that spiritual organization in the TV-series are okay, they are. Outwardly it's all about self-empowerment, self-realization and "becoming the best version of oneself". And yet, somehow there is not enough free will in all the free will talk … oh, shit, I'm flashing back so hard to the time with Bob, when I first found out about his involvement in that organization MSIA, and when I read stuff and listened to DVD, and my heart sank and sank. This wasn't good for Bob, the constant "humble yourself" bullshit. It was an ***excuse*** for him *to not move forward.*

Bob had a hell of a fear of success. His self-confidence was never developed. In a way he was a narcissist too, and so much more. Poor Bob. Poor me. Poor all people who are fucked up and get more fucked up during life because of their basic fuckedupness … and that's why mankind is a fucking mess.

And now?

Took a walk in the forest … had a great view of “***Haleakala***” Koralpe mountain … made me very sad, though.

Plus, there was a **stack of wood branches** that reminded me of the ***arrangement*** that I found on the ground in the grass the other day …

There was an interesting incident during a walk today, just when Jacqui and I crossed a little bridge, the ice on the left side of the creek broke off along a longer part of the shore and landed with a loud splash in the water. Both Jacqui and I were startled.

The **ice palace** next to the lit stone and the bed is **melting**, too …

(Later)

In “***The Arrangement***” it’s also about the main character “***Megan***” being in a ***dilemma** about **confronting her father who abandoned her*** … oh wow, there is a lot that rings very true that comes up in those movie-sessions of the movie-spiritual-organization “IHM” …

Very amazing that I get to hear other people talk about “*screw the people who didn’t love you enough … your father”* (that’s the person in the movie) … and then: “We don’t need them, we have each other”. Megan and her partner Kyle, that is. Well, I do not “have” anyone, do I.

February 17, 2021 – **222**, **Malinois**

Driving back from Velden, from a visit at my mother's, a car passed me by, and across its entire backside was a sticker reading "***Malinois***". Yes, the dog breed. And yes: This was Bob telling me that he was with me all the time on my 57th birthday. How come? So here is what happened …

On the drive to my mother, right in the first five minutes on the highway, it went "Bam, bam, bam …!" One "message" after the other … at least, that's how it felt.

It started with me turning onto the highway and ending up behind a truck, whose license plate number was: **"JD 222".** I was stunned, especially because I had just taken Jacqui for a short walk to treehouse field, and the kilometer-count in my car was: **"222"!** (I drove a few meters, after seeing it, before I decided to stop and photograph it; The other picture is the ***cloud*** situation in the morning in front of my window.)

60
40
20
0
220
240
km/h

I was so excited about it … and I was thinking about it, and that's when I realized that I was driving behind that truck with "**JD 222**" as a license plate number! Then I passed by that truck … and there was another truck in front of it, with the license plate number "**1724**", and 17.2. is today and ***my birthday.***

IRON-TRAILER
50 m³
7100 KG
A

"4" is part of "64", my birthyear! Wow. My mind suddenly wandered to the summary of amazing synchronicities that "C" had sent me yesterday, and I thought that like my name also has "***God***" in it, "***El***" in Hebrew. And I thought that my name "Daniela" means "*God is my judge*", and "***judge***" in German is "Richter". So right then, a car whose license plate number ended with "EL" drove by, and I realized that I was staring at the word "**Richter**" on the **"JD 222"-truck!**

Then I ended up behind a truck with "Huber" written on it, which is the name of "Dr. Alice", the medium! Right then, "910 DM" drove by! And there was even my beloved "910", Bob's license plate number! And: "**672 FB**" drove by, and "672 ZB" was my own license plate number of my white Mazda Kombi, that I had when I met Bob … It felt like I was reminded of myself, in a way, of my stations along the way, even the "Margo" on a truck seemed to speak to me, because I had though of the time when Bob had asked his old "friend" Margo two work on "Taylor Camp" with John and him, and not me, when I had done all the work first … well.

It was a very strong onslaught of relevant numbers and letters.

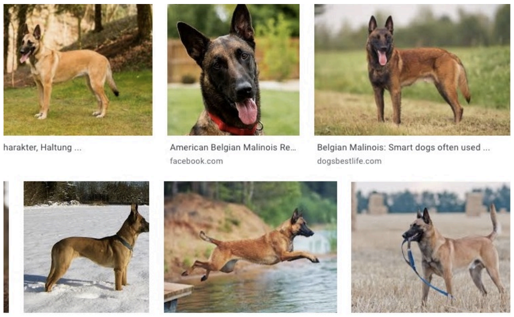
I didn't feel well, though, I was so full of worries.

The **dreams** of the past nights … wow, so strong, so intense, but I can't recall them!

Before visiting my mother, I took Jacqui for a hike along lake **Saissersee** and on the lake, the ice was very thick. It was fun to ***walk on the ice*** … Jacqui seemed to enjoy it, too.

My mother embraced me and gave me a smack – she had even called this morning for my birthday already! – and I was so stunned, that I still haven't recovered. There was no tea, no coffee, no chocolate, but she wished me a happy birthday with true verve and love … it's so touching, and also confusing. That was the actual gift.

I managed to call my father … after visiting my mother, and I took Jacqui on a short walk at the sports field of Velden. That's where I called my father … and right then, *a woman showed up with a dog,* and her dog – **Smarty** – escaped and ran right up to Jacqui. Two years old Smarty and Jacqui hit it off and started running and playing, and Jacqui tried to hump Smarty all the time. The nice lady owner and I chatted a bit … also about my father's situation and Sandy (I had managed to absolutely discipline myself on the phone, I even apologized for having upset him, and he cried and tried to be angry, but I took the wind out of his sales, and we agreed to meet next week again …) And then the topic became the breed that our dogs are, or rather, the mix of breeds. And I explained the Swiss Shepherd dog and Chihuahua mix heritage of Jacqui, and the lady said, that her dog may be mainly – **Malinois**.


harakter, Haltung ...
American Belgian Malinois Re...
facebook.com
Belgian Malinois: Smart dogs often used ...
dogsbestlife.com

And just a few minutes later, when I was thinking so strongly about Bob … "**Malinois**" "drove" right by me. Never in my life have I seen a sticker that read "Malinois" or have even heard people talk about Malinois or had much to do with them at all. Only today, when Malinois was a topic, it also happened to occur in writing.

Are there odds? None.

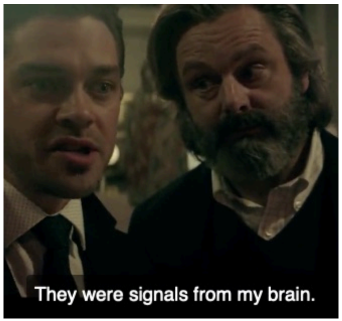
(Later)

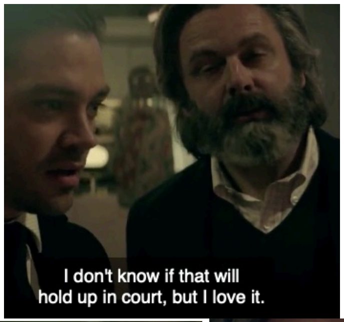
Inge gave me a big load of food gifts again, among them: exactly the kind of "Kipferl", croissant type, that my mother loves and eats every day. I warmed up my remaining morning coffee and ***grated*** some ginger into it … and I found myself talking out loud to Bob *"Remember, I gave you a new **grater*** *before I left in 2018?*" And without missing a beat, the answer was there ***"Yes, it was for the grater good."***

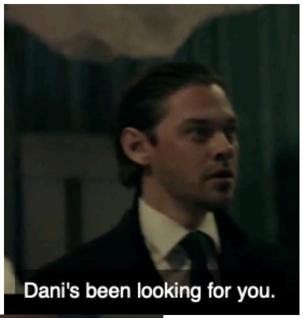
That's typical Bob humor … after dealing with the sentence "It's for the **greater** good" as spoken by the TV-character "Terence", guru of "The Institute of the Higher Mind" that I've been watching for a few days, and by Bob himself. And there it was … the grater in my hand prompted this very personal intimate funny exchange … exactly like the banter between Bob and me had been. Used to be.

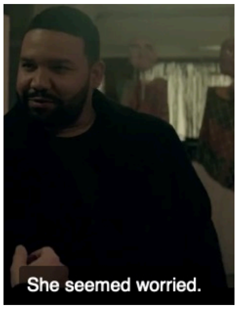
(Later)
I don't remember exactly … but shortly after that , there was a similar word game with **"Mend it"** and a sarcastic "tre**mend**ously" as a response …

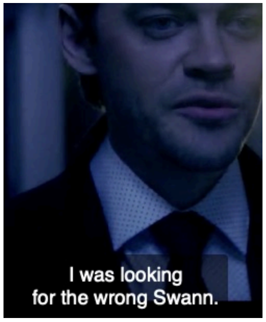
February 18, 2021 – **Swans, Dani & the Dreams**
Today, I watched episode 6 of season 2 of "**Prodigal Son**", a very clever TV-series … and wow, it was about how dreams can have to do with real life … and parts of the dialogue seem to come directly from Bob … also, there is a character by the name of "***Dani***" … and the dialogue feels like relating to Bob's and my interrealm relationship …

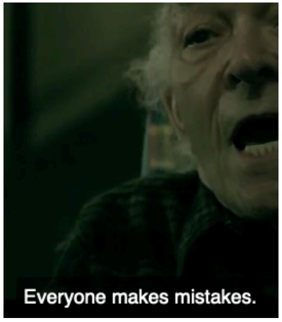

They were signals from my brain.

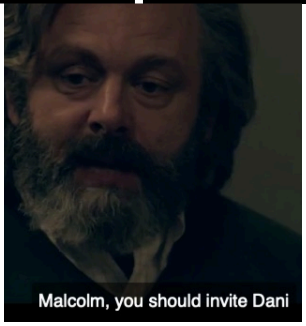

I don't know if that will
hold up in court, but I love it.

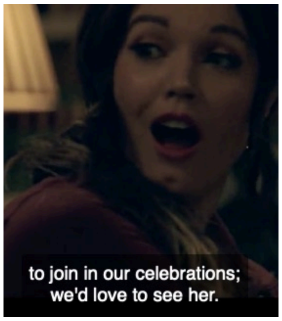

Dani's been looking for you.

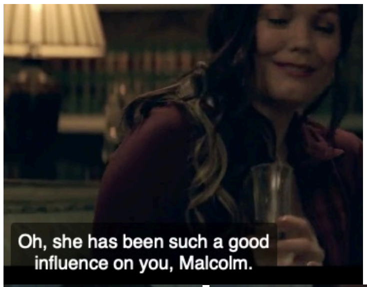

She seemed worried.

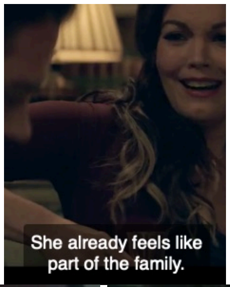

I was looking
for the wrong Swann.

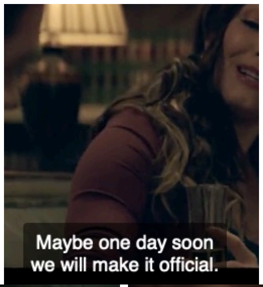

Everyone makes mistakes.

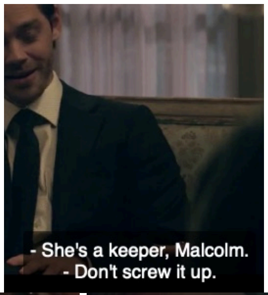

Malcolm, you should invite Dani

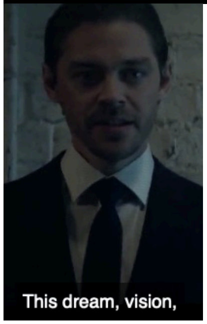

to join in our celebrations;
we'd love to see her.

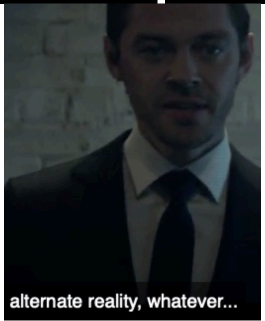

Oh, she has been such a good influence on you, Malcolm.

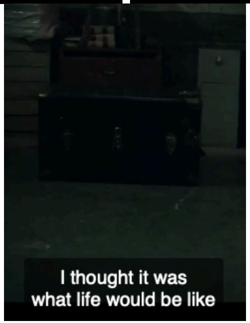

She already feels like part of the family.

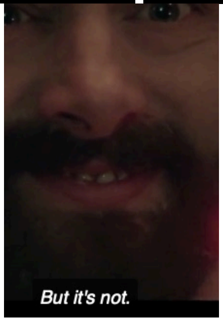

Maybe one day soon we will make it official.

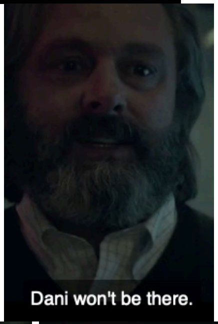

- She's a keeper, Malcolm.
- Don't screw it up.

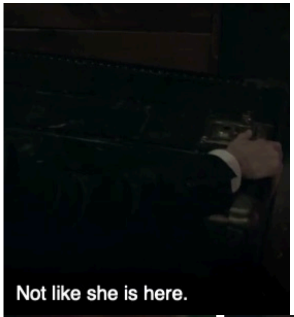

This dream, vision,

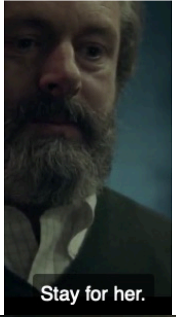

alternate reality, whatever...

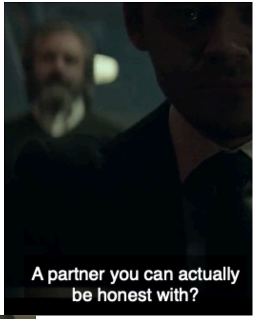

I thought it was what life would be like

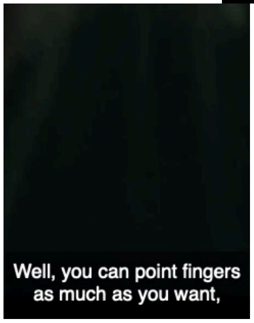

But it's not.

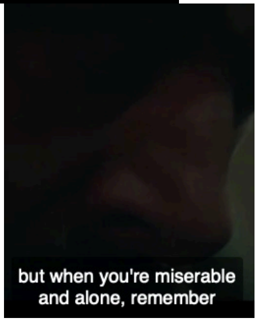

Dani won't be there.

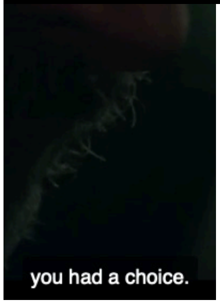

Not like she is here.

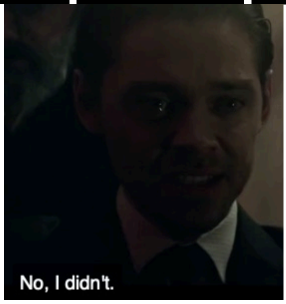

Stay for her.


A partner you can actually be honest with?

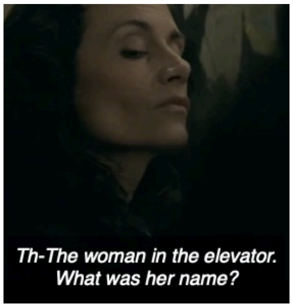

Well, you can point fingers as much as you want,

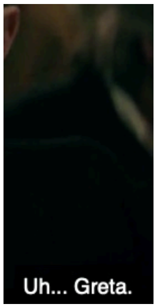

but when you're miserable and alone, remember

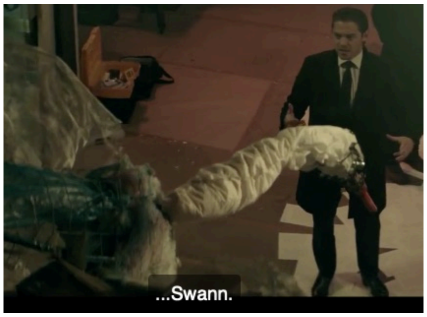

you had a choice.

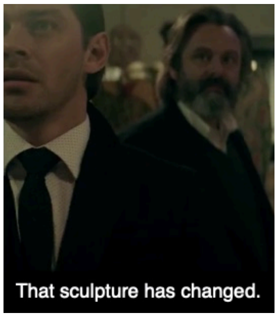

No, I didn't.

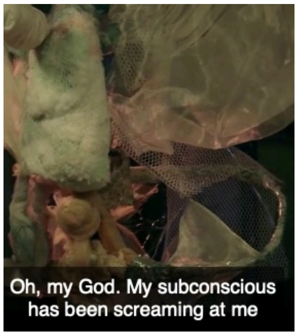
Also, the “**swan**” appeared! And even “C” had mentioned that swans appeared in her life after I had told her about the “swans on the pond” and the relation to Edith ... Wow.

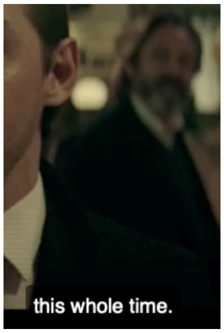

Th-The woman in the elevator. What was her name?

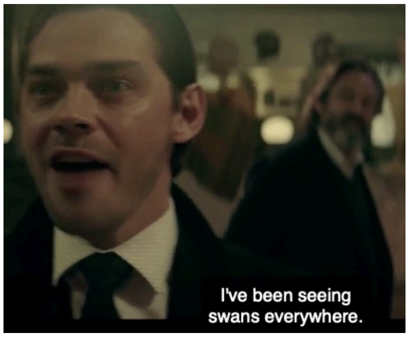

Uh... Greta.


...Swann.

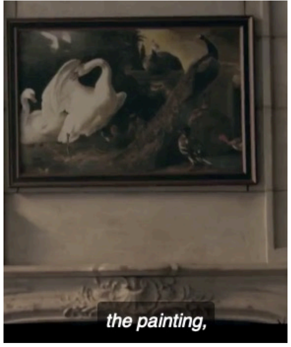

That sculpture has changed.



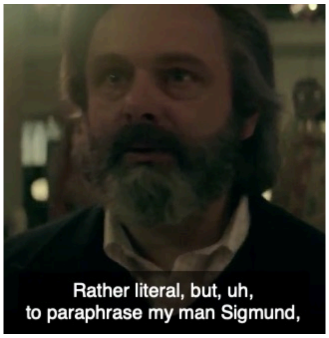

this whole time.


I've been seeing swans everywhere.

The pitcher,



the cuff link.


Rather literal, but, uh, to paraphrase my man Sigmund,

"Sometimes a swan is just a Swann."

I have immensely intense ***dreams*** … but it's strange that I *can't recall them.*

There is a new ***near-death video*** on "Thanatos.tv" … and the guy really describes in so much detail how in the time of passing over *we'll have to face the mistakes I made in life, and it's all about hurting others and standing to one's choices.*

Today, I took a walk with Jacqui, and I was phantasizing about how I want to horribly punish J. because Marshall is alone all the time and nobody walks him, and I'm not allowed to either. It's winter! This poor dog is really neglected … and my hatred against J. and his fucking wife knows no bounds. There will be payback … I swore to myself. And then, all the talk about "not hurting other" … well, fine. They hurt me and my dog and their dog … I'm the one to deserve to experience that they be punished, those ignorant dog-abusing fuckers. I hate them, and I stand to that totally.

February 19, 2021 – **The Crack & the Shoe**

Wow.

I think *Edith made her presence very strongly know tonight.*

I woke up in the beginning dawn, after tossing and turning and intense thoughts about my father and dog Sandy. Waking up I realized that I hadn't been sleeping well, and I was immediately aware of my thoughts of my father and of Sandy, of how the dog suffers, being in her tiny bed in the small kitchen for most of the day, and how my father is lost and sad and limited in his thinking. And I tried to shake those thoughts off and go back to sleep. I was so hot, and I kept changing my position over and over, left right, belly back, right left … I observed myself and thought, "Wow, feels like I'm stuck in something." I gave up trying to fall asleep and just lay there, thinking that maybe there is a reason for me being kept awake like that.

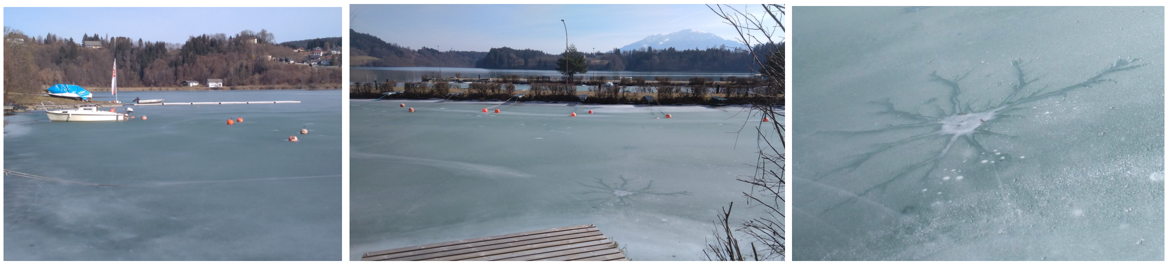
Jacqui snored, but at times looked up, realizing that I was awake. He went back to sleep … and then it happened:

Out of the blue and the total silence, the one ***window*** that had knocked-crackled so loudly on the morning of Edith's death – ***crackled***! But not just a little short crackle, *it crackled extremely loud like several people were pushing against it, and it felt like it lasted at least a long three seconds.*

I was lying there, barely daring to look into the dawny room, and Jacqui also looked up. I said, in my mind *"Don't spook us, okay?"* But I was wide awake realizing that this was no accidental crackling. That window never ever crackles. And *there is **no** crackling **ever** in the entire apartment* – after the crackling next to me, on the kitchen window stopped. That crackling at the window in my bedroom only happens in situations like the one of last night, and I know now, having thought this over for a little bit, that it's maybe not a warning or a message of something bad having happened (although I don't know yet), it may just be a way of Edith telling me that she is there and able to communicate. *That's why the thoughts of my father and of Sandy, those are Edith's deep concerns* – and mine, and on that level we are able to communicate. Or maybe she only wants to let me know that "she knows" and wants to *support* me?

I have a strange feeling about myself now. It's like … wow, I can't waste time. The reason is also that I got up with full blown pain in my right side chest, where the lung is, and it hurts when I'm breathing. It may be some effect of a bad sleeping position, but it also may be my lung, actually. So whatever … I'm thinking of my "kuleana" … this morning I even have the thought of asking John W., my dead-enemy to finance "Hulihuli Moon".

Took a walk in the town closest to Griffen, Völkermarkt … went to the ***reservoir*** … and discovered a *rowing club*, some kind of "harbor", and: a **crack in the ice** like a … cancer cell, I thought at first. But then I realized, it's a **nerve cell**, some brain stuff … I actually went to a spot I had never been before, I didn't mean to go to the boat club at all … I felt drawn there.



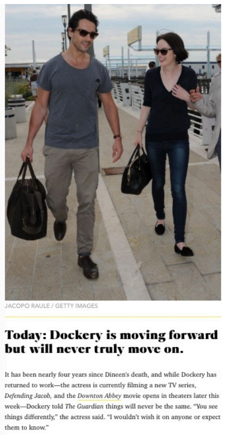
And: A *shoe on the ice*. One single **shoe**. Kind of strange. *Shoes on my path had been a big deal on Maui* for Bob and me, because ***I always found shoes, single ones.*** And there was one … I didn't see it walking the one way, only on the way back I saw it … which seemed to have a meaning. Also I had just walked with Jacqui on the ice of the Saissersee lake yesterday … (***Note****: Months later, looking at this … I had the thought that now, that the ice is gone, the shoe is gone … I had the chance to see it being there at the right time … but nobody else will know about it … well, it does seem to mean that one's experiences are unique, and one must be aware of them?)*

(Later)

Last night I discovered a Caribbean police satire, called "*Death in Paradise*". How suiting. Actually looks like a nice TV-series to binge, about a British police officer being forced to move to the tropics, while he hates it there, though. This day feels strange. My lung is hurting.

Discovered the TV-series “***Good Behaviour***” … not that interesting except: After a looooong time I was given to see **Bob** again … **a true lookalike of him** …

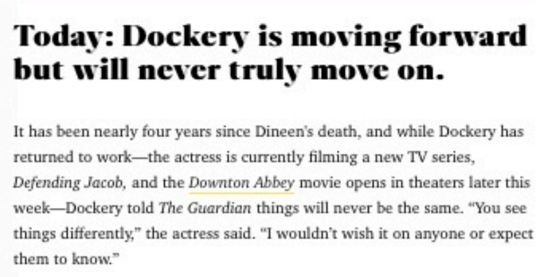
Turns out that the actress, *Michelle Dockery, had lost her real-life fiancé to cancer, suddenly* … a horrible tragedy … just before she shot “***Good Behaviour***” … Made me remember that souls do have to find ways *to get rid of the body*, at various times … some people die early, suddenly, even as children … it’s their path. It’s a tragedy in mortal terms … but I have to remind myself how great it is to “wake up” “on the other side” … right?



JACOPO RAULE / GETTY IMAGES

Today: Dockery is moving forward but will never truly move on.

It has been nearly four years since Dineen's death, and while Dockery has returned to work—the actress is currently filming a new TV series, *Defending Jacob*, and the *Downton Abbey* movie opens in theaters later this week—Dockery told *The Guardian* things will never be the same. “You see things differently,” the actress said. “I wouldn't wish it on anyone or expect them to know.”



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(I so can relate.)

February 20, 2021 – **Mother’s Day & the Fish & Hajowan**

I had such a bad feeling. About my mother. Tonight, again, I woke up, wide awake, restless, upset for no apparent reason, tossing and turning.

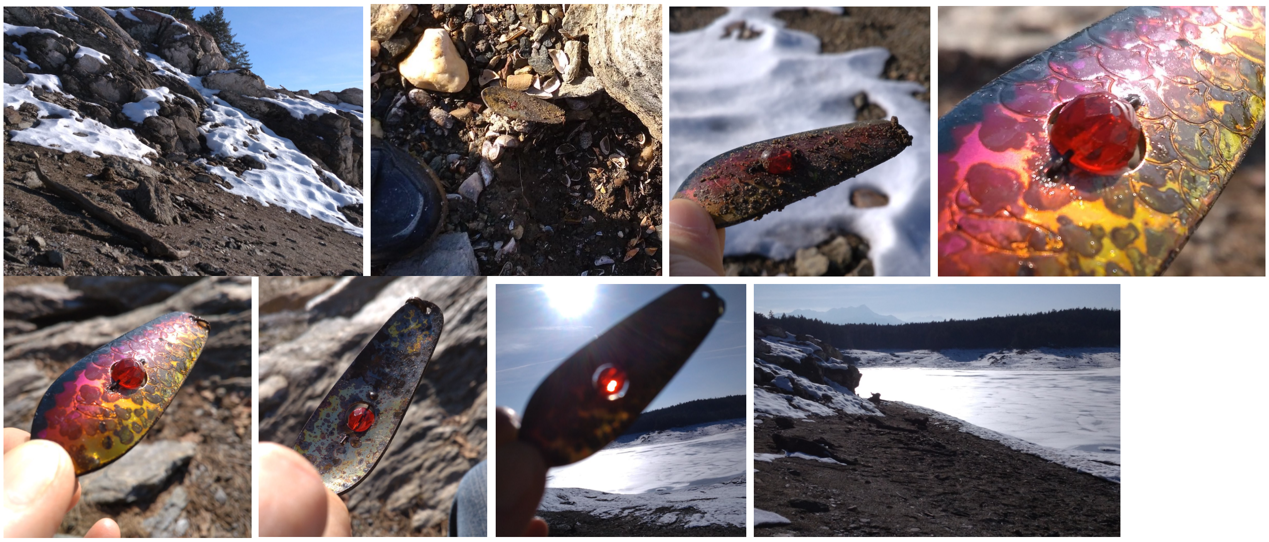
I set out to drive to Velden to visit my mother … I talked to Bob about how strange it was to see a character by the name **“Rob McDaniels”** in the series “*Good Behaviour*” … both of our names in one, and just then, on the highway, a car passed by me, with the license plate number “**MD 111**”. So there was the “McDaniels”! Just after that, “J**U 1**” passed, then “**444 DU**” and a truck with “**808**” … and all that while I was thinking that I had such a bad feeling …

Then I drove to **Forestlake**, telling myself that maybe I was going to experience something horrible at my mother’s, after not having been able to reach her yesterday. I thought that at least Jacqui and I would have a few more hours “the way we were”. And I was right.

On the parking lot, there was an interesting car license plate number … the one I used to have, many years ago, actually in the year when I met Bob I still had that number … and there is the fox head … anyway, it felt significant.

KL 672 DO
FOX

But first, I turned around on my intended surrounding of the lake, to much melting ice, too many people. I picked *a random route into the lake* … and in the *whole wide area,* I picked one rock, that I felt drawn to, to sit down. And as I looked ***to my feet*** I saw something that looked like an unusually colored shell of the many shells, the billions of them, that are lying around there and sticking to the rocks. And I picked it up – and I was stunned: A "**blinker**"! I mean, I could have picked any other spot, and I wouldn't have found that thing … but I picked that one certain rock in the middle of a vast field of snow and rocks … and there it was …



It's a metal piece to attract fish, for angling. So I found that **metal fish with the red "ruby"** in the middle … and I found it so strange. Like a gift on a special day.

Then I visited my mother – and she was sober and in a great mood. We talked a lot, and I was so happy that she seemed so normal. But I did notice her repetitive behavior that she had shown several times before, she puts saliva on her fingers and rubs her mouth and her hand with it as if she was putting on crème. I had mentioned it at previous visits, and also today, and she tries to not do it, saying "But that's something I do", only to keep doing it without noticing. We talked about things of the past. Like when I had just been born and she and my father had to live in a tiny cold house near a gulch, the "Teufelsgraben", the "devil's gulch", yes, that's where I got "home to", right after birth …. Without running water, far away from Velden, and my mother had to walk to do shopping, with a fresh baby, no shower, no bath, the toilet outdoors … while my grandparents, my father's parents, lived in a villa in Velden, renting out rooms to tourist.

My mother also talked about her travels …. And we talked about death and that it means moving on to somewhere else and about what a Patientenverfügung is, a "DNR" form. She was interested and in a good mood and looked very youthful. She said she really would like to do more traveling when the Covid-situation was over, and I said that first I wanted her to come to me to Griffen and spend the night … she wasn't against it, whilst not particularly excited. She told me that she had taken a bath … and I wasn't sure if she really had, or if she was reflecting what I had told her about me having taken a bath the other day. She said she was wearing her boots, the ones I had gotten her … but a few minutes later I saw that only her regular shoes were out in the hallway, and when I pointed out to that she said that she was now wearing those shoes. I realized, once again, that I can't take anything serious what she says. Or not much. I almost got nauseous with despair and feeling lost and uncertain what to do.

I noticed something: Suddenly, she seemed to start slurring her speech and seemed a bit drunk. I saw that before in her, and in those cases she really was drunk, but had managed to discipline herself to a certain point. So maybe it was that, or, so I thought, her mind is kind of giving in, and she does have a hard time all of a sudden. Both possibilities really scared me. I took an effort and asked her to not drink alcohol explaining that at a certain age it's harder to recover from the destruction … and she said she didn't drink, ever. I had seen an empty wine bottle the other day, in her shopping basket … and I didn't believe her. My heart kind of sank, but I really didn't know what to do. So I got my stuff and wished her a nice evening and kissed her good-bye.

She went back into her apartment and closed the door, and I left the house and was about to close the glass-door, when I saw a note-letter on the inner glass door. It informed the inhabitants that the channel 36 wasn't working properly for TV … so I thought, I must ask my mother if everything is okay with her TV, as it's her lifeline.

I rang her intercom-bell again … and she opened again and came out …

I said: "Hi, just me, still here. Do you know about this?" And I pointed her at the letter, "Does your TV work okay?" She looked at me and said "No I haven't see that … yes, my TV is fine …" ***Then she looked at me with a distant and dark gaze and said, trying to smile*** **"And who are you?"** I thought she was joking and laughed, and said something like "No, really, this letter says the channel 36 is not working, so …" She looked at me again: *"Who are you, then?" ("Und wer sind Sie?")*

I stared at her, unable to say something. I only pointed at her apartment, as we were still in the corridor and said "Let's go inside one more time." She immediately turned around and said *"Okay, we can do that, I don't have a problem with that …* ***I was just on the phone with my daughter."***

My heart sank way way way … And my little mom walked ahead of me into her apartment, allowed me – a "stranger"! – to lock the door behind us, and the she stood there, in her living room, staring at me, her face a big question, not recognizing me for a few more instants …. I think I said ***"Mutti?"*** It was such an eerie situation. And suddenly she said ***"Daniela! It's you! I didn't recognize you!"***

She looked so lost and confused, that I immediately downplayed it, and I remained totally calm and said "Oh, it's because I had already left and then come back …"

And for the life of me I can't remember in detail what we talked about next … I only remember noticing that she talked differently now, as if she was drunk, and I asked her again to please not drink … and she said she never did. She kind of urged me to leave, and I was so lost and numb and confused, that I did leave.

I didn't think that she could be desperate about that glitch, this only occurred to me later.

I went to the car, took Jacqui, and we walked to the cemetery and to my brother's grave, and I put a candle into the lantern … all the while I felt not myself and like in a different sphere.

So I was right.

Something horrible happened. Horrible in a different way than I had excepted, but the most horrible possible. My mother didn't recognize me … and I will never forget that moment when she stared at me, seriously not knowing who I was, and the expression in her eyes was empty and cold and blank … nothing like the warm sparkle that they had shown for the two hours almost that we had chatted to nicely.

It was like I had gotten *a glimpse of an already malfunctioning brain,* a cold and brutal and unforgettable glimpse of what it's like, when the brain decides that the body won't live very much longer. Maybe I should take measures now. But which ones? Get my mother hospitalized? For her to be given drugs, be traumatized and maybe told by doctors that she can't drive anymore or can't live alone anymore? I decided that the many drug addicts and drunks in the neighborhood who drive "out of their minds" all the time are much more dangerous than my mother who may have glimpses of confusion …

On the way to Velden I had thought about how in certain cultures, when the old folks start to get demented and nobody cares for them, they simply die pretty soon, either forget to eat and drink or get killed by while animals.

On the highway, I realized that I was numb. Different numb I've ever been, and the numbness is still in me, as I'm writing this, hours later. It's like … my brain doesn't want to accept what is inevitable to live with right now. I have the plan to drive to her again, tomorrow and talk about what has happened. Reading up about how to deal with demented people there is always the advice to not upset them … but fuck, I'm upset, I'll have to make sense of the situation. My mother looked into my face and didn't recognize me!

Hajo one = Hajowan!

So … on the highway, on the way to Griffen, it was like "they" were out there keeping me in this realm … a car passed by me, right away, with the license plate number "**25082**"! Bob's phone number and code for "I'm talking with you" was "250-8030"! I immediately thought that … Right after that car came "**NYC 222**", no idea, what it means, except for the "222", and the fact that that was the entire license plate number, it's meant "house of laughter", "Bob's and Dani's home, Haulani 222". (And yes, it's a "222"-day today, 20 02 2021.) Then came "**SO HAJO 1**", and of course "Ha" is the force of life, the all-present power, the breath of life, and Jo, that's me. Tomorrow is "SO", Sonntag, Sunday. Then: "**172 EL**", and that's my birthday, and "El" means "God", like in my name, Daniela … and just the other day that was a topic. Also …

… very baffling: About two days ago, I was thinking about refreshing my ***Arabic language skills***, and I was trying to say *"I love animals (ana uhibbu al hayowanat)"*. But I couldn't think of ***the Arabic word for "animal"*** … and I didn't muster up the energy to look it up. But it kept circling in my mind that I really want to recall this word, kind of to prove to myself that my brain is still working. I never figured out the word … until I saw the license plate number "***Hajo 1***". The Arabic word for animal is "**hajowan**" (written in different ways, like "hayouan", "hayawan", "hayowan"). And there was ***"Hajo One".***

(Note: *This fact, that it wasn't only "Hajo" from "Hajowan", but that it actually read "**Hajo One**" and thus "Hajowan" only came to me a few days later, on Tuesday, February 23, when I told Elisabeth the story on the phone! Maybe that's why I felt compelled to tell her? Because I hadn't realized that the full word was there!?)*

Then … a very weird bird or angel like figure stayed in red right in front of me for most of the drive, until it got dark.

As I drove up to the house I live in, a like was just still visible in the dark sky, one single line, dividing the sky. It was left of the house where I live, about the *"House of the Sun".* It said **"Your old life is there, and your new one on this side … there is a distinct line drawn. Forever."**

(Later)

Just now, I realized something … the **shoe** from yesterday, on the ice, seems to have new meaning now … and I already thought, yesterday, that it was strange to see the ***"brain or nerve cell"*** and then the ***shoe*** … ***I only saw it on the way back!*** I realized that yesterday, even and it seemed to be significant …

And that's what happened today: I went back to talk to my mother one more time – and that's when I saw the true state of her mind. Had I not turned back, I hadn't known that my mother's dementia has serious moments already … so seeing something significant only on the way back … wow, that was some kind of … pointing in the direction of what was to come.

So if "they" gave me the hints … because also, yesterday, I went to a spot I had never been before, I didn't mean to go to the boat harbor at all … I felt drawn there … does this mean "Dani, be comforted, it's all in its proper course … everything is the way it's supposed to be."

Really, it is? We had such a lovely conversation my mom and me today, and then … I will never forget the way she looked at me. As if for a moment *"she wasn't in there"* anymore. But more heartbreaking was the moment when ***she realized*** what had happened. Maybe I should be with her right now. Maybe she has forgotten about it already, and I shouldn't make it a bigger deal than she thinks it is … I just don't know.

Numb. That's my middle name now.

February 21, 2021 – **Belated Birthday greetings**

Tried to call my mother, she didn't pick up. Sent her a text asking her to call me. No response. My father called – and I didn't pick up. My mind was coming up with all kinds of fucked up scenarios … so I packed up my laptop and some clothes and dog food and stuff, preparing to drive to Velden … but on the way I stopped at the Billa-parking lot and took Jacqui for a walk. I also found a **broken bracelet** … right next to my car! With five black parts, three of them surrounded by tiny crystals!

I called my mother again, and she picked up! And she was fine! She seems to have all forgotten about what happened yesterday! She was clear and sharp and in a good mood, and we had a good conversation. Then I was brave enough to even listened to my father's message … he sounded horribly “broken” and said that he was walking the dog and that I should call if I wanted to meet up. I called, but he didn’t pick up. Later he called me back … turns out he has written a letter to me, but would say what’s in it, something about how things should be between us … and since I had earlier felt such profound love for my parents, I remained totally calm … and I kept thinking that whatever he says and wants, I’m entirely free to tell him my mind, and I will. So tomorrow will be a very .. interesting day. Will visit my mother and then my father … oh well.

It was so different, after all, the whole afternoon and evening, than I had imagined … no horrible drama, just more opportunity to figure stuff out.

Mahalo, Universe.

(Later)

I watched a movie, “*Take Two*” actually the first film of a TV series, and there was **my birthdate on a door, “217”!** It was just my birthday, on February 17, … did I get congratulated?

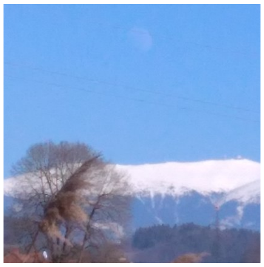
February 22, 2021

Visited my mother, she was fine … but no way she’d go for a walk. And yes, she’ll call me … but she has said that before. She can’t remember having not recognized me. I’m getting very desperate. Brought her a good gingko-lecithin elixir …

Then I visited my father. He was full-on pissed off, but I ignored it and insisted to go with the two dogs for a walk … which I did. Little Sandy was so sweet and happy … coming back, my father had baked a pre-made Apple strudel, and he made me coffee. Then we talked. Real openly. He had meant to give me a letter … but I ended up totally taking the wind from his sails. ***We got along.*** I said what I had to say, about his “friend” V. P., about his behavior, what he can expect from me, and what I expect from him. He did say he wanted me to live in the bungalow … but the mentioning made my heart sink.

I’d be his “property”, he thinks, I’m sure … no way. But then, I was so touched by how lonely he was and desperate … and he told me the story of how he lost his left-hand pinkie as a 14-year old apprentice of an electrician … wow … what a shock. It’s like being struck by lightning. He survived really by good luck … so I got to know him better. He got to know me better. I refused to talk with V. P. again, I won’t discuss my private life with a stranger. It hurt me hearing that he had disappointed my father by not showing up … that upset me.

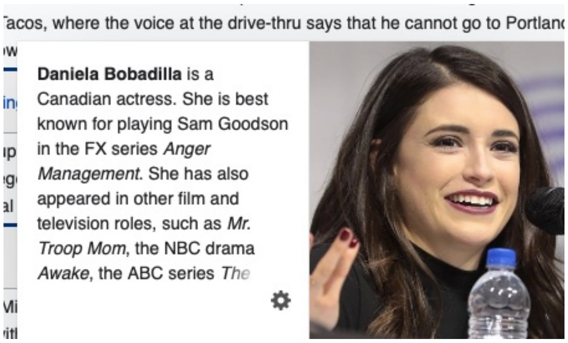
We’ll see what will happen …



I saw amazing car license plate numbers … and the **moon**, above Koralpe mountain.

February 23, 2021– **Dani Bobadilla**

Looked up an actress in a TV-series … I don't even know why and how I got to her. I was stunned to see her name: "**Daniela Bobadilla**" … oh my, Bob's and my name in one … He must get a kick out of this … so "Mexican", he loved "Quesadilla" and other "dilla" dishes … And there is a Mexican "dish" name of his and my names together!



acos, where the voice at the drive-thru says that he cannot go to Portlan

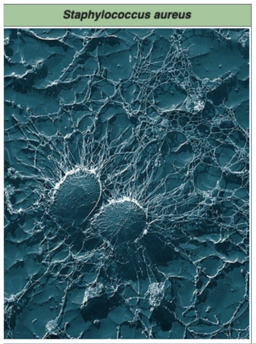
Daniela Bobadilla is a Canadian actress. She is best known for playing Sam Goodson in the FX series *Anger Management*. She has also appeared in other film and television roles, such as *Mr. Troop Mom*, the NBC drama *Awake*, the ABC series *The*

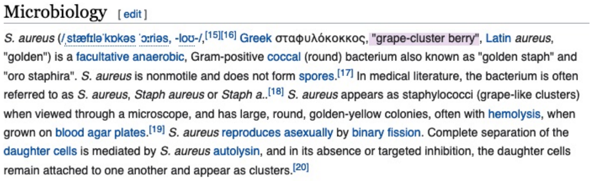
February 24, 2021 – Staph

Called my father to see how he is doing – and he yelled at me with utter hatred … I was so stunned, I felt nauseous and really troubled … he said that I had said I wanted him to die, and that me talking about America was bullshit and he wasn't interested, because I only want his money … he was entirely out of it. He said it's my fault that he has heart problems … no, I can't handle that. I think he is insane.

Talked to my mom on the phone, she was fine. But she didn't even think about calling me even though she had promised … she kept talking about the same things over and over, but her voice was strong, and we talked other stuff too … like taking a little trip together and more …

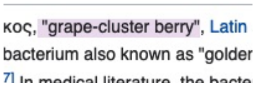
Thinking about how and of what Edith died … liver cirrhosis … staph infection … the images of a **staphylococcus aureus** reminded me very much of the ***crack image on the ice*** I saw the other day.



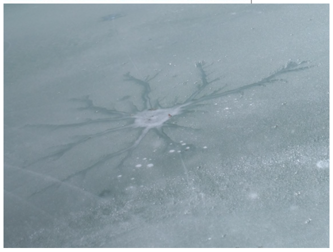


Microbiology [edit]

S. aureus (/ˌstæfɪləˈkɒkəs ˈɔːriəs, -loʊ-/,[15][16] Greek σταφυλόκοκκος, "grape-cluster berry", Latin *aureus*, "golden") is a facultative anaerobic, Gram-positive coccal (round) bacterium also known as "golden staph" and "oro staphira". *S. aureus* is nonmotile and does not form spores.[17] In medical literature, the bacterium is often referred to as *S. aureus*, *Staph aureus* or *Staph a.*.[18] *S. aureus* appears as staphylococci (grape-like clusters) when viewed through a microscope, and has large, round, golden-yellow colonies, often with hemolysis, when grown on blood agar plates.[19] *S. aureus* reproduces asexually by binary fission. Complete separation of the daughter cells is mediated by *S. aureus* autolysin, and in its absence or targeted inhibition, the daughter cells remain attached to one another and appear as clusters.[20]



κος, "grape-cluster berry", Latin
bacterium also known as "golde



Also, the name actually means "***grape-cluster berry***" … with "grapes" being a *symbol for "thoughts"* in Hawaiian spiritual lore …

And I had that staph infection, too … a miracle, really, that I survived it … on eye just mush, half a breast just mush …. And yet, it all healed out in just a few days when I took colloidal silver. I keep thinking that I told Edith about the colloidal silver last year … and I think she googled it. I do know that my father thought nothing of my advice and probably forbade her to act on it.

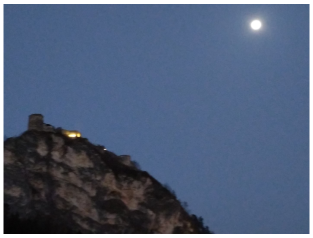
February 25, 2021– **The Mo'o, House, Puzzle & Empire**

Took a walk to Stift Griffen – had not at all intended to … and suddenly, a **"mo'o"** was in front of Jacqui and me, ***some huge lizard creature***! I was so stunned … and it took me a while to realize that it's mad from *rubber*! What why was that thing on my path, a path I didn't intend to take that day at all! "Mo'o" … an important topic of my life in Hawaii, ***I'm a "mo'o", a "dragon",*** and "mo'o ku'auhau" is the ancestry line … it was just so weird to stand facing that thing … nobody around … I really thought at first that it was real.

I had called my father again, trying to ease out his upsetness, but he was verbally abusive and bitter and full of hatred … no, I won't take this. There is no point. He hates me. And I can't think of him as my father at all. He is a bitter old man who needs help.

Called the woman who had given me advice right after Edith's death about my father's rep …

There was an amazing **moon**, though …



(Later)

Watched "**Nomadland**" … not the whole movie, but skipped through it … kind of interesting, but too drawn out … fascinating, though, was … that I saw … myself. Standing in the **empty housie on Maui.** Standing at the **window** in the **kitchen** looking down to central valley and the West Maui Mountains … my favorite view in the whole wide world … and I was there several times in my imagination recently …

… and the woman was **grieving her partner, "Bo**" … having to leave everything behind after his death and after she lost her work and everything in the town where they had lived, "***Empire***", and she had to leave …

There was a closeup of a ***cup*** … *that "Bo" had always used* … oh the cups! Bob and I had special cups …. It was so nice to have coffee with them … the "hot black", every morning … I flash back often to being in the kitchen and opening the cupboards and seeing the cups we used to have, grabbing and holding them … I know exactly how it feels … like I know everything about our home in beloved housie, the sounds, the smells, the feeling of the warm floor, the warm air, the moving of the blinds … I can't believe I won't ever be there again with Bob. I was a "nomad" before I met Bob. I'm a nomad yet again. One upon a time I traveled through Namibia in Africa in a car of the "Nomad" brand. Seriously. It was made for the desert paths – and it did *not have 4 wheel drive!*

Dedicated to the ones who had to depart.
See you down the road.

… oh the similarities. I had told my father about the teeth clinic in Hungary where I was and where I'm planning to go this year, and it's name is "***Empire***" … even the landscape, even though snowy, is really like "me driving through central valley" … and when I had just met Bob in 2002, I had been driving like this and had seen the word "Kaleilauhoku" appear in front of my inner eye … it all came flashing back.

Also, I had suggested to my mother and my father that I buy them a puzzle to play … both weren't interested, but in "***Nomad***", two women were playing puzzle! I have never ever seen that in a movie at all! But now that it has been on my mind for a week or two … it appeared. And the term "Empire" … how did I find that movie where that word occurs, when I had been talking about "***Empire*** Clinic" in Mosonmagyarovar to my father and my mother?!

February 26, 2021 – **Ghost & Life**

Called my father's doctor today, he will call me … and I will ask him to send him to rehab to get his psyche and body treated. Without that there is no way to that he and I could get along. Not because of me but because he is an angry bad-mouthed psychopath narcissist with bipolar disorder and beginning dementia. And there is no way that I could possibly get through to him. We talked nicely, and even the nice stuff he takes against me.

A new "**ghost**" appeared next to the bridge that I walk through often … a friendly one. And up on Schlosberg mountain I found an odd **soap wrapping** … no other garbage there, though.

E LEBENSADERN
UNSER LAND
LIFE
ROHR BEUGT VOR
Inhalt 250 g

(Later)

Nearly full moon. Fucking sight of the fucking moon. And the fucking treehouse.

February 27, 2021, Saturday – **Cars as Messengers?**

Drove to Velden … Jacqui and I took a walk at Drau river loop …

The clouds at the mountain tops seemed to "***be in a hurry"*** … and there were clouds that seemed to play "***puzzle***". And there was a definite **"E" formed by clouds.**

A crack in the ice seemed to replicate the "cell" or "bacterium" that I saw on the reservoir ice recently.

On the way … car license plate numbers and clouds … strange ones … In a tight row, one after the other:
“**2 CPU**” (so that’s very computer-y, the theme of my work of yesterday, computers, systems, apps), “**500 B**S”, “**J 600”** – notice the “Bob Stone” and the “Jo” with the strange numbers, “**PS 1**”, “**408 EF”**, “**500 BE”**, “**64 IW**”, “**212 UP**” … On the way back, very strangely, there was a “**PS 100**” (after the “***PS 1***” on the way there)!

My mother was really fine. I couldn’t make myself visit or call my father … I was very afraid that whatever I’d say he’d turn it around and use against me … like he had said that I had said that I hoped he’d die soon, and that it was my fault that his heart had problems.

I’ll have to talk with the doctor before I talk to him again.

The other day, not long ago, I noted “**271 DJ**” (the reverse of my birthday with my initials) and others, but can’t find the notes right now.

I felt so weak and desperate this morning … during a brief walk on treehouse field path I managed to “find” myself again partially … noticing how my body was walking on that field, in the material realm, me “having” a body, *not being one.* I have a “kuleana”, something to accomplish, definitely.

My parents … are not me.

February 28, 2021 **– Maui Coffee & 222 BD**

Woke up … full of “Bob and Maui” today … so much longing …

My heart acted up so badly last night, out of the blue … it felt like it was striving to get outside of my body and that it was very big and was bucking and twitching and there was a strangely material feeling about it, like I felt it’s consistency of hardened muscles and ligaments … and I could only “watch” as it did stuff that wasn’t beating, it was some kind of squirming and bucking … and then it calmed down, and all was normal.

Also, at times I have such a sharp pain in my lower abdomen on the right, that I virtually must gasp for breath and even find myself sighing out loud.

“C” sent me a brief message today about another event of amazing synchronicity … and I told her the “Hayowan” story … and about Liesl and how I had told her about “Hajo 1” and only then realized that I must read it a “’one”, and then I have “Hajo One” equals “Hayowan”, the Arabic word for “animal” that I’d been thinking about, trying to remember it … only to see that Liesl had sent me an email and a picture of something she had seen at an art exhibition; An ***old Maui coffee sack*** … and an image of ***“Lahaina, Maui, Hawaii”.*** Oh wow. **Maui**! My longing knows no bounds … I could so intensely feel myself being there again … or still. I miss Bob so much.

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I once made a short film about coffee, but on Molokai.

Looking at my life here … I feel so lost … unable to really help my father …

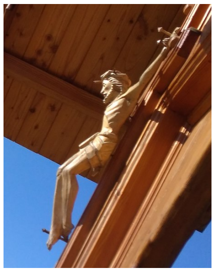
Hoping that my mother is fine … being way too far away from her … and yet, I will have to travel …

I told Dr. Alice and Elisabeth today about my wish that my work on the "Contact Diary" be continued in case of my death as the two sequels o***f "Regents of Clouds"***, … I hope I won't spook them, … but I had the urge to make sure people know that.

(Later)

Walking with Jacqui to ***St. Kollmann*** … a car drove by with "**222 BD"** on the license plate. It felt comforting. There is a resting spot along the road with a "Jesus on the Cross" … and everytime I go there, I have very deep thoughts about Dr. Elizabeth Thiering's work and how Bob and I were intent on making that amazing revealing documentary about it. And change the world. And now … it's just me … thinking and ***knowing***.

*(**Note**: In the very instant I wrote the past word "**knowing**" a woman in a movie said "knowing" … the movie's title is "Together together" about a surrogate and the man for who she is carrying the baby.)*



March 1, 2021 – **Play Me**

Already March. Unbelievable. I feel for my father, but I can't make myself call him. I've had it with his abusive paranoia, I can't take it, I can't handle him turning everything against me and being outright evil to me.

I had an amazing **dream** … like in the last days, but I can't recall right now. Those dreams come back during the day, but then they fade again, and I can't remember details. But it's always about me having to achieve something and other people working against it – without knowing it or on purpose. Those dreams have to do with having to go places or finding my way in places … today … oh, almost got it!

I woke up, realizing that my strength is fading, in wake life, *my dog came* and *took my wrist into his mouth and held it with his teeth.* That's unusual. I know he feels that I need help.

But who would help me? The constant worry about my mother, the distress about my father, longing for Bob, feeling so lost … I don't know what the fuck this is supposed to mean. How can I accomplish anything this way? I know, the philosophical answer would be that what I'm supposed to "accomplish" is something else than I think I should … but then, there is free will. We must put an impetus out there towards what we want to experience or achieve, also called intention, at least, part of it … so I do trust what I know.

I do feel very desolate, though.

Watched a few episodes of "***Fargo***" TV series season one … thinking of how we really are just containers, so easily destroyed, it takes so much to uphold their functioning. When I watch the doctor TV series how the surgeons treat the bodies on their operating tables like slaughterfare … I realize the materialness of our shell even more and know: We have a body, we use one, but we are not.

Yesterday I broke out in a full fledged tear-flood, saying to Bob and "them" that I must accomplish what I'm here for in terms of "the Bridge" because it must stop having to go back to yet another mortal phase with yet another story of suffering so badly … it was like I could tune in to other lives, like I could on a deep level "remember" what I've been going through already. This must end.

I understand Buddhists now, in terms of "do the right thing and you don't have to come back". It means something different than I always thought. Are the Buddhists the ones thinking this?

I don't know for sure right now.

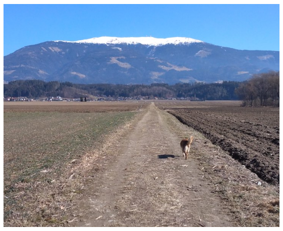
It's Monday, 10 am, and I'm supposed to open my email.

Jobs?

A response of my father's physician who I wrote yesterday in a sudden urge telling him that I want for my father to go to rehab for a while, so that we then see what he is capable of and what he is really like. I'm serious about this. I can't approach him anymore, he'll keep accusing me that it's my fault that his heart is bad … while it's my heart and body that suffer because of him! *He said literally that he is not interested in me*, and that was it for me. He wants me to be his slave like Edith was … I won't let that happen. But I must do something about his dog, poor Sandy. The doctor was of no help. He said that only what my father wishes for counts for him. Of course I know that, idiot! But I had thought that he could suggest to my father … anyway. It's just all so bothersome.

(Later)

Drove to St. Andrä, walked with Jacqui along the ***river Lavant*** and between fields … turned around (waiting for my father's doctor's call, that never came) and walked back the same way we had come …

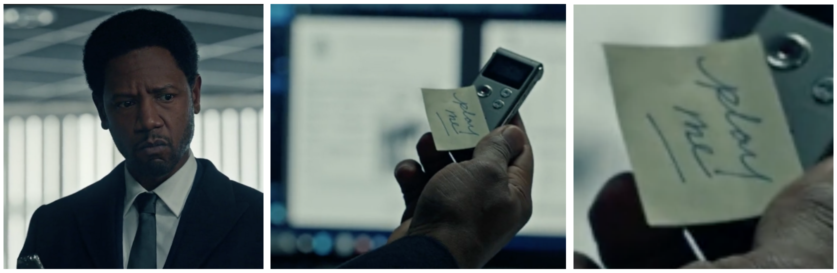


… only to meet a lovely **woman who was just like Edith in stature and looks** with a 13-year old female retriever dog named "Naomi", and the woman and I had a wonderful chat about how we want to destroy people who are bad to animals …

On the parking lot were two red cars, their license plate numbers matched … reading ***"DU DA", "Hey you!"***

Little Marshall is out alone in the fucking garden every day … nobody walks him … ever.

(Later)
Watched the pilot episode of a TV show called "***The Equalizer***" with Queen Latifah, and in one of the last scenes, a cop holds a device like a recorder and there is a **post-it** stuck to it, and it reads **"Play Me".** Oh geez.



It has been haunting me that I never brought ***Edith*** the ***Champagne-sweets*** she liked so much that I had brought to my father at New Years 2020, but he didn't like them, so Edith ate them. Then she had her hospital stint, and afterwards she never contacted me like she promised, after my father was just outright nasty to me …
So now, I thought, I can still "give" them to her … but I didn't get around to buy the ones she wanted, but I will … but I just ate a different *Champagne praline* … and as I "projected" the experience of eating it to a very clear image of Edith – **a drop dropped from the tap.**

There is no dripping or dropping at all, hasn't ever … but just now, there was one single drop, in the middle of "sharing with Edith" …
I have the feeling, it reached her. I was just looking through an online slideshow of images of all the people who died in 2020, Hollywood folks, that is … Sean Connery, Kirk Douglas, Kelly Preston, Chadwick Boseman, Olivia De Havilland … so many more …
The nice woman who I talked with this afternoon … she could have been a twin sister of Edith's, actually, now that I think about it. She said she was happy to have met me. And so was I.

Sent a letter to my father, explaining how I just can't deal with his hostility and that he must call me nicely if he wants me to visit.
Called my mother … she sounded over the top in a good mood, slurring her speech slightly, but talking very sharply and clearly, no mistakes, good trains of thoughts … so I guess just have to wait what will come.
I'll being to take "Boswellia Serrata" again, to heal whatever is going on in my abdomen and lungs … maybe I can stop it, if it's … well, bad.

Dr. Alice sent a link to a Zoom-meeting she'll do on March 7, Sunday. I'll be there.

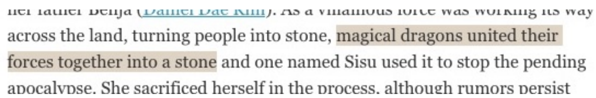
March 2, 2021

Woke up feeling utterly sick and weak. Took Jacqui on an early walk to the meadow by the mill.

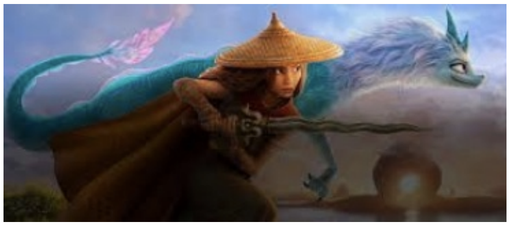
Then I had to lie down and thought that I'd just fall asleep and never wake up again. Jacqui got so worried, that he came to my bed and touched my hands and arms with his paws, licked me and shoved against me. That got me up again. Can't disappoint him.

Made coffee and instead of doing a job I had received, I decided to open Rogerebert.com for movie review. There was "***Raya and the Last Dragon***" … and well, I'm a **dragon**, maybe the last of my kind, and I read the review – and wow, it's about a **stone** that burst into fragments and affected various lives … Alright. Got it. Must watch. Fine.

It's about how the "**magical dragons united their forces together into a stone."**



her father Benja (Daniel Dae Kim). As a villainous force was working its way across the land, turning people into stone, magical dragons united their forces together into a stone and one named Sisu used it to stop the pending apocalypse. She sacrificed herself in the process, although rumors persist



Now, that's a sentence that rings deep. So is my "**Stone**" some kind of catalyst? But for what? For bringing forward the project "The Bridge" I reckon. Yet – I seem so far away from manifesting all the film projects I could have manifested with Bob, and I do know that "Regents of Clouds" is the project of my life … so?

*(**Note**: Later, when I watched "Raya" I was surprised to find that people actually turn into stones … and there is a "**Stoneman**" as a central plot character, I kid you not!)*

March 3, 2021 **– "For what resin?" & The Touching, The Light-Spot & The Embrace**

Took a walk in the sun with Jacqui … still not feeling well enough to drive …

So I came by the **trees** that had been cut down just recently, and I spontaneously walked up to them and said, kind of pensively, something about *"Once you were growing, and then they came and cut you down, **I wonder for what …**"* And while I talked I touched the trees and realized that I got sticky resin on my hand, and instead of finishing the sentence with "*reason*", I said ***"… resin?"*** And I had to laugh and immediately realized that this was again the kind of word game that Bob and I would play. It was like *he had finished my sentence in my head,* because the way the word "resin" came out, felt "different", like I said something that I had not thought of myself. I had the feeling of Bob's chuckling and kind of "saw" his smirk.

So … **"I wonder for what resin?!"** is today's direct reminder, that Bob is alive and well.

Then I called my mother … and wow, she sounded like her old self, like twenty years ago. There was not the slightest hint to "dementia". So I do stop talking about her having dementia from now on … of course I know, though, that dementia comes or makes itself know in bouts … well, my mom and I will take a trip to the ocean as soon as it's possible again.

Just now I remember that last night, very late, when I watched the mini-series "***Without You***" about a woman who tries to find out about the true reasons for her husband's death, the same thing happened like three times now: I tried to continue watching, but I was so tired. And I said to myself in my mind *"I'm so tired, I should sleep",* but I kept forcing myself to watch … and that's when ***"the window" crackled*** again, just once, like it had done those other times, always in a situation that made the crackling appear like a direct response. It's not that the wood is expanding or contracting, because this sound never occurs at other times and on no other windows in my apartment, ever. Only on that spot on that window, always in a situation where Bob, were he still a mortal, would have said to me, *"I'm fading, Dani, gotta hit the sack."*

Again. It was so clear … that I looked up and actually expected someone to stand there, because the *"crackling", again had been so loud and more like a **knocking,*** like someone was pushing with a lot of power against that window. It's in a wind-sheltered corner, and it goes to the balcony, so no branch touching, nothing … no reason for that crackling. I looked at the watch, it was a little after 1 a.m.

So I lay down, realizing that "somebody" is close. And I said out loud, as I switched the light off, *"No spooking me or my dog, remember?"* But as soon as I had nestled into my bedding, ***I felt a "touch" on my head*** and in the palm of my right hand, and later one on my shoulder. ***More a "bristling" feeling.*** And I said "Okay, got it, but that's enough". And it was "enough". But I know that what I felt wasn't just some normal body sensation, these three "touches" felt like actual energetic tiny little impacts. And something else happened … and I have neglected to mention that in the last days: **the one bright pink light spot!**

*(**Note**: That pink spot only occurs in certain "contact" situations …)*

In the last days, several times when I had a very intense emotional connection with Bob, I saw a flashing up of ***a bright pink spot of light*** … *somewhere in my peripheral vision.* The first time I noticed it, a few weeks ago, I thought "Wow, I start to see lights, my brain is acting up?" but *I do **not** "see lights" ever,* other than one single very bright pink flash of light. Can't tell the size, really, but it's always the same, like maybe two millimeters diameter, but it's substantial, for a flash of light, and it lingers long, for a flash of light. It's like you'd imagine "Tinkerbell" to halt for a moment before swirling away so fast that you can't see her. But still I kept thinking, okay, there are lots of color and light phenomena that the brain does … and of course I read up on them. But then – no other light phenomena occurred, at all, ever. Not behind closed lids and not while I'm looking around … that single bright pink flash of light, too "slow" to be a real flash, more like an actual light-occurrence, feels "purposeful". And I always address it by saying out loud *"I saw that, the bright pink flash of light"* …

Ever since I read the White books and ***Betty*** *mentioned how **important** it is for us mortals to give feedback to the discarnates by **addressing** what we feel or sense and that we consider "coming from them"* … now that light occurrence is something constant. It doesn't occur at other times at all, only when there is a certain quality of "feeling Bob". I have learned to accept it as a phenomenon that I, the mortal, am able to perceive. I'm game for experimenting, Bob knows that. I don't want to be spooked, I don't care for seeing "shapes" in my bedroom or something like that.

I walk with Jacqui nearly every evening in close to complete darkness along a certain stretch of rural path, looking at the stars. It would be perfect occasion for "them" to make an appearance, and if they can and want to, there is one certain spot next to a creek where it would be acceptable for me … and "they" know it.

So … last night, that bright pink spot occurred just before I switched off the light … right after the crackling and before the touching. And I addressed it, too, saying, like always *"Saw that! Was that you?"* Then the "touchings" happened.

Plus …

A **blowfish** or **puffer fish** showed up in the movie **"*Without You*"** last night! What are those odds? Remember – the *"puffer fish" was put in my hand!* By Edith I think!

(Later)

I just finished **"*Without You*"** … and wow! There are scenes where ***"Ally" sees her dead husband*** … he massages her shoulders, like Bob has done with me in 2018, and **he embraces her exactly like Bob had done with me**, in 2018, in our beloved housie! And I mean *exactly*! His face over my right shoulder, me holding him …

But that's not all: the dead man also **touches** "Ally" … *as she is in bed! On her head!* Just an hour earlier I had *written about the touching last night!* And here it is! Right here! Reflected back to me!

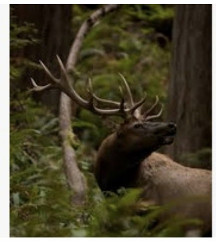
*(**Note**: Wait for May 29 – surprise! The touching will come back … in an amazing way!)*
Also, one of the last things Bob had done was rubbed my shoulders. He actually gave me a quite strong **massage**, as we were sitting on our beloved "lanai".

Impressions of my dusk walk onto ***Schlossberg*** mountain …

… and I went up to the ***labyrinth*** again … oh, what a long time and way from the days when I wrote my book "*We Creators of the World*"**,** living in Vienna with my dog Kimba, far away from meeting Bob … I remember writing about the phenomenon "**labyrinth**", because if you walk the path, you can't miss the center, you'll only get closer to it or further away again … but once you reach the center, it's empty … except for yourself. The destination of walking a labyrinth as the perfect symbol of life is – oneself.

March 4, 2021 – **The Antlers!**
Geez! Today I drove shopping for dog food to *Wolfsberg*, and on the way back a ***small car drove behind me and very close to me*** on the highway, to the point of annoying me. I checked, and it was a car from "Linz", with an "L" as first letter of the license plate number … which was in itself not special, something like "L 407 TL" or similar numbers, maybe just "47 TL". I kept looking into the rear mirror – and it took me a little while to realize what fascinated me so much! There was a huge **antler *on the passenger's seat,*** so big, that it reached onto the dashboard and surely touched the window! Antlers! In a car! Right behind me! Today! Why is that special?
Can't believe what I saw … *a guy, gray hairs,* seemed pudgy, older than me, I think, driving in a strange leaning forward position, and next to him – *antlers*. Maybe there was the whole deer in the car, and that's why he was leaning forward so strange? At some point his arms were around the steering wheel … at least, that's what it looked like.

And: ***Yesterday I saw antlers in the background in a movie!*** The shit thing is that I don't remember which one, maybe it was only a trailer? Or it was "*Without You*" with Anna Friel … I guess I'll have to check! but I was thinking ***"How odd that they have antlers in the background as a prop when it's not even about hunters."***



And today … there were **antlers** in a car on the passenger's seat! I mean – that alone is outstanding. Maybe there was a whole deer in that car, and I only saw the antler? I'm choosing the singular, because it was only one that I saw, very big, with maybe about 10 pikes! Wow!

That is no coincidence … yesterday I notice freakin' *antlers* and talk out loud about them, and today they appear in my real life! Antlers, for fuck's sake! *Who deals with* ***antlers*** *at all?* ***And who has ever seen antlers in a car?!*** I was so intrigued, that I grabbed my phone, ready to try and photograph the rear mirror … but right then, the car passed by me, speeding, actually.

I just recalled a topic of my childhood … there was an open air zoo closeby, in Rosegg, with open areas for wildlife, and the famous animal was a deer buck with huge antlers, I think more than 30 ends or pikes! And one day, kids scared that famous proud animal to the point that it fell of a high rock and was dead.

Wow. I haven't thought about this like … ever.

Wow.

March 5, 2021 – **The Treehouse Dream, the Blue Scrunchy & the Concrete Platform**

That was a dream. Oh wow. It felt like … a lot of things. An account of an actual visit "there", or some very poignant message. It was about a ***treehouse***, and me in it.

Amazing **clouds** this morning … next to "*House of the Sun*".

Last night, I watched several *videos of near-death experiences*. I was just tired of the crime movies. Before that or after that, I don't remember, I had to lie down, feeling very exhausted … and ***suddenly Bob was so close,*** and I kind of slid in a state of … I don't know what it was, … like looking inside with eyes open … and I imagined and in part it just happened, being with Bob in housie, and I was right there touching him and embracing him, on the sink and in other places in the house, and caressing his body, his face … and at some point he was at some distance, kind of in a *garden*, near a *low gate*, ***and he looked back at me and waved.*** And I kept thinking, wow, I'm making this up, but then … I also said to Bob, but not out loud but in my head, when I touched and embraced him "*Do you remember this? Remember that?*" And it felt as if he was "thinking into me" that he remembered very well.

*(**Note**: Oh wow, on May 29 this also has meaning!)*

I have been practicing the sharing of taste with Edith and with Bob, eating a fish dish or pralines … even with my brother Peter, I tried to connect that way. Only that I don't know whether or not it worked.

Missing Bob is currently a big huge theme again, right now, writing this, I'm experiencing a stress heat flash, feels like a panic attack, along with the realization that I won't ever be with Bob again in this life ….

I had a talk yesterday with a person from a help network for cases that one has to take over power of attorney for an elderly person … and she gave me a lot of important information. But afterwards I just sat there, thinking, wow, that's my life right now, thinking about how to deal with my father and what will come next with my mother … and that's what my mind is dealing with mainly?

I also still felt very sick this morning, like yesterday, scorching headache, feverish …

But it subsided after I took a lot of Melissa extract …

So my dream tonight …. Walking the ***treehouse field*** this afternoon I recounted it so that I wouldn't forget it, and I got all kinds of interpretations coming up …

It seems important that I found a ***blue woman's scrunchy with blond hairs*** on a wooden pole …

I also looked over to the treehouse and said out loud "***The path to the end of the road is blocke***d … the path ends at the treehouse …" because that's true.

The tree on which the treehouse is, was trimmed, and big branches are right across the path … so *no crossing.* I saw that while recounting the dream … a little later I found an empty ***hot apple pocket pouch*** on the path … it was interesting because there was no garbage whatsoever anywhere nearby.

Heiße Tasche

So the **dream** took place in some kind of ocean shore setting, actually in a house that seemed to be very airy and open and close to the ocean shore, facing South, in some kind of tropical environment. There was a **blond woman**, actually a blond one with a pony tail, as far as I remember, **me** and a **white and black small dog like a terrier.** Somehow there was the presence of a **man**, but I more felt him than saw him.

I was in that a big house, and I (oh shit, I realize that part of the dream has faded), and somehow that woman and I had some business to do. She lead me deeper into the house which was kind of like a lofty hotel, and suddenly I stood facing some kind of wooden structure, and high up, there was a treehouse. There was no actual tree, but the treehouse was just there, high up, and everything was in some kind of brown golden reddish lighting. I was stunned by that treehouse … and there was a sense of urgency. The woman … (I saw her from her right sight, half facing her) began to climb up a thin but strong **thread**, that ***she kind of held with her teeth*** … up to the treehouse! Just along that thread she climbed. I couldn't explain how she did it, but it worked, somehow. I just saw her get up higher and higher right in front of me, whilst I watched her, the dog next to me, kind of standing under that treehouse. She was wearing something red brown too, a dress, maybe, something loose. And I was utterly impressed. She kind of challenged me to come after her, up into the treehouse, she didn't say it out loud, but I knew she wanted me to. There was some kind of atmosphere of urgency … and before I knew it, I also climbed up to the treehouse, also along that thread. It was a hard sharp thread, not really metal, but kind of, and as I made my way up, I was surprised how well it went. There were other people around, watching, but I just knew they were there, I didn't see them. The blond woman was somehow kind of aggressive in a provocative way, and I knew I had to make friends with her, but at the same time there was rivalry.

Then I was standing up there in the treehouse, and I looked around and admired everything … it was amazing … and then ***I broke out crying.*** The woman didn't directly ask me what was wrong, but I felt the question, and I said to her that ***Bob would have loved to be in such a treehouse,*** as he was all about treehouses in the last years of his life, but now he was dead. Even *while dreaming I was aware that I had just brought something from real life into that dream* … so I was aware that I was not awake!

The woman asked me follow her, and I did and stepped out of the treehouse …

And suddenly, we were in **a very high etage of an actual house**, that was more like a tower, huge and at least 50 stories high! There was the ocean way out and way down … and I thought, "Shit, I'm scared of heights …" The woman stepped out ahead of me … the dog was with me (but I don't know how he got up into the treehouse) … and there was an adventurous mood, suddenly, and in my dream I thought that this mood reminded me of some kind of teenage situation (of real life) but I couldn't remember it …

In front of the exit of that treehouse, that was suddenly like the exit from just a room … was a **huge wide concrete platform**, but it seemed to be covered by a roof, even though it could have been some kind of helicopter landing place. It was dark gray, and the concrete was not smooth but kind of bumpy. To my horror the woman walked way out all the way to the edge, and there was no railing or anything, it was just an open concrete platform way way up on a tower, with nothing but air around it and lots of space below.

No way, I said, will I walk out there. And in the dream, I was experiencing everything from my point of view, which means, I didn't watch myself, but I "was" there, seeing everything, and I was in my head … and I felt that danger and my fear of taking even one step out onto that platform. The woman had lied down at the very edge of that platform, casually, if she'd roll over just half a turn, she'd drop and fall 50 stories down …

I was horrified by the sight and the thought of stepping out there, and I held on to my dog and looked around, into that kind of building that was a tower … trying to figure out how to leave. That strange man was somewhere, but I didn't see him, felt his presence more.

And suddenly I woke up. It was getting dawn, and I got up and went for a sip of Melissa extract and fruit juice, because I had a big headache.

I didn't even pat my dog, but went right back to bed … and I dreamed right on where I had left of!

I was on that **concrete platform on that tower** again … and as I looked out towards the **edge**, where the **blond woman** still was, now dressed in black, in some kind of sporty outfit … I saw, that right after the edge of the concrete – there was **the ocean!** It was wonderful ***turquoise blue ocean water, crystal clear and inviting*** … and I thought, "Wow, it that really is not air but water, I can just go there and swim off from that edge of that platform, and I'd be fine …"!

So I walked out onto the platform, the white and black terrier dog after me, and there was really just water. So that meant, that I wasn't actually way high up on a tower, but everything below me was way inside the ocean and probably deep inside the ocean ground.

And while I approached that edge and the wonderfully inviting water, I thought to my dreamself, "But what if this is an illusion, and there is no water? If I try to swim out there, I'll simply fall to my dead, way way down …"

And I looked at that inviting water and I really wished it was water, and that I could just swim out there.

At the same time it was such a strange feeling for my dream-self to experience that strange shift in perception: ***I had climbed way up that thread to the treehouse, stepped out of that house onto the wide huge airy concrete platform only to discover that I wasn't high up at all, that I was at ocean level.***

In my dream, there was an impression of comradery with that woman … and as I approached the edge of the platform …

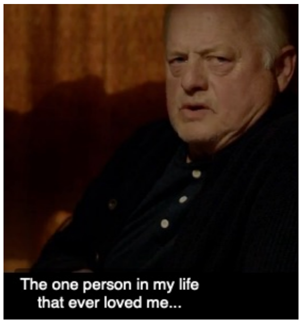
I woke up.

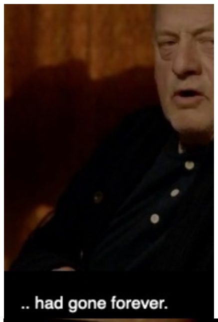
I forgot to mention, that right after finishing watching my near-death-experience videos in the middle of the night, my window – yes, ***that* window** – cracked once, just once, loud and hard. And immediately I looked up and said *"Edith, is that you? Or you, Peter, or Bob?"*

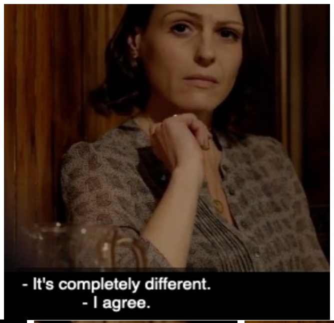
(Later)

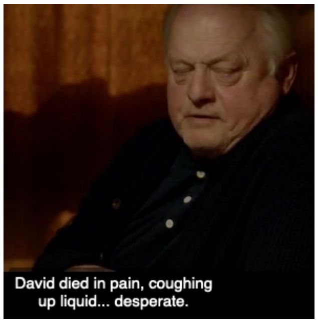
Happened across a crime drama TV series called “***Doctor Foster***” … and whilst the story line isn’t really interesting, it starts with a **long blond hair** on a **blue scarf** … and that strikes me because of the **blond hairs** on the **blue scrunchy** I found just hours earlier!

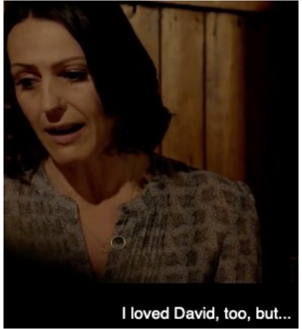
Also … there are scenes … wow, that’s just like what I’m going through with my father: **A woman claiming that her suffering is much worse than anyone else’s suffering …** like my father thinks he is the only person who has ever lost someone, and nobody is suffering more than he is. And then this:

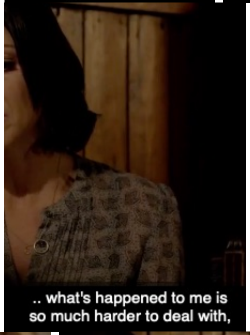

The one person in my life
that ever loved me...

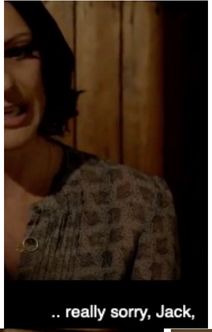

.. had gone forever.

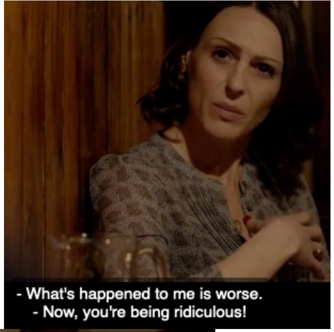

- It's completely different.
- I agree.

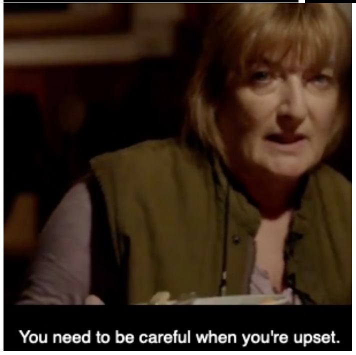

David died in pain, coughing
up liquid... desperate.

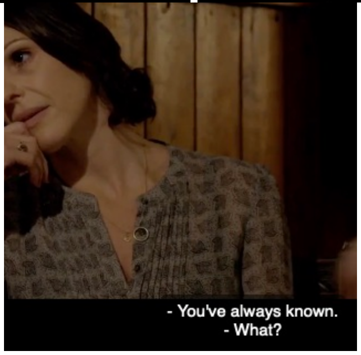

I loved David, too, but...

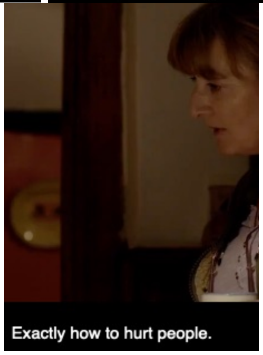

.. what's happened to me is
so much harder to deal with,


.. really sorry, Jack,


- What's happened to me is worse.
- Now, you're being ridiculous!


You need to be careful when you're upset.


- You've always known.
- What?


Exactly how to hurt people.

(Later)
Back to my **dream** … even though my afternoon is filled with that feeling of doom that I’ve been having so often lately …

So of course, walking that parallel path along the *treehouse field* earlier today … I tried to get inspiration what the dream meant. Right now, the ***scrunchy and the scarf and the blond hairs*** seem to tell me that there was a blond woman in my night-trip … or it means that Bob knows what I’ve dreamed about.

Maybe it means that I actually met him and others … and that I learned a lot “there” or told myself a lot … just in my mortal persona, back in “real life”, I only have my subconscious that must interpret stuff according to my personal Earth-story inner knowledge. So that's why I recount the dream that way.

But the fact that I could dream on seamlessly is something new to me. That hasn't happened often in my life. It might have, I have a feeling, but I can't recall any dream occurrence of that kind right now.

So ***climbing up along that strong "string" or thread-like rope to the tree house in my dream*** of course can have a very direct and literal meaning … as I know that the "*silver cord*" or "silver thread" is the *"thread of energetic essence"* that ***connects our spirit to our body*** when we leave it in the dream state.

The treehouse and me thinking of Bob may be my mortal-world recollection that I actually was with Bob in the "beyond", while being tied to my material self by that "thread" … and the wide platform leading way out into some lethally dangerous situation only to then change into something that wasn't dangerous at all, offering me the image of water when I'm a very good swimmer and love water and long to swim in the ocean again … it might as well be a comforting vehicle … or something to tell me that I have what it takes to navigate something that I deem very dangerous and lethal … I have fear of heights. I love water, and can swim forever. So how come those were combined?

Also … it seems to point at the fact that I had some kind of impression which changed to something entirely different … the huge altitude that scared the crap out of me that turned into my beloved ocean water. Just now a thought flashed up … that I've always thought I'd die in the ocean.

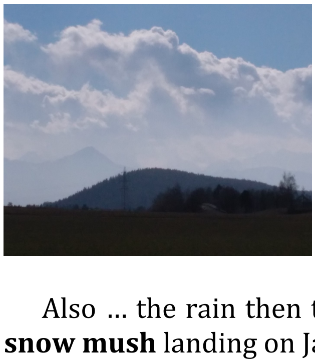
Also I thought, while on the treehouse field path … that I had felt so sick so often in the last weeks, that I had actually thought that my heart might just stop, or that my scorching headaches would end in an aneurysm … and that the "thread" means something different entirely …

Right now, I have no idea what this was or is all about. I just have the intense feeling that it was "real" what I experienced, just my subconscious provided me with imagery that my conscious mind can understand … and yet, because I've had so many "on the nose" synchronicity experiences recently, it might as well be very "on the nose", too, what I can recall and what happened.

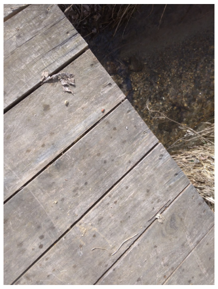
Also the fact that *I can **recall** the dream* … is important. I haven't been able to recall dreams for many days. I always wake up knowing that the dream was amazing, but I couldn't "grasp" any imagery or drag it out of my mind …

As I walked the treehouse field … a **sudden shower of "Ua", rain** happened, and just when I stepped onto that *little wooden bridge*, the sun came out …

Also, I went further than normal and I spotted another **bridge** at a distance that I hadn't seen before.



Also … the rain then turned into some kind of "hail" … but there were just **wet heavy slobs of snow mush** landing on Jacqui and me … and it didn't rain harder until we were safe in the car …



Also … I spotted such **nettle-like plants** like one woman had talked about in one of the near-death-videos last night …

I have to ask Bob to really give me inspiration about what I should do …

I had a strange urge to do something with those “Mad Fauna” raps … have woman of my age do some spoof rapping – yes, against all those fuckers half our age who think they are so smart. But in reality, all their diversity bullshit makes life only more difficult … and I can’t even get started on the Corona virus hysteria.

I’ll have to do something about my father. Trying to remind myself that he is only a sick and miserable old man. But still it’s almost unimaginable right now for me to even call him. He is so nasty and hurtful to me, every time.

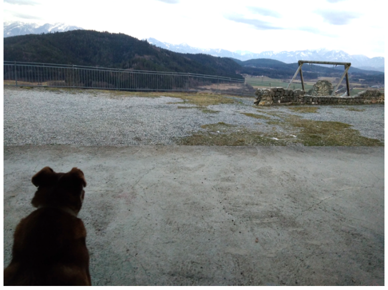
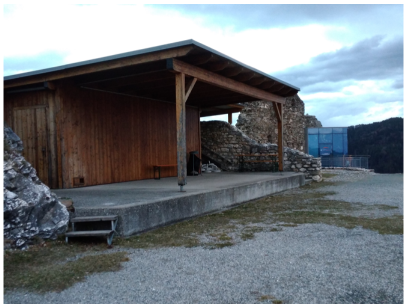
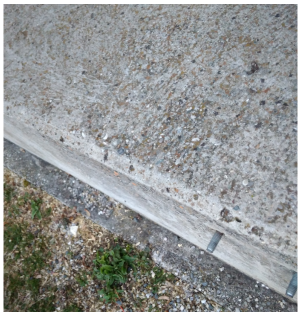
Online-counselling said “You’re not responsible for your parents’ lives.” Sure, I know. But that doesn’t change the fact that my parents are on their own, and I can’t and won’t just look away. Fuck such advice. All that bullshit should be packed in a few more raps by “Mad Fauna”, then I should find women or actresses to rap them and make a film consisting of music videos of those raps …

Wow, I haven’t thought of creating anything for a while, now.

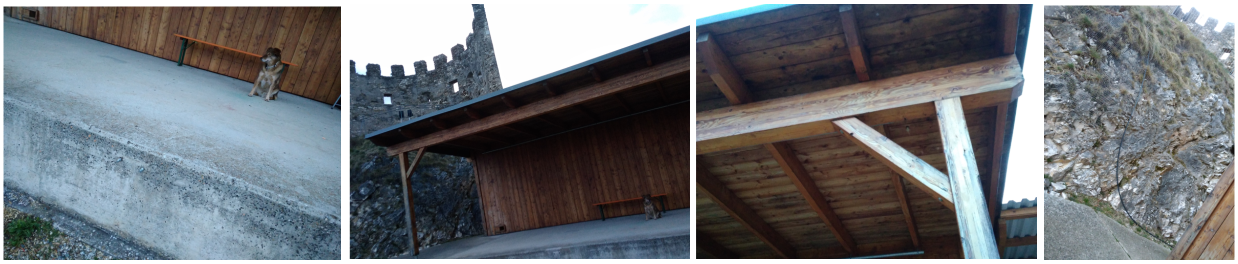
(Later) **The dream came true!**

Wow! The *concrete **platform*** appeared in real life!

I took a late afternoon walk up *Schlossberg mountain* with Jacqui, and I took a left turn *onto some part of the castle ruins where I barely ever go.* And I saw a *bench* under *a red-brown wooden structure* and went there to sit down. As I sat down … suddenly I realized that I was looking at a **concrete platform facing South**! And I was sitting under a wooden structure and in a way “in a building” – *just like it had been in my dream*, when I had looked out to that woman on the edge of that concrete platform! Even some kind of “**thread**” was there.

I was baffled shitless … got up and realized, that the wooden structure somehow resembled that tree house, too!



This is very very special! What does it mean? ***How come I get to see such a similar setting like in my dream?!*** I had the feeling that “they” were gathered at that site and watching me and then rejoicing when I noticed that I was actually “in the spot of my dream” in a way, high up, with a concrete platform edge and me looking out from “under somewhere”!

Very strangely, in addition, when we left, ***Jacqui*** *wouldn’t go*. He sat down on a stone ruin and gazed back at the concrete platform. I had to call him off. *He kept looking back* … but whatever he saw, it was ***invisible*** to me.

I’m just glad I have the photographs! I even saw a **single bush** that reminded me strongly of the ***antlers***.

Wow. This is just … beyond exciting.

I can’t describe my excitement … it’s so internalized. Nowadays I can be thrilled and beyond myself with excitement, and if you looked at me, you couldn’t tell that I’m even aware and responsive.

Maybe that’s because I’ve got noone to share, in the mortal realm, I mean.

But hey!

This day ends nicely … but then, I tried to call my mother from up there, just before I stepped onto that platform … and the phone went to voicemail.

Scares the shit out of me. But I can’t do anything about it today. I won’t call again, I’m too afraid to hear her slurring her speech. Maybe that’s unfair. But that’s my truth today.

I also thought of my old and fragile father, but still, I'm afraid of him, very deep down. I had intended to call him, but I simply can't.

I'll have to visit him tomorrow and speak my truth, my entire truth, and nothing but my truth. Same for my mother. Only then will I be able to move forward meaningfully.

March 6, 2021 **– Cargo Pants**

Disastrous day. Mom called me in the morning to tell me that she had missed my call yesterday. She sounded great. I told her I'd come visit today, she was looking forward to it. I called her again an hour later to suggest we take a walk in the nice weather, her speech slurred. When I visited her at 2.30 p.m., it took a while for her to open, then she was in her night gown and obviously drunk. I just don't know what to do anymore.

I saw very interesting car license plates, both ways on the highway, just can't make myself write up their interpretation right now, I'm feeling exhausted.

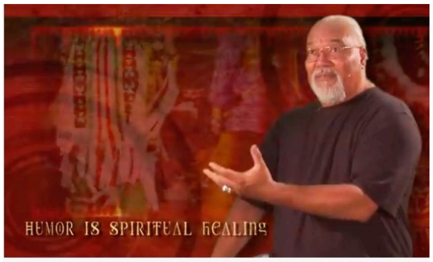
"**808 EA**" right when I left Griffen … "EA" for "independence" and "self-government" in Hawaiian, and "808" for Hawaii and "BOB"! Then, right afterwards, "**250 DP**", with "250" ringing in my ears as the first part of Bob's phone number, , then a very strange "**XNXX1**", which seems to have had to do with "***hugs***", and then **"SYMB 7"**.

Then: "**911 GP**" *(this one I saw on the way there and back!),* **"W 1000"** and several more **"911"** … on the way back, when I was so upset, I saw "**641 DJ"** which attracted my attention because of my initials and the birthyear, and then, right after this one: "**MU 461 BJ**", and that was interesting because my name for my mother had been "Mu", and again my birthyear, but the number scrambled …

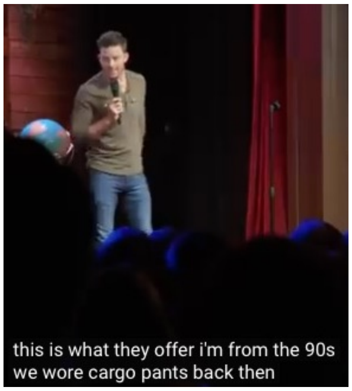
Because also: *I called my father and couldn't reach him! I emailed his "caretaker" V. to let me know what's happening, no response.* I feared the worst. Tried to discipline myself, though. I didn't just drive there, to my father, because I thought likely he just doesn't want to talk to me.

(Later)

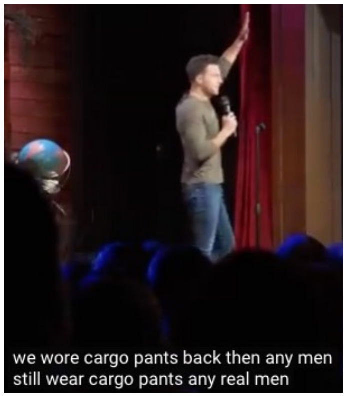
Watched standup-comedy to calm myself a bit, and there was a comedian by the odd name of "**K-Von**" who was talking about one of the few things Bob really really loved … and what I got him, two new pairs, when he was so sick in August 2018, but we were so hopeful: **cargo pants.**



Howie Miller • Native American Comedy Slam • Part 1 | LOLflix



this is what they offer i'm from the 90s
we wore cargo pants back then



we wore cargo pants back then any men
still wear cargo pants any real men

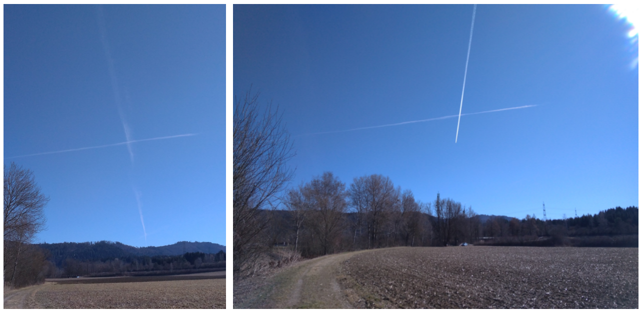
yeah see real men wear cars where's the men wearing skinny jeans where

March 7, 2021, Sunday

Tried to reach my father, nothing. won't pick up the phone. Emailed, texted, called his "caretaker", no response.

Drove on the highway, speaking to me out loud about my father and my mother, "failing bodies getting ready to release the energetic person" … It kind of calmed me down.

Took a brief walk on the first part of *treehouse field path* … a **cross** appeared in the sky …



Drove to see my mother again … 2.30 pm, she was again in her night gown, in bed, but she was not drunk at all. It was very heartbreaking, such nice weather, she all alone in her dark apartment in bed. When I tried to reason that she must not go to bed in the day as she has a hard time sleeping, she said she rather go to bed then lie on the couch in the kitchen. When I said she must not lie down at all but make it her routine t*o go outside for a walk*, or at least walk with me, she got angry and said the problem was that I would come all the time and berate her. She looks weaker, physically than weeks ago, her posture is beginning to slump. I told her that she can't drive anymore if she gets to weak. She simply stares into the room.

Jesus Christ … how fucked up is my life now? I want to help, don't know how.

My **horoscope**, that I read by "accident" almost, this morning, talks about some tough family related constellation and warned me to not (!) take major impactful steps just yet. That was interesting, and my mind circled around this when I was facing my mother.

Called my father again, nothing. My imagination took the better of me. I drove to the cemetery, ok, burning candle on Edith's grave. I drove by my father's house – and a younger woman (mid forties or younger, from afar) just walked out of the front door. She wore dark glasses, how strange, there was no sun where she was walking. This really upset me. Drove around the corner, called my father again nothing. I thought what does a stranger have to do in my father's house? I did write down the woman's car's license plate number, in the driveway.

So I took all my courage, drove back, the car was gone, I parked and pressed the outside gate bell.

When my father opened I was so relieved, that I burst out in tears.

He looked so lost and old … and he asked me in and was visibly happy to see me. I swore to myself that we won't ever fight again, I won't ever let myself be provoked by him in any way.

Somehow the talk came that the "caretaker" V. had been visiting yesterday – when I had called desperately and emailed him?! – and that the woman I had just seen was "someone who had worked with Edith". Well, I'm not sure about that. This woman was too young to have worked with Edith. But maybe she was a caretaker?

Sandy the beagle was ecstatic that Jacqui and me were here. Interestingly, Jacqui always lies with my father when we are in the kitchen, not with me.

Turned out, my father's landline was out of order. I didn't know he had a cell phone, well, now I know and have his number. He said he could hear it ring, but couldn't answer. So now I'm finally really mad at that "caretaker", as I had texted him in the morning, that I was so worried, that I might have to call the police to take a look if everything is okay with my father. And the fucking V. had not responded … knowing how upset my father would be if the police would come again. So now I'm assuming that V. is trying to cause a rift between my father and me. I will not let that happen. I will talk to my father next time about that …

So I helped my father with the phone, saved some important phone numbers in the phone and showed him how to handle the display … he was happy but told me not too much, he can't handle too much at a time.

I felt very fiercely protective of him.

He cried and said that I wouldn't believe it, but *he thinks he received* ***a sign from Edith!*** *A little yellow flower* ***had sprung up right above the spot where her urn was buried!*** No flower anywhere, but that flower. I didn't see it on the grave, but I was very touched by what he said. In no word did he address that I had tried to make him understand that the person lives on after the physical death so many times, but he did say that I shouldn't think he had gone nuts, but he believes there is "something between heaven and earth …" Oh yes, it is.

I told him the story of ***Mercy Whitney,*** who had come to Hawaii as a missionary so young, and her beloved Samuel died right after their arrival, within a year, and she had to live way into her nineties, always waiting to be reunited with him. I really want to receive a message from Mercy Whitney … is she with Sam now? Still?

Before I left he even said something nice about my mother, that was unexpected. Of course he kept repeating how not understandable Edith's death was and how great their marriage was and how poor he is … I just listened. I know so much better, but no point in trying to talk about that.

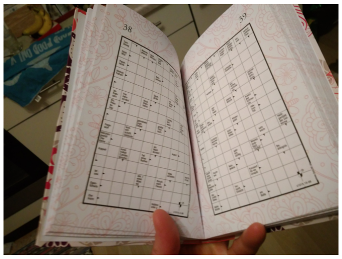
My mother … I just don't know what to do. But I did meet her neighbor, Bettina, and I gave her my phone number, and she said she'd call if she'd see anything suspicious and also share the number with the other neighbor. That is a big relief.

On the way back I saw one license plate number that appeared twice, as the car overtook me twice (which happens at times with interesting ones), and it's "**VO 1VDJ**". No idea, what it means. Maybe "victory" and my initials, and "1" for "I'm ahead", "I'm the best" … what Bob used to say? I wish.

March 8, 2021 – Crossword Puzzles & the Stoop

Interesting morning clouds …

Went shopping in Völkermarkt, bought a nice nightgown for my mother's birthday coming Saturday, and I was looking for a book about grief at a bookstore, but they didn't have any. So I bought a **book** with **203 crossword puzzles** on a whim. For 1 Euro. Special sale.



(Later)

Took a shower, washed hair, couldn't make myself do much else … read movie reviews, found something about *"The Tao of Steve"*, wanted to see it, didn't find it. Switched on "**All About Steve"** instead, and it starts with a newspaper writer (played by Sandra Bullock) presenting her boss – **crossword puzzle pages**!

New York Times
crossword editor, Will Shortz, says...
I like to think he means not just crosswords...
If life is like a crossword puzzle...

I was baffled shitless.

Reading up, the story is about a woman deciding that a **camera man** is the love of her life and following him around to convince him! Kind of touching, hearing words like "**Stone**" and "**Dany**" in the same scene …

And seeing "us" out and about on a **shoot**, Bob with the camera, me, his sidekick, organizing … and funnily, even ***"Wild Willy"*** is in there … "**Willie K**", sometimes the subjects of shoots that Bob and I were hired to do.

Well, give us something good, Danny.

I'm pretty much set in stone.

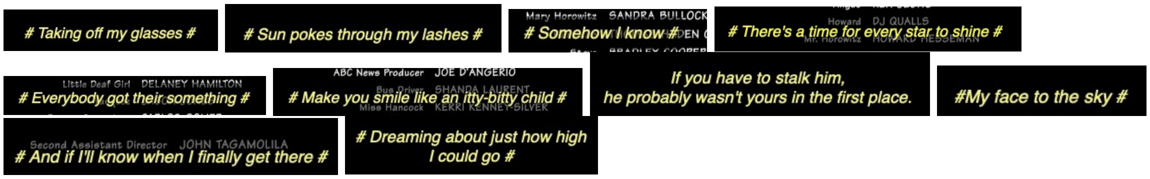
Tragically, today,
the man who plays Wild Willy the Outlaw...

Does it sparkle?

GEEZUS!

I have never in my life bought a book with ***crossword puzzles*** or have seen them in movies, but today, crossword puzzles showed up twice!

The song in the end had words … like ***me talking about my relationship with dead Bob*** …


Taking off my glasses

Sun pokes through my lashes

Mary Horowitz SANDRA BULLOCK
Somehow I know

Howard DJ QUALLS
There's a time for every star to shine
Mr. Horowitz HOWARD HESSEMAN

Little Deaf Girl DELANEY HAMILTON
Everybody got their something

ABC News Producer JOE D'ANGERIO
Bus Driver SHANDA LAURENT
Make you smile like an itty-bitty child
Miss Hancock KERRI KENNEY-SILVER

If you have to stalk him,
he probably wasn't yours in the first place.

#My face to the sky #

Second Assistant Director JOHN TAGAMOLILA
And if I'll know when I finally get there

Dreaming about just how high
I could go #

Also, earlier, I was standing in the kitchen – and **I suddenly felt touched** on my left side, in the area under my arm towards the back. It felt so direct that I turned, as if someone could have stood there who had touched me to get my attention. I was very surprised. Maybe it was just a muscle twitching. The thing is, that I have never ever experienced that before.

I try not to overreact.

It was strange though.

Today Dr. Alice emailed me suggesting a session, as I had asked her for one. Oh yes, I want one. I'd love to hear from Bob and Edith and Peter and Mercy Whitney and so many more!

(Later)

I also saw a standup comedian named *Moody McCarthy* who reminds me so much of my **brother Peter**.

March 9, 2021

Woke up with lots of thoughts … an a phase of what felt like real depression. Sick to my stomach, deeply sad and lost. Took Jacqui for a walk … can't believe that this is my life now, caring for my parents who keep giving me a hard time … after they never gave a crap about me or my life. My father said a little while ago, how he and Edith put so much money into the house … well, today this statement came back with full bitterness. Those were the decades where he and she never asked about my brother and me, never ever. We had no father, but also no mother …

A man I knew on Maui once said, ***"Always ask the right questions"***, and this sentence flared in my mind this morning. It's the truest truth of human thinking. If you shy back from something that bothers you about another person and the way they treat them, but you swallow it and stay quiet, this very thing will grow and fest and become a monster in your life. No, I did not ask the right questions when I was supposed to.

I skipped to the end of the movie about "**Steve**", yesterday, and there were very interesting notes, along with my name, too … Oh, and the stoop. I only read about a movie with the title "***Sometime other than now"*** … and it featured a picture just like **Bob and I sitting on the steps** of our beloved housie … so many times.

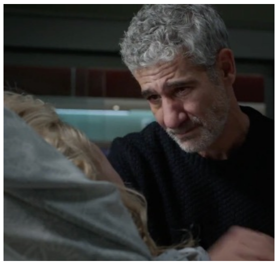
March 9, 2021 – **"Dany in Limbo & Has Cancer"**

Watching "*The Good Doctor*" … and wow, my name came up again. A woman in a coma, the doctors are talking about her husband not being able to let her go …

"Dany is stuck in limbo, somewhere between life and death, and so is he."

Huh. Really. Is that so. And later: ***"Dany has cancer."***

MILLER, DANNIE



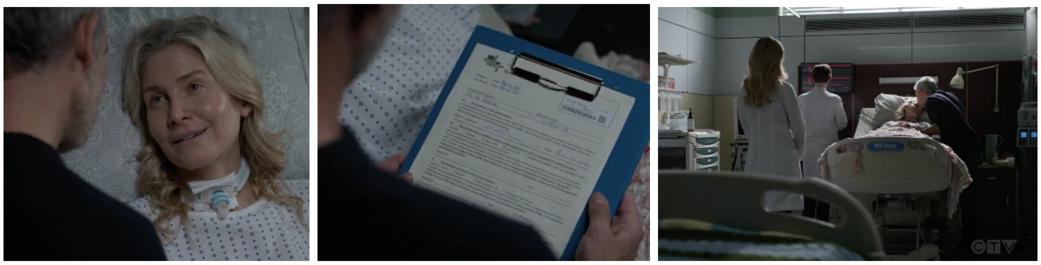
I’ve been wondering if I had cancer for the last months … so someone saying that out loud … feels like a reflection, a synchronicity, telling me that Bob hears me and wants to let me know.

Do I have cancer? Dunno.

Just now on ***“The Good Doctor”***, the comatose Dany has woken up because of an adrenaline shock of sorts, but when that wears off, she’ll fall back into a coma … ***“Your right here, holding my hand, looking into my eyes, you’re not going anywhere, Dany! I promise!”*** Said the husband. Oh wow, I’ve been thinking of what would happen if I should suddenly have an aneurysm and pass out and get into a coma … I’ve been thinking of making a DNR soon …

Oh Bob, you’re talking to me? ***“I ‘m a lucky girl … I found my soulmate.”*** Said Dany. Then she made a **DNR** to make sure that she wouldn’t be kept alive when she’d be in an irreversible coma again.

“I don’t want to be back on life support, that’s not life.”

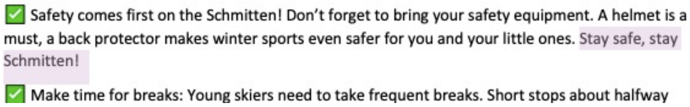


I saw an amazing **sunset** at the beginning of *treehouse field* …

March 10, 2021 – **Smitten!**

Fucking horrible *dream*, Hans-Peter, blood, danger, mountain, then beach parking, homeless woman, water, dangerous man …

Then started working, and the word "smitten" appeared! I had challenged Bob to reflect it back to me, after I had, some day on the treehouse path, been totally struck with the word and had said it out loud, don't remember why. And today, this morning, I received an editing job for a mountain, and there is a slogan: ***"Stay safe, stay Schmitten"!*** The mountain's name is "*Schmitten*", but it's a play on words for "**smitten**"!



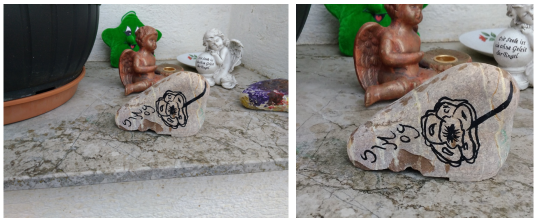
☑ Safety comes first on the Schmitten! Don't forget to bring your safety equipment. A helmet is a must, a back protector makes winter sports even safer for you and your little ones. Stay safe, stay Schmitten!

☑ Make time for breaks: Young skiers need to take frequent breaks. Short stops about halfway

Wow! Drove to Velden … amazing **car license plates** … Like "**HE AU**", "the stream", meaning "***energetic current***" among others …

Also, the sky was full of very strong and weird cloud patterns, so that I said to Bob "Well, I can't see all of it from inside the car, but it sure looks like you want to tell me something." My heart sank, though, because it felt like "We're with you", like something bad was about to happen.

Visited my mother, found her in bed at 2 p.m., again, new bruises on her leg … and it scared the shit out of me when she turned her face away, twice and whispered some garbled stuff … sounded like "*Hexe*", "*witch*", but that would be weird. I saw another **painted stone** …



Visited my father … nearly impossible to have a normal talk with him, he is arrogant and bitter and sarcastic and impolite to me … it took all my self-discipline to stay calm and talk about the drive to Villach he wants to do on Friday and me getting a new cell phone for him. On one hand he is outright nasty, on the other somehow helpless.

Poor Sandy was hoping for a walk, but he wouldn't let me walk her … clearly, her claws are way too long, and she really wants to go with me.

(Later)

Oh geez, the **water bottles** that Bob and I used to buy at the "Waterboy" in Kahului … right there, on the series "***Snowpiercer***". Needless to say that I thought about those waterbottles recently …

March 11, 2021 **– Seeing Bob**

Last night … so anxious because of my mother … I couldn't do anything but leave her, after she had been chatting with slurring words, clearly very confused, but then also talking normally, but obviously intoxicated and hungry … barely any food, but she refuses help and claims everything is fine. I felt so helpless … but things will change, next week, after her birthday.

So lying in bed, earlier than normal, a **loud clear thick sound** appeared in my left ear, while the light was still on … it was so strong that I for a moment thought it had an outside source, but no, it was only in my left side ear. Inside. In my brain. I turned, cursing "What the fuck is this now?", and I watched it subside. It went away completely and didn't return. No headache, nothing, just that very strong and loud tone. A "note", some kind of … single tone, yes. Not too shrill, not dark, a regular tone, higher pitched.

This morning, getting up, I had such a sharp pain in my right lower abdomen again, I even cringed. And there is the pain again in my left breast. Wow.

(Later)

Oh fucking geez … I started to rewatch "**Killing Eve**" … just some *random episode*, and now I know why: There is a **Bob-lookalike**, so similar that it takes my breath away. Is that the answer to my desperate plea wanting to see Bob again? Bob looking into the **mirror**, Bob **desperate** how I imagined him when he discovered how sick he was, Bob **lying** on the **bed** and on the **floor** … yes, I did get to "see Bob". Even with **"me" looking into his room,** from the door, standing in the door frame, like I did so many times … even that was there!

Killing Eve

Killing Eve
BBC AMERICA

Killing Eve
BBC AMERICA

March 12, 2021

Took a *trip to Villach with my father* … twice, because after we had found a cell phone for him and wanted to have it registered and activated, he discovered that he didn't have his ID or bank information on him, and we had to drive back to Velden to get it. He was between sarcastic bad tempered arrogant aggressive monster and sweet old man in need of a lot of help. Nuff sed. It felt strange to be at Velden and not even go to see my mother. I had called her in the morning – she sounded entirely fine.

And I had spent a night in horror with worries.

Car license plate numbers on the way there, were astounding: "…" *(**Note**: I wrote them down somewhere.)*

I managed to take Sandy for a walk after our return from Villach, and it was already dark. ***I felt Edith so close,*** I was very sad around my father's house and in the house, knowing that she'd never be there again. I know much more clearly what she went through with my father … I know for sure that she was ready to go, and she has been for a while … So I walked down a street where Edith must have walked often with Sandy, and I realized that ahead used to be the house of my "**first** love", when I was around ten years old, and his name was "Alexander ***Zahn***", which means "tooth". The house really is still there, but not sure if they really still live in there. *I felt Edith so very close* … and at some point, when I thought of her, something hit my head. But there was nothing in my hair or on the ground … it was strange.

I was so close to shouting into my father's face stuff that he doesn't know about Edith … or that his constant talking about how great his marriage was is a blatant lie … and everybody knows it. And people now look at him and know how he had treated Edith, and he is ignoring it and being the poor victim, and people see that. He doesn't not ever once ever ever talk about Edith's suffering. Not once. He only talks about himself.

And yet … he is a miserable hunch-backed old man now, has a Baker's cyst in his knee, he told me, his body is so old, his joints are aching …

And it was touching how he picked food stuff, being at good appetite and probably having a bad conscience about it.

It was kind of sweet that after a big blow-up in the car, were I finally screamed back at him, mostly about his ignorance about my grief about Bob and about his aggressive disdainful ways, and how he pretends to be a nice person to others … how after that we still handled that cell-phone thing. And he was so horrified about standing there realizing that he had forgotten the main things, his ID … and then, back home, he insisted we have dinner together. And got a sausage that he wanted me to marinade sour, and we had it with boiled eggs and white bread and beer, something I'd never eat, but I did. I helped him to get his cell phone going, and he thanked me and was quite happy.

I felt so sad leaving that house realizing that he is all alone in there.

Sandy is such a poor puppy, doesn't get enough exercise at all, she really wanted to come with me … and I'd take her in an instant, but I do realize that my father needs her.

March 13, 2021 – **ZAHN! KULT! The Key!**

Barely made it out of bed. Felt so desolate and nauseous and worried.

My mother's 77th birthday. I called her around noon, and she was so happy to hear me but slurred her speech. *I wished her a happy birthday*, and she was happy, and reminded her that we had talked about me going to get a freshly made baked chicken, and I'd come to her at 4 pm, and she said she was looking forward to it.

I took Jacqui for a walk before the drive, and I called my mother again, asking her if she maybe wanted to take a walk with Jacqui and me before eating the chicken. She said no, she didn't feel like going out. She has been saying that ever since we got back in contact. She sounded entirely fine, though no slurring her speech anymore, like just an hour before! But she didn't remember that we had talked before!

So after that chat, we walked some more, and she called me back, suddenly, telling me all excited that she was watching a ski program about Kranjska Gora, a famous skiing region, where she had been so many times many years ago. She said that she has such great memories of it … and I encouraged her to talk and share, and I kept myself from thinking that those years were horrible for me and my brother, my mother being drunk all the time with her drunk boyfriend who was in K. G. and my mother driving so many nights after work to be with that jerk, across the mountain … I'm getting stomach cramps when I only think about it. Then my mother suddenly asked "Do you know that it's my birthday today?"

I was very shocked, but kept my calm and reminded her that we had just talked about it on the phone, twice already today … She said, okay, and that she was looking forward to seeing me with the baked chicken at four.

I found a strange **round stone** on the path, right after I had hung up.

Driving up the highway, I was still thinking about whether or not my mother would be aware all day that it's her birthday, a car passed by with the license plate number "**HCH 1**", and I reach "**HOCH 1**", which means literally "high", but in German "***Hoch!***" is a wish for someone's ***birthday***! So I spontaneously thought "*Wow, they are right here, are they?!*"

Also, a **cloud** appeared right in front of me, and it looked like a **mouth** that was puckering up for a kiss. (I didn't photograph it fast enough though.)

And then, another car passed by me, and the license plate was "**ZAHN 1**". Yes, seriously, "tooth". *And I had **asked Edith** last night, walking by the house of* "**Zahn**", my *first love*, ***whether she was with us,*** and whether it was okay how it went with my father.

And today "**ZAHN**" passed by me. But not just that! I was still in shock and awe about this, and thinking so intensely of Edith and that I really miss her and whether or not she knows it, and "**ZAHN 1**" passed by *again*! So maybe it was another "ZAHN 1" from some other city, or it was the same car that somehow had driven off the highway in the past five minutes and then come back on to overtake me again. It was very very strange.

Wow.

Also "**KULT 1**" drove by! And that's important because one of the topics that my father is such a prick about is how to treat his dog. He says a beagle doesn't need to move that much, which is bullshit, and when I say that a dog must be given stuff to do, he keeps saying that he refuses to *"make a **cult** about the dog".* He already said that a year ago when Edith had asked me to look after Sandy and walk her often while she is at the hospital, as my father has no patience with her and won't walk her. Same thing now. And back then, the big blow up on the phone was my father yelling that I was "making a cult with the fucking dog", "**cult**" being "**kult**" in German, meaning something like "exaggerated fuzz". And yesterday I really screamed back at my father when he straight-out denied that Edith had called me and asked for help … he makes up and denies stuff as he pleases, and this is unbearable.

So when "**KULT 1**" passed by today, I had the feeling that ***Edith*** was asking me to keep on track with helping her little girl dog Sandy. I also remembered suddenly today that Edith had said, about 4 years ago, that if my father wouldn't allow her to take the dog, after their former dog Gipsy had died (of multiple cancers of the years), she wouldn't stay with him one day longer.

One day I'm afraid I'll shout this into my father's face.

So I took Jacqui for a small hike at **lake Saissersee**, which was good for us … One strange thing happened, though: In the middle of the dreary dry brown forest, I found a **pink little girls bathing suit**. Yes, in winter. With a ***Smurf*** on it.

I had to fight a panicky, almost panic attack type feeling all the time. I was so worried … and I was right to be worried.

I went to pick up the wonderful fresh baked chicken and mixed salad and a nice crème cake piece for my mother. And when I arrived, she opened again in her nightgown, entirely confused.

She had forgotten that I'd come.

She wasn't happy about anything, and she absolutely didn't want to eat anything. Later she would, she said. She seemed to not remember that we had talked three times today and many times in the week before about my offer to bring that kind of chicken that she used to like so much.

My heart sank and sank. My birthday present she barely noticed, a nice nightgown, and she didn't want it, she said, I really had to insist … and as I watched her and involved her in a conversation, I realized that I had to tape her. Which I did. She didn't notice that I was taping her because she didn't think that the photocamera on the table could also videotape her. It was heartbreaking. She looked so lost and out of her mind several times, … that I knew in my heart that she can't be living on her own much longer.

I mean, she told me about the exercising she does, and all the usual stuff, but she didn't even acknowledge that it's her birthday at all or that we had spoken.

I tried to discipline myself, but eventually I just had to mention towards her that I want her to writing things down because she has become very forgetful. She did ask me why I thought that, and when I said that she forgets entire conversations and visits, she pulled a very distressed and disgruntled grimace. She just shrugs her shoulders, as she really wants to just shrug it off. It made me feel aggressive, suddenly, and I realized that there is nothing we can do together. If I don't talk, she simply sits there. We can't watch TV together, not go out, not eat together … she wouldn't even take the smallest bite with me or for me … no, she was not hungry she said. She had also clearly forgotten that we had talked about having a meal together.

Then I asked her about her spare key that used to be in the basement, and we went to walk. But there was no spare key. She showed me that she had two spare keys in the spare bedroom, that used to be the guest room, but she uses the room for storage and ironing … and when I asked to be allowed to take one of the keys, she refused straight-out. She got upset to the point that she pretty much urged me out of the apartment, and her face was very very distressed. I regretted having asked for the key, trying to explain to her that someone needs to have a second key, but she stubbornly refused.

And there it was again: My aversion against this kind of stubbornness that clearly comes from a deranged mind. I won't allow this fact of malfunction of my mother's brain rule my and her life.

But it's a pity that my birthday visit that I was hoping to be nice, ended like this.

Sitting at home in Griffen, writing this, I realize how deeply disappointed and disheartened I am.

But something interesting happened, too. After leaving my mother I took Jacqui little ways up the hill, towards the forest, it was very windy, looking like bad weather coming. And there was that ***nice woman*** again, K. is her last name, I don't remember her last name, who I had met several times. She seems a bit "off", but she is nice, told me last time I saw her that she had lost her husband 20 years ago and then her boyfriend after only 1,5 years … and she said to me, after I had told her spontaneously about my worries, to which she listened patiently: "Lassen Sie die Dinge auf sich zu kommen, ziehen Sie sie nicht in Ihrer Fantasie heran und stellen Sie sich nicht das Schlimmste vor." That's exactly what I should have known on my own: ***"Let things come towards you, do not draw them close in your mind, and don't imagine the worst!"***

What a wise advice. This was so necessary for me.

I will really thank her one day. Thoroughly. She said she wants her garden to be a Permaculture project. Interesting. Permaculture was an interest of my years ago.

I also ***realized*** *something about* ***Edith*** *today,* after I was so startled by the "**ZAHN 1**": She had been bitten by a tick in her younger years, and her brain had been affected. She had intended to be an opera singer, but then had found herself find the situation having to relearn pretty much everything after the meningitis. I remember that she told me that her mother had hated her profoundly, swearing at her and cursing her horribly. So I suddenly realized that Edith had needed to find a dominant partner, because she was still recovering from her brain disease, when she met my father. She had no idea that he wasn't just dominant, he was a narcissist and psychopath, probably with manic-depressive tendencies. She must have been horrified to find herself in that trap … I remember many years ago when she shared with me how she was suffering, and how he called her ugly and stupid and fat all the time. And yet she stayed, because she had invested so much money in the house …

What a fucking tragedy.

Driving, I burst out crying several times today …. Thinking that I had fucked up so badly not having helped Edith. A part of me wants to believe that I always acted to my own best knowledge from my guts … and in fact, Edith had fallen in my back many times, getting on my father's side. But I realized today so clearly, how she didn't have a choice. Her life with that man must have been pure hell. No wonder she got bowel cancer, then major problems with her knees, as they signify the main connections and relationships one has in life, then the ankles, meaning "it can't go on like this", then a broken tibia, and liver problems …

Then a car drove by with a sticker reading "**Stonepark**".

That was strange, too, since we're a German speaking country. And it was an Austrian car.

On the drive back, it was one of the few times I switched on the **radio**. I burst out crying … and I switched it off right away again, after just a few beats of music. Because **Bob** was so close all of a suddenly, ***with a certain special gesture*** that he had done, relating to his filmmaking work, when he was working with music, playing back the sequences he had just edited and *making a gesture with his* *hand to the beat when the music would start*, anticipating it, and the impression wouldn't go away … that I even felt like I could hug him and touch him right there, in the car! I really had to cry. I put the **radio** back on … different channel. And I stretched my hand out to the driver's seat, ***for Bob to put something into my palm*** … and right then, a "**key**" appeared in front of my inner eye, without a hesitation. I thought that it was the key-formed board where my mother had her spare keys … but it was a metal key for sure …

Just then, a man was ***singing in German*** "Ich glaube an dich, auch wenn du es nicht siehst. Du siehst nur schwarze Wolken." – ***„I believe in you, even though you don't see it, you only see black clouds."***

No shit, I thought. And yes, there were dark clouds I was looking at. (Managed to photograph one while driving.) And yes, I'm thinking of "Regents of Clouds" all the time and how I want to manifest it to make good us of the shit fucking time I still have to "serve" here. Of course I love my dog and Sandy and also my mother and my father. But life sucks, nonetheless.

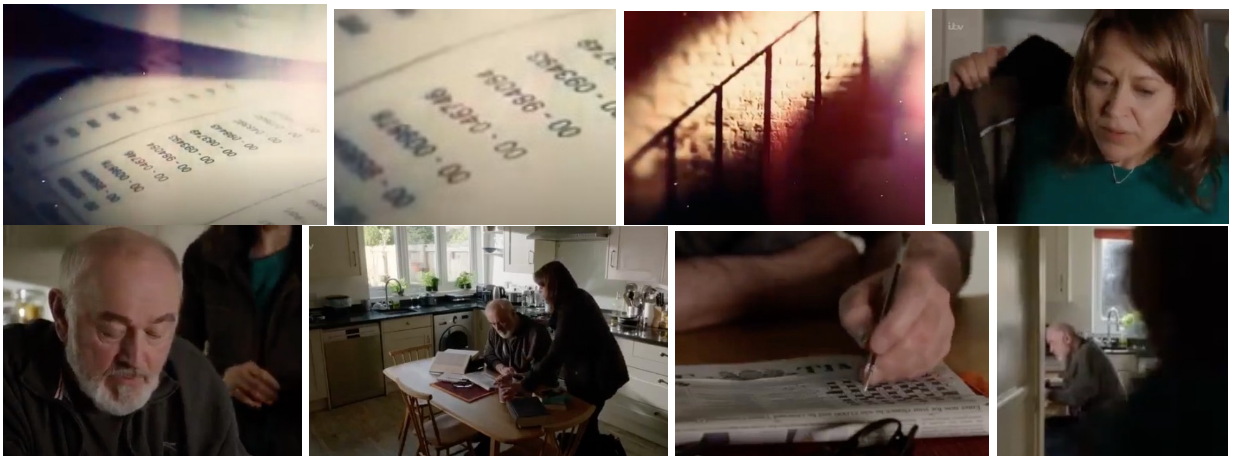
Plus:

Session ahead! With Dr. Alice … tomorrow, 5.30 pm! Bob and all the folks – talk to me!

(Later)

Stumbled across a UK-crime-TV-series, "**Unforgotten**", and right the first scenes are things I just saw yesterday,

Like a **list of phone numbers** (helped my father pick his new number, 910 2928, yup, "910"), a **very steep red stairs**, like in my father' s house, and **old man sitting at a table** doing a **Sudoku** riddle, like my father, when I had talked to him about Crossword puzzles and Sudokus!



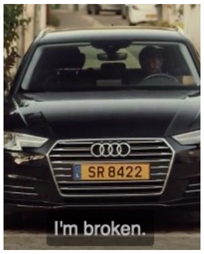
(Later)

Oh wow!

On the UK-crime-TV-series, "***Unforgotten***" they are digging out a body that seems to have been murdered 18 years ago … and after all the bones, they found something special:

A key!

There he is. *The **key** that was put into my palm in the car … by Bob!?*

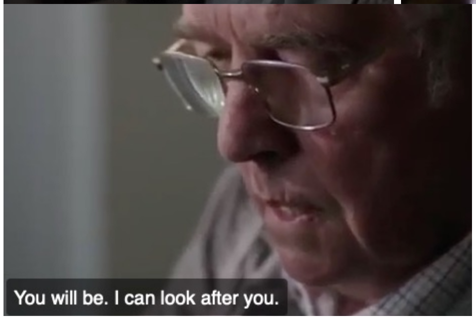


I didn't expect to see an excavated key tonight. *But Bob knew I would and that it would serve as evidential.* Also the ***license plate number*** *of the car in the film* … "**422 DA**" is my license plate number, so "SR 8**422**" certainly got my attention. Was this a hint at the *"key in the palm in my car"?*

And … a part of the story deals with a ***woman with dementia*** who herself doesn't feel safe anymore in her home and wants to be taken care of. Oh wow. It can hardly get any clearer.

It doesn't look too bad.
We'll get some cream on it.

I want to be somewhere safe.


You will be. I can look after you.

I'm quite sad about how my mother's birthday went today. I had imagined up having a nice meal together. But she insisted on her afternoon-in-bed routine and not eating anything with me.

She seemed to have forgotten about her birthday.

I must remind myself all the time that this is about failing bodies whose occupant spirits are getting them ready to stop letting those bodies house them. It's a cruel method of living that "the creator" has come up with. Truly brutal.

March 14, 2021 **– Bob Dancing on the Bridge & the Song**

What a fucked up **dream** …

My **father**, my **mother**, my **brother** and even **Bob** *somewhere* … woke up shaken up.

There was a big big city, and I was in there, trying to fulfill some kind of task, it had to do with "**building**" of some kind … and it was gloomy and dangerous. At the same time, I found myself in **Velden**, though, and there was something close and intense that Bob was involved with, but I can't recall that. It was … so strange, a square, a place in a city, other people, a dangerous thing to do, me being knowledgeable of the solution, but I couldn't get there, couldn't convince some people, I think … they simply wouldn't listen … something about something high or tall, like a statue or building …

The next thing I remember of that dream is that my mother was with me … and my brother too. And with my brother I was inside my father's **garden** ,and at some point I was out on the street with **three dogs**, Jacqui, Sandy and the dog of the doctor who lives, in real life, next to my father's, Dr. St., and the dog's name is Anton. I said to my brother ***"You forgot to close the gate!"*** … and that was why the dogs were out and running free. This is fuzzy, though … because at the same time I was walking with the owner of Anton, who didn't know who I was, I thought, but we started to talk about the dogs who were running up and down the street, but in the meadow. The place was actually like it used to be in real life, when my brother and I lived there as children, just a large, large meadow … (now there are huge buildings) … and twice in my youth my brother ran out of that gate to see a Cocker Spaniel who was in the car parked opposite the gate, and the dog belonged to my grandmother Johanna's friend Hilde Golznig. I just now remember that I had intense thoughts about the place were Golznig used to live, next to the Bäckerteich, the Baker's pond … and the Cocker's name was "Weiki". My little brother Peter was hit by a car twice running out of the gate to the dog, once by the local priest's car … and twice he almost died. Maybe that gate-reference was my subconscious telling me that in my unconscious state I do meet by brother in the unobstructed realm?

In the **dream**, that **doctor's wife** looked a bit like Dr. Alice (with who I'll have a session lateron) finally paid attention to me, and I told her that I knew who she was but did she know that I was my father's daughter? And somehow, that woman disappeared, and I had to call her dog to me to keep him safe. And Anton wasn't a Viszla-mix like in real life, but he was more like a Golden Retriever.

Then that dream story kind of mixed with a different story … and it was dark, and my mother was with me, carrying stuff like clothes .. and it had to do with me being in that big city setting, having to accomplish something against the influence of those reluctant ignorant people … and suddenly we were at a **creek** that was running in some kind of bed that was built artificially from cut stones and/or concrete … and it was evening and dark, and my mother (who was to my right all the time) and I noticed that ***my father was lying in that creek***, in that ice cold water, on his back, close to the spot where the creek ended and disappeared in some kind of gully. I think he was naked. The walls of the creek's bed were kind of high there … and as a joke, my ***mother dropped something into that creek*** … (as I'm writing this, parts of that big city dream story come back to me, but more as feelings than concrete plot parts, something beige and big …) And what she dropped was a structure made of beige or white colored bands, belt-like, things to tie up something, but the way they were tied together, it looked like a skeleton … and she let that stuff float along the creek towards my father. As soon as those bands hit my naked father's body, he was so scared, that he sat up, flailing and struggling in the cold water, with an expression of utter horror on his face, and he shied back against the rough stone wall of the creek shouting and horrified, and my mother first laughed, but she hadn't anticipated the horror she'd cause my father, and I felt deeply sorry for him … and I was very worried that he would get hurt. He looked at us so horrified that it brought me close to tears, and still does now … and I don't know if I said it to him but I sure thought it that it was amazing that he was in that cold water, the old man that he was.

Now I remember … that suddenly I was with several women on the neighbor property next to my father's (real life) house, and they had some kind of ***jar or glass with fabrics stuffed into it, blue and red***, I think, and there was a Piranha in that jar … and I think they said that *they had gotten it out of the creek* … I was wondering what had happened to the other cloth-pieces that my mother had dropped into the creek and that had also floated towards my father ….

And somehow, right now, I think that these cloth-items are connected to the other part of the dream story … that I still can't remember.

I woke up really shaken up.

I had to lie down today, called my mother, she was totally fine. Then I snuggled up in my blanket, on this dreary day, it's ***snowing*** actually, …

… and ***I "dropped" into my Hawaii time***, almost into my Hawaii *persona*, and it was like I was there on Maui, and with Bob, and I saw the island from various places, and my heart grew so heavy, that I seriously asked myself how I could possible live on in the life I have now. The answer is, I don't. *I must manifest "Regents of Clouds",* because only that way will the work of Betty and Stewart and Richard and Ruth and Emmet be known by millions … I must do that. I won't settle.

Yesterday, driving, when I switched the **radio** on, the first time in months, and the ***guy sang*** "***I believe in you, even though you don't see it, as you only see the black clouds***" … yes, it had several meaning. B*ut singing about "clouds" when I'm all about "Regents of Clouds"*, that's clear. But that said … I always said to Bob *"Clouds are Thoughts"*. And just an hour before that, the lady K. hat reminded me to not focus on the negative … and the "black clouds" stand for that.

For today's session I want "them" to give me clear evidentials and tell me whether or not they can and will help me with "Regents of Clouds", and I want to know if I can kind of "recruit" them for their energetic help from their realm to my realm, and how.

(Later)

*I only saw the intro of a series, "**Squared Love**" … and there is a man **dancing on a bridge***, exactly the dorky way Bob danced when he was in a good mood, for example, while waiting for me outside, on the street, to get ready for our daily walks … oh wow. Unbelievable to see that.

March 14, 2021 **– The Session**

Wow, that was interesting, the session with Dr. Alice. *I ended up giving her a reading too*, of sorts … as I described the woman I had spontaneously in my mind seen yesterday … and the little stuffs I found today … turns out it was Alice's mother who came through … And yes, I received concrete answers and very interesting hints …

The **session** started with Dr. Alice telling me that she had some kind of "*general message*" of me … I was a bit disappointed, because I had told her that I wanted a serious "reading", but the first thing she said was "We weren't going to do a reading, right?" I almost shouted out "Of course we were, you have it in writing even!" But immediately I thought "What's the point?", so I was willing to just accept what I was about to be given … just I'm not really happy about having to pay for just general "spiritual" blabla. I had told her – I wanted a reading with evidentials and all. Okay, it did turn out as very generalized things she said, and most could refer to just about anyone … a typical "cold reading", I thought at first. But then … it did contain a lot of things that related clearly to me … and there where a few ***distinct answers to questions*** I had asked concretely for "Bob & Co" to please answer.

(The following pages are a transcript of the session, translated from the original German and with a lot of insights that came to me while translating!

It was a Zoom-meeting, but again I couldn't see her, the settings regarding my camera were fine, but maybe the internal camera setup is broken or wrong, so I couldn't figure out how to get the camera to work, even though I had tried it after the previous session, where I couldn't see anyone, but all could see me.

Dr. Alice entered a state of „heightened consciousness" (erhöhter Bewusstseinszustand), not a trance, as she told me later. She talked about me, like „they say that you are …", but I wrote it down from my perspective.

The first thing she said was that "I am moving into the depths ... primeval depths, under water". (Note: many years ago, maybe in the early 1990s, a shaman in Vienna told me (during a trance event) that " while I'm still wandering in the shallows, one day I'll find myself in the deep, like it or not" I remember that evening, because I absolutely refused to enter any kind of trance state there, in the circle of the other participants, because I disliked the shaman profusely, with his feathers and bones (seriously); I helped him pack up, though, and I cut myself on one of his items. Then I left the building and couldn't find my way to my car, that was parked one street over. I was totally confused and had lost the sense of left, right, above and below … I have described that in a different spot.

Dr. Alice continued, that I'm in and aware of the beauties, depths and dangers of my existence and those of the souls that are with me ... I'm an old soul, with deep knowledge and many innovative ideas that I have not yet been able to implement (that seems to relate to CineDip, my visionary business model …?). The „script" is not done yet, she said „they said" ... and that this does not have to mean a film specifically. There is still a new chapter to accomplish by me, then the film can be shot ...

That I found quite interesting, because Dr. Alice knows nothing about the state of affairs of my and Bob's film projects, and it's true, I'm working on "Creators of Stone" and "Masters of Choices", by writing this contact diary, because the stories and events and insights in here are the ones of the fictional characters of those future scifi trilogies.

Hearing that I thought that maybe I have to add something to "Regents of Clouds"? She said that I have the edit „it", whatever it is, „take something out and put something else in" … and I can only imagine that this relates to the fact, that I have started to include plot details about life in the beyond in „Regents of Clouds", whilst the trilogy didn't include much of it in the era before Bob's death … (can't believe right now that I'm writing that Bob is dead …?) Maybe the meaning was that … what Dr. Alice said refers to the fact that I have to take steps, concrete ones, so that the franchise can be realized? I have to ... finish and must go further in depth, she said (they said) … and that I should ask for guidance, which will then gladly be given to me.

The important thing is that I have to use and implement my vast knowledge again. (That speaks for my understanding of my role in "The Bridge".) It's difficult at the moment because I have to use my energies in so many ways for others, for people and animals … „they said" through Alice (No kidding! Marshall! Sandy! Father and mother!) That I am a helpful soul and I have a lot of love, but also I have a lot of interesting things ahead of me. I can supposedly find out by asking my soul guide to show me the way.

(The problem is, I don't really believe that we have a specific "soul guide" ...)

It's not necessarily about "external" success, said Dr. Alice, I have to finish certain things first anyway ... and then shoot the film. (There „the film“ again!)

Knowledge and deepening of content are still needed. Souls need me, here and over there too. (That answers one of my questions and assumptions that our influence on the beyond and on those in the beyond can also be great or is natural ...) I am a "cross-border commuter" (Grenzgängerin, walkers along borders) who mediates ... I have a pass for over there, they said, Dr. Alice said. And I'm here on this earth at the same time ...

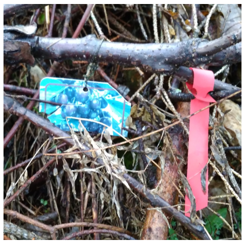
(Wow, does that indicate my connection to Betty White, at least, that was my spontaneous thought just now, or does it answer my question as to whether I am really "over there" when I am asleep or whether I can really reach "over there" can, with the methods I use?) There are souls who have a hard time here or there, and I have to help them and I can help them, I have to find access to them, to the soul and to the self and to help others, but it also applies to me … all that Dr. Alice said, receiving this from „them“.

(I actually know that anyway, but my question was and is how I can be the most effective …)

Dr. Alice said: Healing is needed … not just for others, especially for myself too. I've already given a lot of healing, I’m told, and a lot of healing is needed, still, even for a soul that has just left (Is this Edith referring to?) ... No specific technique is necessary! (Aha! Here is the answer to a question I’ve posed many many times: How shall I connect, what must I learn?!) ... I should just surrender and let myself be guided, and listen to this inner voice, which is my "spiritual guidance", which I already feel strongly. (Yes, that’s true.) .

What I do have to change: I should be more organized so that I can see the red line that runs through everything I do it. I feel that the thing about the „being organized“ is Dr. Alice’s personal thing. I am organized. The last thing I think is that I’m lacking organization … it’s not like my life is so full of diverse tasks that I could lose the overview. Maybe I’m not getting this properly?

(I just realized that next to the "grapes" that I found on the tag tied to the branch, there is a kind of "red line“, some red band ... see photo. How peculiar that I find a red band, and an hour later Dr. Alice tells me that the folks in the beyond tell me that there is a „red line“ that I only must learn to see. „Grapes" are the Hawaiian symbol for "thoughts".)



Many - not just Bob, others too - want to express themselves through me. (Wow, do they want me as a medium? My question to Dr. Alice was: What is meant by "Want to express themselves?“ But I actually never got to ask that question. Dr. Alice pretty much simply talked, without giving me opportunity to ask much.) I should ask for guidance, she said, so that I can achieve this order that is necessary for my life, or bring it about myself. I think it’s her thing, the „guidance“ part and the „order“. Maybe I need to hear it, though. And yes, maybe the direct asking for „guidance“ is what I must do. But „guidance“ will only support me in my free will, that’s what I’ve learned. And I think I’m already intuitive enough to follow my gut … I need a clear line, Dr. Alice said, so that I can continue meaningfully. So that the connections can be better recognized for me. Connections, huh. Of events? Between people? To people? As a comparison she mentions "radio or television, if everything is on at the same time, there will be interference“ ... (So does this mean I should choose a means of communication? But why? Does that relate to the sounds I keep hearing, especially the distinct ones that do „feel“ like voices and that come on at odd times?) It is difficult for me to handle … well, my situation regarding the relations to the beyond. (Yes, eh.) There is a beautiful potential in me, I was told, but … says Dr. Alice as a speaker for „them“: I find it difficult to bring order into the chaos on my own. I need healing. (Yes, my stomach, and anyway I always write about the fact that I feel "things", in the bladder, in the lower abdomen, in the lungs ... But I'm not sure if I want to heal all of this at all.) I am supposed to "go into silence, think of nothing", and with a little practice this is easy ... The mediums before me, other centuries ... says Dr. Alice, should be my guides. I could take instructions from them through their work, and then learn to listen to one voice and trust the clear guidance so that what is to be expressed, can come across clearly. (This concerns the souls that want to express themselves through me?)

(Well, I don’t want to be a medium. I want to use my connectedness with the beyond to bring about „Regents of Clouds“, because I feel that this is my contemporary very mundane way of working on „the bridge“. And I know that I was here before many times, and this time, me being aware of this all and having come so far … I’m in my most advanced mortal state so far. And I do know that I’m discussing my own mortal fate in the beyond, when I’m there, in sleeplike states … but my mortal self, my „Lono“, my guiding mind, doesn’t have the ability to witness it, and so what my „Ku“, my body spirit or subconscious tells „me“, is not better or more clear than the dream messages of any other person. Just that I know more about that kind of stuff … I still can’t influence, as a spirit, my own mortal path to the extend I think I should be able to. But that said - I think that as that mortal self that has such limited tools at hand. Literally.)

(Oh, just now I see Bob in front of me, stretching out his hand towards me, like he always did in that slightly odd and dorky and stiff way, saying „Talk to the hand“.)

(Interesting happening: As I was working on the English version of this session transcript, I was snacking pralines, and I thought intensely of Edith. I thought of how she must have suffered, my father not allowing her to eat what she wanted, so that she had to do it secretly … and suddenly, I saw her face in front of me, but differently than before, she was very heavily painted, very red lips and cheeks and dark linings around her eyes, and she gazed at me, as if she wanted me to „feel her“, and in an instant I really had the feeling that „everything dropped“ inside of me, and I could feel the horrible deep mourning, yes, mourning, that Edith had felt for many years - mourning for the loss of herself. The reason for this impression, I think, was that I have a bad conscience for not responding to my father’s called of today and yesterday and that I haven’t listened to his messages either. I was sure that he was just ready to abuse me more and berate me for all kinds of things, also for what I’ve written to V. about his behavior towards me and that I’ll take legal steps … but maybe there is something else? Maybe with the dog? Still, I didn’t pick up and didn’t listen to the messages. And I kept reminding myself of the horrible verbal abuse by my father in the last weeks alone … and as I was wondering if I was doing the right thing, feeling pity for my father, that impression of Edith showed up. As if she was telling me that I shouldn’t make the same mistake like her and really stand up for myself. And then I fed her with pralines … and with a bit of vanilla creme I had in the fridge, and with some cookies … I dedicated the eating experience to her, the taste, the consistency … and suddenly it dawned on me that maybe that’s what was meant with „one at a time“, not like „radio and tv and cellphone on at the same time“ … because I had tried to „feed anyone in the beyond“ with that technique of projecting the mortal experience of food to the discarnates. I know it works, it’s an ancient idea and technique ... but maybe I just got a lesson that I shall only feed one spirit at a time. This time it was Edith and only Edith, I did not share with Bob. So I’m sure I’ll see if I got that right.

Also … the female skull sculpture that I found in the woods yesterday, after I had missed the „reading session" of Dr. Alice … the vague smile, the long thin straw like hair … that's what Edith was like when I saw her for the last time. She looked so ill and downtrodden, that I felt urged to talk about the studies of the survival of consciousness, and she was intrigued, but uncertain and not willing to deal with it. But I will never forget how she looked at me in her quiet way that actually really couldn't be „read", a vague smile, like a pacifying smile, but with an expression otherwise as if she was „spacing out". She had had that for many years. I know why. She „told" me by the impression she gave me just earlier. And yes … I'll only focus on one disca at a time when I'll share food experience or other mortal stuff in the future.

So here I continue with the transcript of the session with Dr. Alice …

Alice said „Concerning the foreign project …" I have to finish things here (in Austria), at the moment it is not possible to continue abroad, certainly not because of the private circumstances. (No kidding.) What I want to do, I can do here too (this is a clear indication of an answer to my question whether I have already given the right impetus ...) Alice said that my life so far has been a lot of chaos and darkness, so I have to end with the past. (I just wrote "entanglement," which is kind of true.) I can do this by coming to clarity, purity, and joy. Joy ... I need, I can achieve. (How – without Bob? I do know that there are small and other joys, too. Seeing my mother healthy and happy, is one, seeing that my father feels content for a moment, and being with the dogs … I like the fresh air, and I get a kick out of having longer white hair now … I do look like a witch.) The way to ourselves … Dr. Alice mentioned, is important … (Ha! Don't I know that. I just wrote about it a few days ago when I was standing in the mosaic labyrinth on Schlossberg mountain and I realized again that in the center of the labyrinth you can only find yourself ... yes, I wrote about this, many years ago, in my still unfinished book „We Creators of the World") ... in ourselves, there lie all the answers and all the questions that are necessary, and there is also the greatest joy: peace beyond everything. Said Dr. Alice, as a message from the disca. It can already be experienced here in earthly life. I should experience freedom and joy at the same time. (At the moment I feel absolutely not free, and the joys are passing.)

The common thread in my relationships – with Bob, but also with parents etc. – in the past was characterized by fear. Of loss and punishment ... a huge part of my relationships. (Yes, that's right. My childhood pretty much consisted of undeserved punishment, literally, my brother and I were beaten and tortured otherwise, because my parents were so desperately unhappy and let it out on us, the kids, too … and on each other. My childhood was a pit of horrible stuff inside out.) Anyone who was involved in these unfortunate things must now, in the Beyond, answer for it, but there is no real punishment, only insight and related repenting … then comes the next chapter. (I've spoken out to Bob in the past few weeks a lot, when I realized how problematic our relationship actually was because he couldn't stand up for himself and therefore not for me either. You fucked up, Stoneman, I did often said, and that's exactly how I meant it. But that also affects me, I thought, free will has led myself into all the shit … so I was fucked up, too, big time. But on my part - I probably was looking for a man who was broken … like my father was and is broken. And nobody to ever really help him. Maybe I'm helping him now, by doing exactly what I'm doing on a whim, without thinking it over too much? Is that what I'm supposed to do - to give him new experiences so that perhaps he can break out of his prison of emotional ice that he's in? Ha, that reminds me of the huge ice castle next to the lit stone and the bed in my neighborhood. How suiting that it's molten now, that ice, and a very old rusty structure is exposed … my father's body and the current state of his worldly spirit body?)

Dr. Alice said that I should ask for help that I be clear about what the next chapter will be. (That was actually one of my questions, that I want to know what my next step, my next procedure, topic should actually be. I received no answer here, only the question was reflected back.) (No, there was an answer :) It's about healing, myself and from those who are connected to me ... here, in the obstructed realm, and regarding some who are already in the beyond. (Yes, I'm working on it, I'm doing what I can for my parents, and I'm trying to be in touch with Edith and Bob and Peter and others and see if I can do something for them ... and I know the answer, yes, I can. I must.

That I have to recognize connections, I was told, otherwise those "over there" have no chance. (To what? To intervene? To give me the right information or advice?) (Yes, good, but I only have my mortal brain and my current story including subconscious and everything to work with!)

Dr. Alice said: I am an important link in the process of explaining this order (the relatedness of the here and the beyond) to people. (Okay, that answers my question if the "The Bridge" project really exists and if my manifesting "Regents of Clouds" is directly related to it, and yes, I know …) I've been into it for a long time (no shit, already. Several lifetimes, but that was mentioned to me decades ago, I just didn't understand it then), and I tried to work on the topic in the earthly realm. (Hence my work on the book „We Creators of the World“ that lead me to Hawaii and to Bob, and on „Regents of Clouds“.) I should turn to the project again (here I had the feeling that my book was meant) - and revise it. (Or maybe I want the statement to relate to the book and not my „Regents of Clouds“ story.

Yes, I started doing that after Bob's death, the revising, I put a lot of stuff in it … about Betty’s and Stewart’s work … but I never got around to editing it clean. Geez, I just don’t have much time. That’s also something Dr. Alice said, that I don’t have much time left.

So, she said, I have to revising, keep important things in and throw other stuff out ... and I don't necessarily have to publish it. (Oh wow, what a very distinct message … That disappointed me, because what's the point if people don't read it or people don’t see the film? Or maybe it just means that me, the way I’m now, in this lifetime must not necessarily strive to manifest those projects, namely the films, they will be made without me after my death? But it’s up to me? ,kay. Now what?) I have to do this work for myself, she said. Excellent truths have come out of my efforts and have been put down in my writings, and when my work matures I will find the appropriate help (to bring it among the masses). (That kind of makes me a bit frustrated, this "only when it's mature", as if I haven't been waiting long enough for someone to help me … and what does „mature“ mean, anyway? Who is the judge? I want help with it so that it can mature ... I can't muster up more strength, I want to yell at the disca, without experiencing some major success in between ... that’s what YOU OVER THERE must finally understand!)

("Not for outside", "only for me" … I should finish my work the way I can or want to finish it? So that in the next life I can find my own book and think, oh wow, cool, someone was already "far" ... like myself with Blavatsky and with Betty and Stewart White ...? It wasn't until today that I thought about how much I understand cultures where people hope they won't be reborn ... but Betty has described everything how that works and why.)

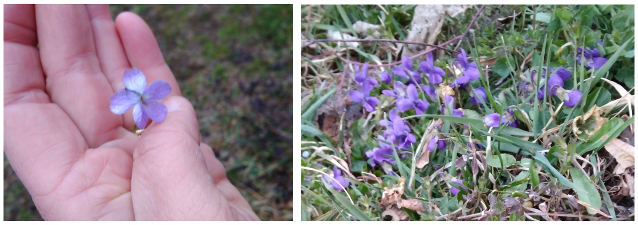
Rest ... I should rest said Dr. Alice. (Yes, I want that. I’ve been feeling so tired. My mother … I just don’t know how to help her. I can’t assess her condition, and I can’t do it to her to force her into a hospital for psych-evaluation, she is so fragile … and it’s all about Corona everywhere. I can’t take her life from her. But she is in so much danger … this tears me apart …)

Dr. Alice said that … My „man“, Bob, accompanies me with love and care, as he could not express it in this earthly life, he is on the path of purification. (Great, Bob. I'm glad. But how exactly does that help me with my longing to live with him in this world? How am I supposed to be without him?) He's very interested in our projects (and that's a very important statement because I always tell Bob that I won't let him get away with it, he promised that we would work on our projects!) ... We had already worked on it in this mortal sphere.

(In between hearing Dr. Alice talk I was wondering how much of what she was saying she actually does know about me and my life from me telling her … but I couldn't remember telling her much. When would I have?)

(Does that mean that he confirms what I assume, that I talk to him myself when I am asleep what to do, or how we can advance "the bridge" even though my "mortal self" is already so broken?) He would never have thought it possible during his lifetime ... said Dr. Alice … (but I'm not sure what she meant, … never would have thought that there is an afterlife and that he can still work with me in the other life, or what?)

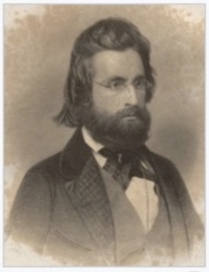
He showed Alice a picture of vastness and colors, extraordinary colors, such as ultraviolet and infrared ... (Wow, that's concrete! I always irradiate Jacqui with infrared light and have often asked Bob if he could see it too! And just today I picked **violet flowers** and asked Bob to point it out in the session ... and here it is!



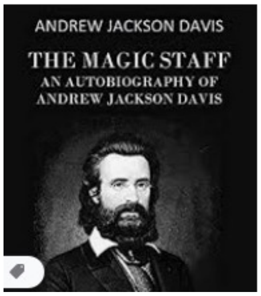
And yesterday I gave my mother violets from the forest for her birthday!) (Incidentally, today I woke up to the song "True Colors" and couldn't get it out of my head for hours. But I noticed it, so I remember it now ...!) The old mediums, the great master class of the mediums, may have knowledge and information for me that is useful to me ... Dr. Alice, and she said the name "**Estelle Roberts**" ... who could tell me how far I can get to the other side ... Many mediums of old would like to contact me? **Emma Hardinge Britten** ... (I googled her later and she looks kind of "familiar"). What I learn from them could awaken a new consciousness in me ...

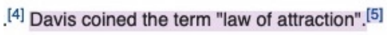
ESTELLE ROBERTS
FIFTY YEARS A MEDIUM
Fifty Years a Medium: The
amazon.de
Estelle Roberts - Wikip...
en.wikipedia.org
Who is Estelle Roberts ...
pinterest.com
AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN
Emma Hardinge Britten - ...
en.wikipedia.org
Glass slide of Emma Har...
nfsa.gov.au
Fifty Years A Medium
THE TEACHINGS OF RED CLOUD
Fifty Years A Medium
Estelle Roberts
GHOST LAND
Or Researches into the Mysteries of Occultism
Edited and translated by Emma Hardinge Britten

(But I've seen that through the work of Betty and Stewart and Joan and Darby ... and I don't think there is any more important work ...) **Andrew Jackson-Davis** (I googled him later, and it looks a lot like Bob.) He coined the term ***"law of attraction"*** … who would have thought.



Andrew Jackson Davis, about 1860





.[4] Davis coined the term "law of attraction".[5]

At the moment the work of the old media contains important points for my development. I don't have a lot of time ... said Dr. Alice, should be open to the inspiration they give me about how the big mediums have worked. (Yes, I always am open, I just usually don't know where to turn. Betty and Stewart, Ruth and Emmet are my mentors, I love those guys … but of course I'll read the work of those mediums ...) I'm supposed to learn from them how they attracted the interest of the crowd ... (Well, they wrote books. However, they only got the interest in their time because they were controversial. But it's clearly my job, through „Regents of Clouds", this entire topic, too. The work and life of the big mediums of before was to make the masses aware of this is what my current life also aims to do - that life goes on after death, and that we got to learn how to connect the realms and live together. („The Bridge"!)

I have known that since winter 2018, precisely because I was contacted by Betty, who introduced me to the many writings which I then all read. And Bob's and my life together contained so many aspects that then lead me to easily notice and accept and realize what is called „synchronicities" … relating to things that only Bob and I could know. This entire Contact Diary is the documentation of it.

(Wait, is this book the one she talked about that must be edited and cleared?! Wow, I just had this thought for the first time, while I'm editing the English version of the transcript of the session … If so, I really got a lot of immensely precious messages. Yup, feels right, the CD is meant that is „unfinished".)

Dr. Alice said … A lot of people don't treat me well right now and do me wrong. (Yes, that's an old problem, and a friend of mine once told me that I exuded something intimidating that people couldn't handle, and some respond with outright hostility.) I'm youthful in spirit I'm told ... and it's not the last chapter I'm in right now. (Is the earthly momentary life meant here or, in general, my existence, as "quality of consciousness"?)

Dr. Alice said … I will not „rot", neither in the country nor in the city. (That's a very cool statement, because that's exactly what I've asked myself a lot lately, if I should just give up and live the wallflower life and rot away … just dealing with what comes my way, dedicate myself to my parents exclusively, and the dogs, of course … but then, what a waste of potential …!)

Purpose and Passion ... said Dr. Alice (in English, whilst she spoke German the whole time) , „they" are giving to me. (Nice to hear some English.) I am about to find the right way, she said, and that I'm an "explorer" ... and Bob is one too, but not in the massive way I am. (Bob always called me "my little researcher" because I always had to know everything exactly.)

Sorry ... how? (I don't remember what was meant here.) Ask for forgiveness ... (Perhaps on the part of Bob, who told me when we last met how sorry he is for everything ...) Our love is not ended by his death. Said Dr. Alice. A message from him. Our life together was an adventure ... only that I may (darf) continue it in this material life for a while. („May“ is lovely. Must.)

Bob's soul is in a dimension that is within my reach, she said. (I wanted to know that! But how can I reach him? What of what I do reaches him? The "sharing"? The "play me"?)

(And then, Dr. Alice answered a totally concrete question I had asked Bob …) She said: I should use old shamanic knowledge ... but „the good that was practiced by the Kahuna, but not the magical voodoo, that part must be forgotten be me.“ (Wow. I’m really tending towards the dark side, always have …) She said that I should draw new strength from the good precious magical practices I already know. I should be a blessing for myself and for others. (Wow, that's straight forward. BECAUSE: I asked specifically today and yesterday if I should use the "Unihipili" method, recruiting a soul to do jobs ... It was on my mind a lot. And here's the answer: No. Do not do that, Dani.)

(Okay, I didn’t totally want to do it anyway, it really is spooky.

Dr. Alice then mentioned a woman, with big eyes and tangled hair ... my mother. And the message is that I won't be able to help her, it causes a lot of stress for me, but she is a „case“ for caretaking. (Yes, that's right. But I can and I will take care of my mother.)

I can get help from other people, for them to care for my mother. (Yes when the time comes. I will. But when she has her clear phases in her dementia, it is difficult for me to even think about taking away her independence forever. In her demented phases is she as described, with big eyes, spaced out and withdrawn.)

Dr. Alice then mentioned Bruno Groening ... (I had heard the name vaguely … I googled him, and the first thing I noticed was that this morning I had watched a Polish-language film with German subtitles, and Groening was Polish and … he died of stomach cancer. I had to admit that my stomach has been bothering me for a while ... It’s, of course, odd, for a healer who kept saying that there is nothing that can’t be healed … wait, is that the message, really? Because I do even believe that my mother’s dementia can go away and that she can have many good clear years and maybe finally find her true love here, before they both pass on? … so for such a healer to die of stomach cancer at 52. But the only thing that came to my mind so very clearly about that is, „That’s right, the soul will find a way to get rid of the body when the time is right.“ Very early, at 52, from a mortal perspective, but …)

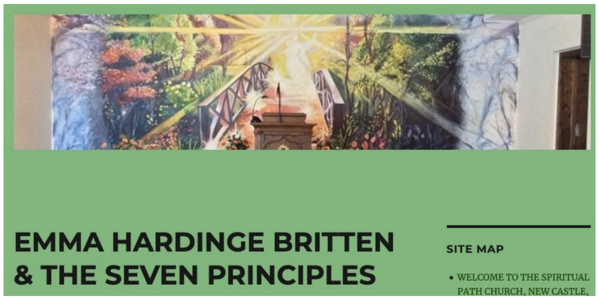
Dr. Alice also mentioned "Dr. Metari" ... but I didn’t find anyone of that name, as a spirit guide or medium …

I then told Dr. Alice about the woman I had spontaneously seen in front of me yesterday, like from the sixties, red-pink paisley pattern dress, knee-length, chin-length reddish hair, somehow she swung sideways, like dancing, but I actually saw her from behind. Dr. Alice asked for a message, and a crocodile appeared in my mind to the right of the woman. Alice laughed and said they had a lot of pets but not crocodiles. When I said, crocodile handbag, a large one on the right arm, Alice said, yes - this is her mother! Makes total sense, including the background of a monastery or church ... Like the one in Griffen … and I remembered that I had found this strange rubber reptile in front of the Stift Griffen a few days ago ... like a big lizard, yes, right there, where I then saw that woman who was Dr. Alice’s mother!

As we kept talking, Dr. Alice and I, I saw the woman turn around, she seemed to have thick black eyebrows, and her dress was buttoned in the front ... and as Dr. Alice pressed for a message, I also saw the woman in some kind of dance bar ... and I interpreted from my gut that she was saying to Dr. Alice to enjoy herself more … Alice said, right, that’s impossible, after her brain surgeries … (I remember thinking that Dr. Alice wants to take everything literal, but I don’t think the dance bar background was to be taken as literal as the crocodile …) But yes, her mother liked to dance a lot. Then she wanted to know if there was more of a message. The woman was still in my mind, and now she leaned forward and scooped up water from some creek that ran parallel to me, in front of her, with both hands as she looked at me directly ... Dr. Alice said she can’t see any meaning … only later, when I was writing those notes and seeing the scene again, did I hear words in my head (and wrote them to Dr. Alice right away) … "It's running through your fingers, it doesn't do any good the way you do it." I also mentioned that I found a little **red shovel** in a small pile of sand by a pond an hour before the session, and Alice said spontaneously that she *had one just like that as a child!* And I also found a "tag" on a branch by the side of the road, next to a red ribbon, and on this tag there are grapes or plums ...

It was interesting. (I was a bit disappointed that Dr. Alice didn’t get back to me on that vision of her mother at all …)

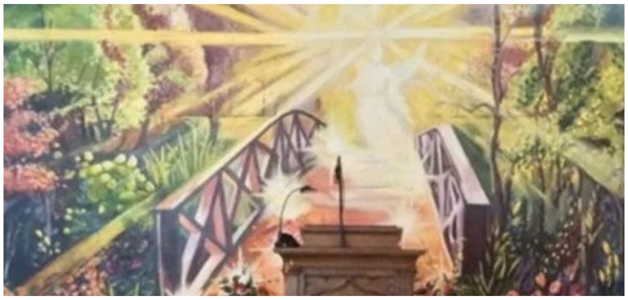
On the website about **Emma Hardinge Britten** is a most wonderful **image of “the bridge”.**



EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN
& THE SEVEN PRINCIPLES

SITE MAP

- WELCOME TO THE SPIRITUAL PATH CHURCH, NEW CASTLE,



I don’t know what the fuck this is about ... but in a movie I saw a guy who is the spitting image of the person I hate the second-most in this world, ***Marshall’s owner*** ... who has gotten much fatter recently.)

March 15, 2021 **– The Learning, Costco, Backfat, the Slipper & the Crocodile**

Woke up this morning *disappointed about the session from last night.* I had written to Dr. Alice beforehand that it was my intention to find out who was with me when I felt someone was there and whether or not all the many synchronicities were due to "those beyond". I had imagined that she'd tell me "who she saw" and get "impressions" to serve as evidentials … but this didn't really happen.

Even though there were many aspects of what she said … and she told me later "this was no trance, only and elevated state of mind", which disappointed me right then, because why did she not get into that trance that was required to make real contact with the beyond? She even had started the session asking, "this is not about contact with the beyond, right, it's just a teaching session?" which was absolutely not what it was about! … that made many sense, it wasn't what I had hoped for and expected.

Yet, I downloaded some amazing 19th century documents about spiritualism, including an amazing documentation called "ehb_nineteenth_century_miracles_1883" … and reading them, also this morning, I started to feel that this was more important for me to "feel connected" to those people who tried so hard to bring forward the understanding and knowing of how to communicate with the beyond, than to fulfill my personal interest at this time.

And I actually had received a big huge answer – just by the fact that I had seen Dr. Alice's mother, that I had been open enough, without being in any trance, just "out of the blue", while I was sitting at the table, not expecting anything, to even receive and recognize the image of that woman in her red dress, and that then, when Dr. Alice asked me further I was able to see the crocodile (synonymous to the big croc-leather purse she used to wear) and that I had just an hour before the session taken the path to the pond to find the little red shovel, of the kind that Dr. Alice used to have as a child … all that was meant to tell me, actually in a quite impressive way, that I'm … well, that I'm able to answer most of the questions myself.

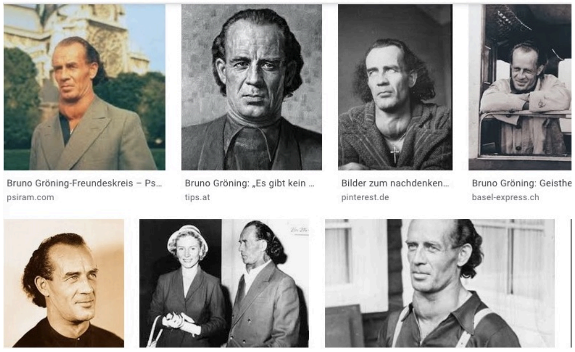
If I can see a dead lady I've never met, I can and should trust that other things that I "see" and experience that I deem as coming from the "beyond" or "being Bob" or "being Edith", even "just" in my mind … are, in fact, just what I think they are.

That's the message.

All in all, it was a very thoroughly rich experience that session … and it was "advanced" as such.

I felt several times that Dr. Alice was speaking from her mind, because she talked about stuff – "bring order into things" – that she'd talk about regularly just in her teaching self, in the non-trance real world. And whilst I'm sure that it was necessary for me to hear all of it, I also know that I'm right about rejecting some stuff, because I'm supposed to assert myself.

For example, that she mentioned **Bruno Gröning** in the end, …



… and that he, the healer who said "Nothing that can't be healed", meaning "healing is always possible", died of stomach cancer at 52, when I have the gravest problems with my stomach … teaches me a lot, rather tells me a lot. It's about realizing that the soul must get rid of the body somehow. And even the greatest healer will die of something.

And it was a warning to truly not stress my stomach further in terms of "don't stomach things that you are supposed to treat as the attacks on you that they are". Meaning, I can't give in to my father's abuse. Fact is, he has no love or consideration or interest in me. And the same is true for my mother.

That Dr. Alice mentioned that I should deal with "the great mediums of old times" and that they want to work with me, was a hugely important hint about where to turn to feel "myself", to feel appreciated, loved and really supported.

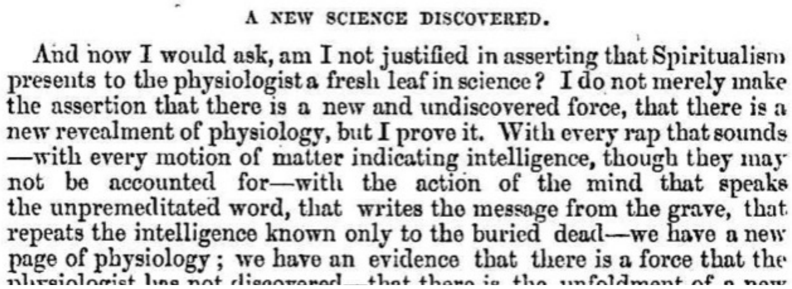
I know that I know all that as the energetic entity that is in the beyond in sleep time, but as a mortal, I had to receive the gift of companionship … and the ones that I can rely on in mortal life, are the ones in the beyond that are and were like me.

There is that one movie that I've been thinking about a few times recently … an animation movie about a young woman whose only ally is her dead father who she can see, I think "Undone" or something like that is the title. I shall watch it.

Only reading a little bit brought me back to my childhood with all the spirit communications, the rappings, the moving huge tables, the fact that I grew up in a highly "superstitious" area … and other stories made me realize how important my "kuleana" is, and that I can not let myself be brought down by "earthly" challenges like how to deal with demented elderly parents, who'll use all their strength to reject me as they see me as the "enemy" of their freedom rather than their helper … just because they refuse to let others close.

So yes, I will bear in mind what Dr. Alice said me, "from them", that "I don't have so much time left".

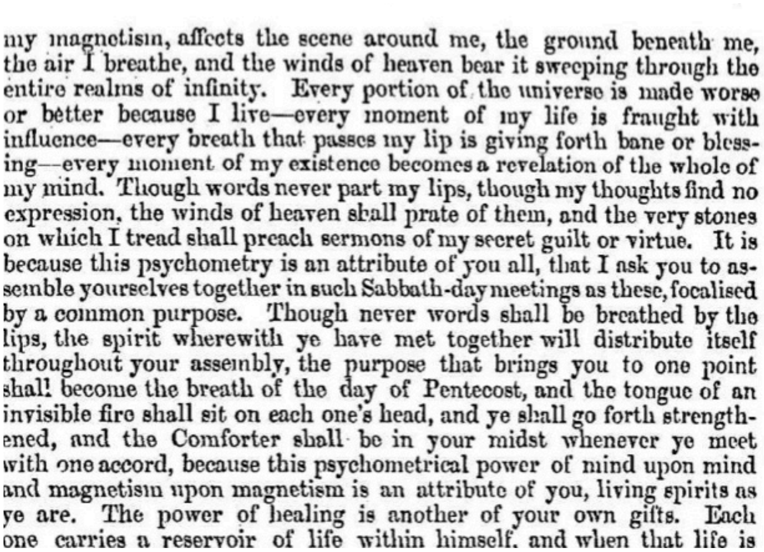
Also, I opened one of the little booklets by ***Emma Hardinge Britten***, to who I feel very drawn and who feels familiar, and there she wrote about how to deal with **spirits in rapping circles** … and I was right back in my childhood, where we did that, lead by my uncle. Who had just recently contacted me and wants to be in contact more again.



A NEW SCIENCE DISCOVERED.

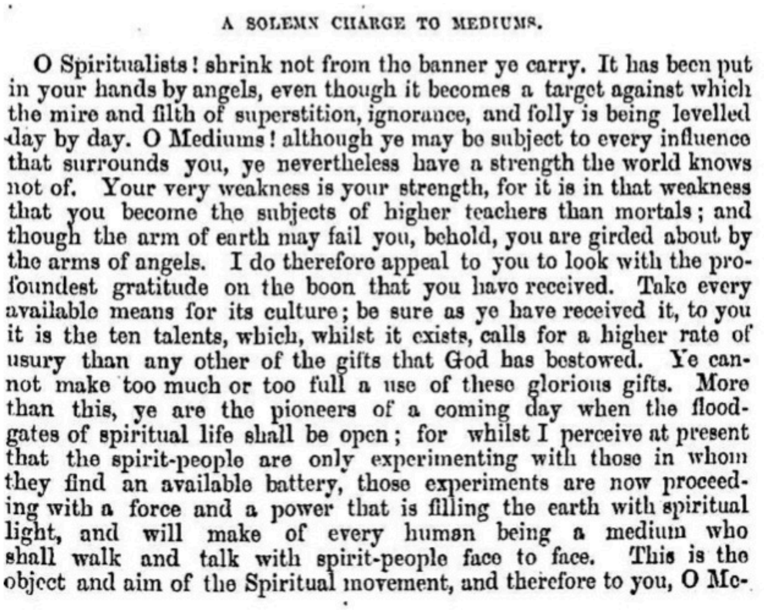
And now I would ask, am I not justified in asserting that Spiritualism presents to the physiologist a fresh leaf in science? I do not merely make the assertion that there is a new and undiscovered force, that there is a new revealment of physiology, but I prove it. With every rap that sounds —with every motion of matter indicating intelligence, though they may not be accounted for—with the action of the mind that speaks the unpremeditated word, that writes the message from the grave, that repeats the intelligence known only to the buried dead—we have a new page of physiology; we have an evidence that there is a force that the

What EHB wrote … should be in every human being's mind today … but fucking hell, it isn't.



my magnetism, affects the scene around me, the ground beneath me, the air I breathe, and the winds of heaven bear it sweeping through the entire realms of infinity. Every portion of the universe is made worse or better because I live—every moment of my life is fraught with influence—every breath that passes my lip is giving forth bane or blessing—every moment of my existence becomes a revelation of the whole of my mind. Though words never part my lips, though my thoughts find no expression, the winds of heaven shall prate of them, and the very stones on which I tread shall preach sermons of my secret guilt or virtue. It is because this psychometry is an attribute of you all, that I ask you to assemble yourselves together in such Sabbath-day meetings as these, focalised by a common purpose. Though never words shall be breathed by the lips, the spirit wherewith ye have met together will distribute itself throughout your assembly, the purpose that brings you to one point shall become the breath of the day of Pentecost, and the tongue of an invisible fire shall sit on each one's head, and ye shall go forth strengthened, and the Comforter shall be in your midst whenever ye meet with one accord, because this psychometrical power of mind upon mind and magnetism upon magnetism is an attribute of you, living spirits as ye are. The power of healing is another of your own gifts. Each one carries a reservoir of life within himself. and when that life is

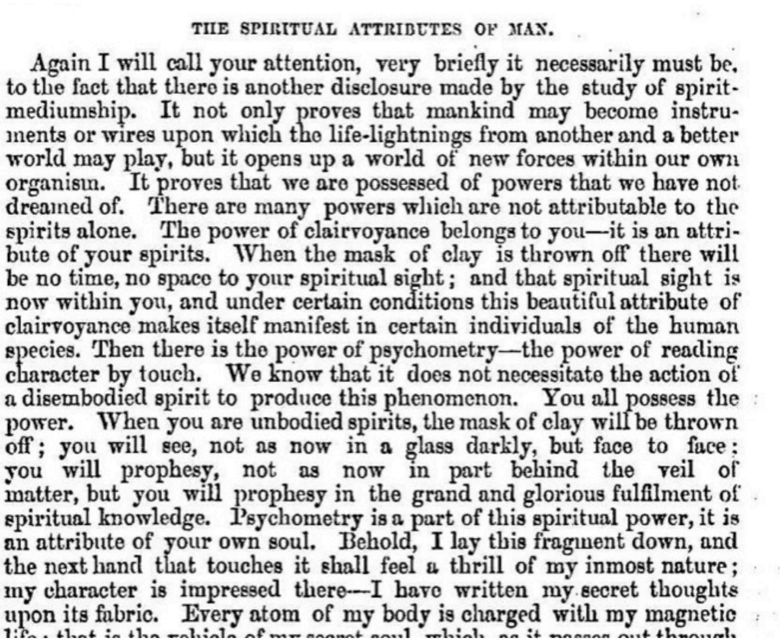
Oh, and she encourages "us" … maybe that's why Dr. Alice wanted me to read it?
Or rather – that's why ***Emma*** wanted me to read it?



A SOLEMN CHARGE TO MEDIUMS.

O Spiritualists! shrink not from the banner ye carry. It has been put in your hands by angels, even though it becomes a target against which the mire and filth of superstition, ignorance, and folly is being levelled day by day. O Mediums! although ye may be subject to every influence that surrounds you, ye nevertheless have a strength the world knows not of. Your very weakness is your strength, for it is in that weakness that you become the subjects of higher teachers than mortals; and though the arm of earth may fail you, behold, you are girded about by the arms of angels. I do therefore appeal to you to look with the profoundest gratitude on the boon that you have received. Take every available means for its culture; be sure as ye have received it, to you it is the ten talents, which, whilst it exists, calls for a higher rate of usury than any other of the gifts that God has bestowed. Ye cannot make too much or too full a use of these glorious gifts. More than this, ye are the pioneers of a coming day when the floodgates of spiritual life shall be open; for whilst I perceive at present that the spirit-people are only experimenting with those in whom they find an available battery, those experiments are now proceeding with a force and a power that is filling the earth with spiritual light, and will make of every human being a medium who shall walk and talk with spirit-people face to face. This is the object and aim of the Spiritual movement, and therefore to you, O Me-

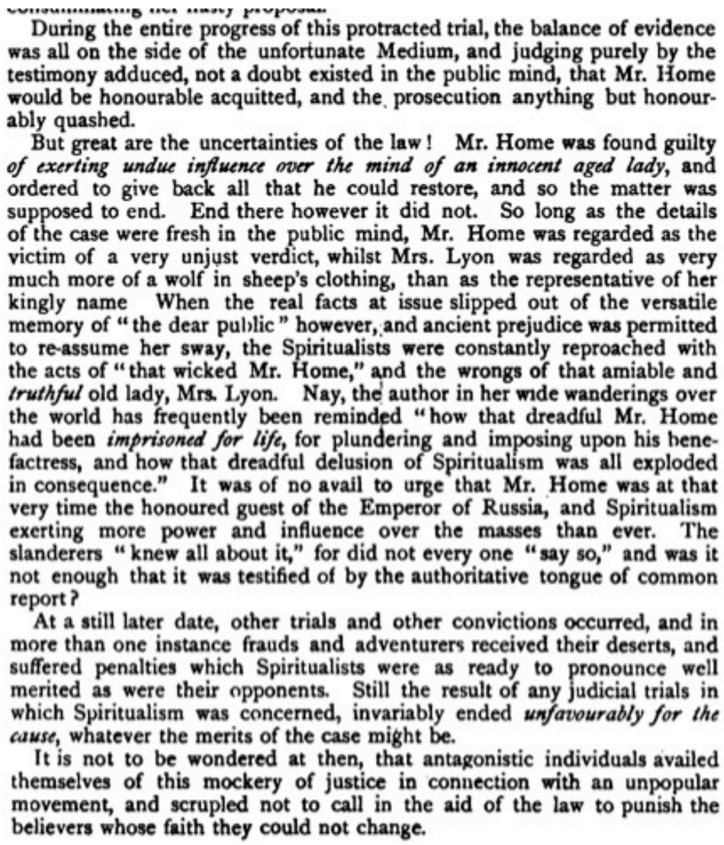
She writes about ***what spirits do*** …



THE SPIRITUAL ATTRIBUTES OF MAN.

Again I will call your attention, very briefly it necessarily must be, to the fact that there is another disclosure made by the study of spirit-mediumship. It not only proves that mankind may become instruments or wires upon which the life-lightnings from another and a better world may play, but it opens up a world of new forces within our own organism. It proves that we are possessed of powers that we have not dreamed of. There are many powers which are not attributable to the spirits alone. The power of clairvoyance belongs to you—it is an attribute of your spirits. When the mask of clay is thrown off there will be no time, no space to your spiritual sight; and that spiritual sight is now within you, and under certain conditions this beautiful attribute of clairvoyance makes itself manifest in certain individuals of the human species. Then there is the power of psychometry—the power of reading character by touch. We know that it does not necessitate the action of a disembodied spirit to produce this phenomenon. You all possess the power. When you are unbodied spirits, the mask of clay will be thrown off; you will see, not as now in a glass darkly, but face to face: you will prophesy, not as now in part behind the veil of matter, but you will prophesy in the grand and glorious fulfilment of spiritual knowledge. Psychometry is a part of this spiritual power, it is an attribute of your own soul. Behold, I lay this fragment down, and the next hand that touches it shall feel a thrill of my inmost nature; my character is impressed there—I have written my secret thoughts upon its fabric. Every atom of my body is charged with my magnetic

I admire her work … all her writing … she is so eloquent, she so much wants others to understand and pick up the same field of knowledge like she did … I feel close to her.

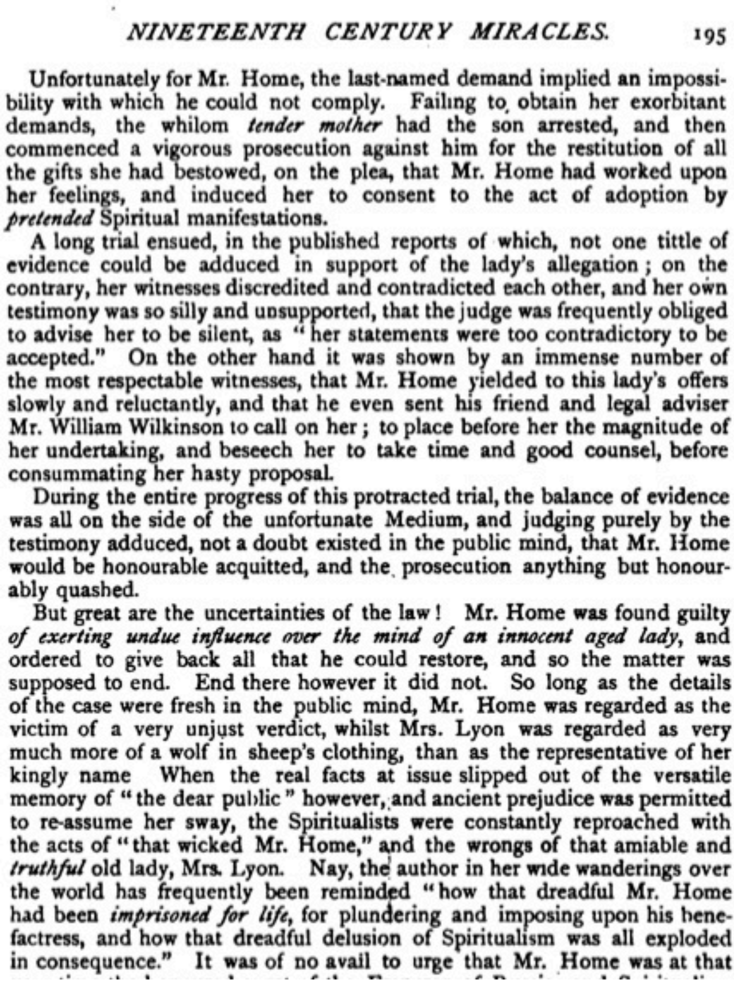


During the entire progress of this protracted trial, the balance of evidence was all on the side of the unfortunate Medium, and judging purely by the testimony adduced, not a doubt existed in the public mind, that Mr. Home would be honourable acquitted, and the prosecution anything but honourably quashed.

But great are the uncertainties of the law! Mr. Home was found guilty *of exerting undue influence over the mind of an innocent aged lady*, and ordered to give back all that he could restore, and so the matter was supposed to end. End there however it did not. So long as the details of the case were fresh in the public mind, Mr. Home was regarded as the victim of a very unjust verdict, whilst Mrs. Lyon was regarded as very much more of a wolf in sheep's clothing, than as the representative of her kingly name When the real facts at issue slipped out of the versatile memory of "the dear public" however, and ancient prejudice was permitted to re-assume her sway, the Spiritualists were constantly reproached with the acts of "that wicked Mr. Home," and the wrongs of that amiable and *truthful* old lady, Mrs. Lyon. Nay, the author in her wide wanderings over the world has frequently been reminded "how that dreadful Mr. Home had been *imprisoned for life*, for plundering and imposing upon his benefactress, and how that dreadful delusion of Spiritualism was all exploded in consequence." It was of no avail to urge that Mr. Home was at that very time the honoured guest of the Emperor of Russia, and Spiritualism exerting more power and influence over the masses than ever. The slanderers "knew all about it," for did not every one "say so," and was it not enough that it was testified of by the authoritative tongue of common report?

At a still later date, other trials and other convictions occurred, and in more than one instance frauds and adventurers received their deserts, and suffered penalties which Spiritualists were as ready to pronounce well merited as were their opponents. Still the result of any judicial trials in which Spiritualism was concerned, invariably ended *unfavourably for the cause*, whatever the merits of the case might be.

It is not to be wondered at then, that antagonistic individuals availed themselves of this mockery of justice in connection with an unpopular movement, and scrupled not to call in the aid of the law to punish the believers whose faith they could not change.



Unfortunately for Mr. Home, the last-named demand implied an impossibility with which he could not comply. Failing to obtain her exorbitant demands, the whilom *tender mother* had the son arrested, and then commenced a vigorous prosecution against him for the restitution of all the gifts she had bestowed, on the plea, that Mr. Home had worked upon her feelings, and induced her to consent to the act of adoption by *pretended* Spiritual manifestations.

A long trial ensued, in the published reports of which, not one tittle of evidence could be adduced in support of the lady's allegation; on the contrary, her witnesses discredited and contradicted each other, and her own testimony was so silly and unsupported, that the judge was frequently obliged to advise her to be silent, as "her statements were too contradictory to be accepted." On the other hand it was shown by an immense number of the most respectable witnesses, that Mr. Home yielded to this lady's offers slowly and reluctantly, and that he even sent his friend and legal adviser Mr. William Wilkinson to call on her; to place before her the magnitude of her undertaking, and beseech her to take time and good counsel, before consummating her hasty proposal.

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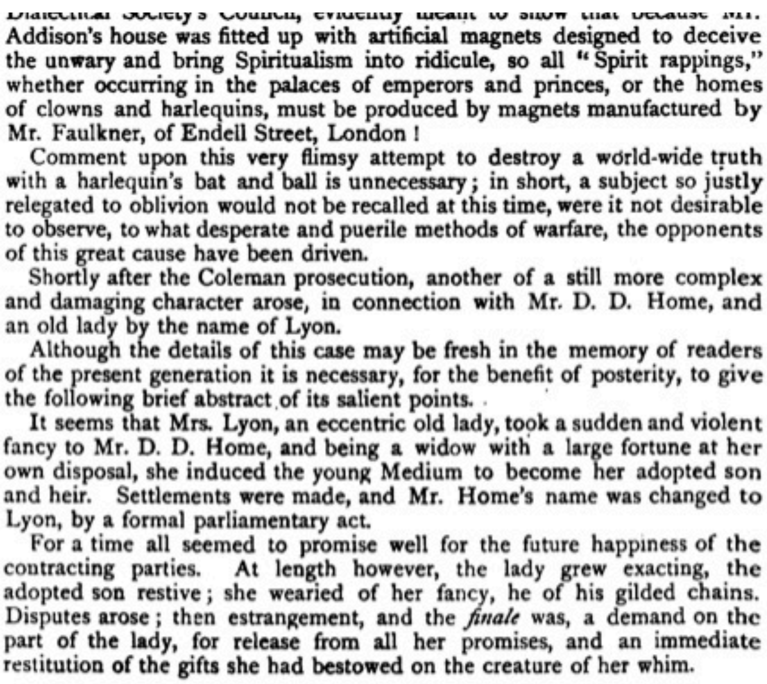


Dialectical Society's Council, evidently meant to show that because Mr. Addison's house was fitted up with artificial magnets designed to deceive the unwary and bring Spiritualism into ridicule, so all "Spirit rappings," whether occurring in the palaces of emperors and princes, or the homes of clowns and harlequins, must be produced by magnets manufactured by Mr. Faulkner, of Endell Street, London!

Comment upon this very flimsy attempt to destroy a world-wide truth with a harlequin's bat and ball is unnecessary; in short, a subject so justly relegated to oblivion would not be recalled at this time, were it not desirable to observe, to what desperate and puerile methods of warfare, the opponents of this great cause have been driven.

Shortly after the Coleman prosecution, another of a still more complex and damaging character arose, in connection with Mr. D. D. Home, and an old lady by the name of Lyon.

Although the details of this case may be fresh in the memory of readers of the present generation it is necessary, for the benefit of posterity, to give the following brief abstract of its salient points.

It seems that Mrs. Lyon, an eccentric old lady, took a sudden and violent fancy to Mr. D. D. Home, and being a widow with a large fortune at her own disposal, she induced the young Medium to become her adopted son and heir. Settlements were made, and Mr. Home's name was changed to Lyon, by a formal parliamentary act.

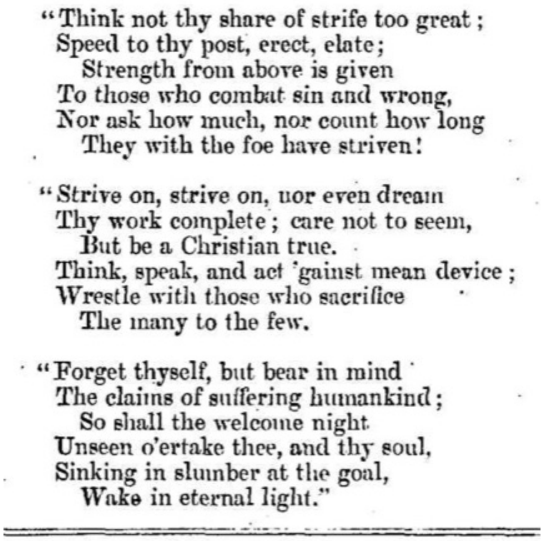
For a time all seemed to promise well for the future happiness of the contracting parties. At length however, the lady grew exacting, the adopted son restive; she wearied of her fancy, he of his gilded chains. Disputes arose; then estrangement, and the *finale* was, a demand on the part of the lady, for release from all her promises, and an immediate restitution of the gifts she had bestowed on the creature of her whim.

I will also believe that Bob's and my love really isn't over and that he is with me all the time and works with me. And that we are regularly meeting in the space that he can reach and that I can reach right now … that space was where Betty was, while she was a mortal.

I really really wish for Dr. Alice to read Betty's and Stewart's books. Even if she should be pissed off … I will have to remind her again that she must read it.

My impression is that she is an entirely different kind of medium that I am … she thinks I should be a medium. Well, so do I … but I want to and will use my gift and abilities to manifest "Regents of Clouds" and the two sequels and "We Creators of the World". That I shall do.

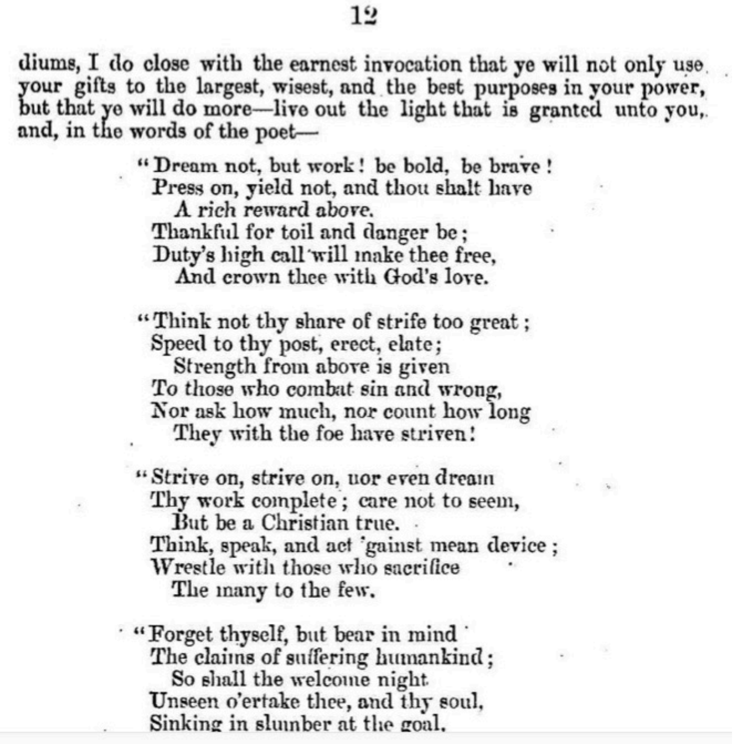
There is a poem that Emma used to share at her "workshops" …



"Think not thy share of strife too great;
Speed to thy post, erect, elate;
Strength from above is given
To those who combat sin and wrong,
Nor ask how much, nor count how long
They with the foe have striven!

"Strive on, strive on, nor even dream
Thy work complete; care not to seem,
But be a Christian true.
Think, speak, and act 'gainst mean device;
Wrestle with those who sacrifice
The many to the few.

"Forget thyself, but bear in mind
The claims of suffering humankind;
So shall the welcome night
Unseen o'ertake thee, and thy soul,
Sinking in slumber at the goal,
Wake in eternal light."



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diums, I do close with the earnest invocation that ye will not only use your gifts to the largest, wisest, and the best purposes in your power, but that ye will do more—live out the light that is granted unto you, and, in the words of the poet—

"Dream not, but work! be bold, be brave!
Press on, yield not, and thou shalt have
A rich reward above.
Thankful for toil and danger be;
Duty's high call will make thee free,
And crown thee with God's love.

"Think not thy share of strife too great;
Speed to thy post, erect, elate;
Strength from above is given
To those who combat sin and wrong,
Nor ask how much, nor count how long
They with the foe have striven!

"Strive on, strive on, nor even dream
Thy work complete; care not to seem,
But be a Christian true.
Think, speak, and act 'gainst mean device;
Wrestle with those who sacrifice
The many to the few.

"Forget thyself, but bear in mind
The claims of suffering humankind;
So shall the welcome night
Unseen o'ertake thee, and thy soul,
Sinking in slumber at the goal,

Last night, I also had a strange feeling about "C", I sensed something dark around her … I had felt compelled to pull out her last letter and read it, only minutes before the session. She is scared and frustrated and sick. I'll just tell her the truth … and let her decide where to turn. I seem to be some kind of tool for her to find orientation, too.

Me, physically, I'm not well. I get dizzy when I only get up from the chair, and I feel very weak, walking up the hill this morning was harder than ever, and I mean that literally.

I'll go shopping today and be really inspired of what to get. Also, I'll complain at the shoe store about my shoes falling apart even though they were very expensive and are new. I thought about gluing them some more, but no. Last night I had the feeling that it's some kind of "training" for me to assert myself, starting with my shoes.

Also … Dr. Alice said something interesting when I told her that it has been happening a lot recently, that "I am on Maui" so intensely, that I feel I can reach out and touch everything and I hear and smell everything, and sometimes even Bob is there … and she said, "Well, those are astral journeys". Okay. That explains a lot. Through googling the names of the mediums that Dr. Alice mentioned, I also came across another medium, **"Ivy Northage",** and through her, to a quote by the spirit she used to channel, the Chinese "Chan" … and I remember that just the other day, a car drove ahead of me as I returned to Griffen, and there was a big sticker on it, reading "**Ivy**", and I did think that ***it will mean something later.***

And ***Chan*** explained, in a quote that I found online, *that spirits, in the beyond, can recreate their mortal surroundings it they feel like it* … and they do it mostly right after death, and so I felt that was another ***answer*** from **Bob**, because I had been wondering if ***we could actually be back on Maui, in housie, when I had those "astral journeys***", and I think we can - because he is able to recreate it! And when I'm with him, and Dr. Alice had said that I was a "Grenzgängerin" (walker between borders) and had a "Passierschein" (ticket of passage) to the other side, ***we actually can be back on Maui, right?***

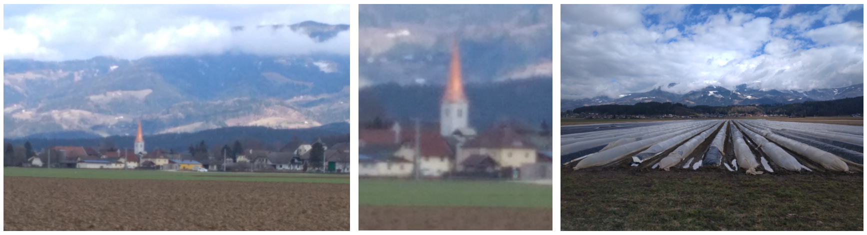
So the *responses* to my questions came in different ways than expected, *after the session*, and prompted by Dr. Alice, not spoken out directly by her.

This is cool.

(Later)

Took a walk with Jacqui along the **river Lavant** and between the large fields … and a **view** kind of startled me, seemed to say "your path is pointing towards the summit" … Also, what Dr. Alice had said, that I "must go into the silence" kind of rang in my head the whole time, because as usual I was about to babble about all kinds of stuff. So I said to myself (and to Bob) "I'm supposed to shush, right? So **I'm shushing as we speak."** Oh geez, I didn't say that, I just wrote it as it flooded into my mind … this is "so Bob"! Entirely. I kept shushing myself after that, and I realized that the point of "being in the present" is really the perfect method of silencing the inner chatter. Because when you really look at what is around it, you shush on your own.

So I walked shushed … and I felt so close to Bob, "doing the field" with him. I looked across the fields, and there was a bright ***copper church tower*** …



I had thoughts about my parents and how I can't help but worry ... and feel sorry for them. And that I must learn how to deal with that. The thought that their wellbeing is very important, and it's my job to make sure of it, I think ... but it can't be the main job of my life.

On the way back, I ended up looking at a "**beach**", and I sat down on the rock and looked down, and it felt like sitting with Bob. Not really, but in a way ... Jacqui was right there with me. I don't know what I'd do if he wouldn't be in my life, that little dog.

Then I found some **skull-sticker** (really the only piece of paper there) ... seemed to say "the dead are with you". Good, I like that.

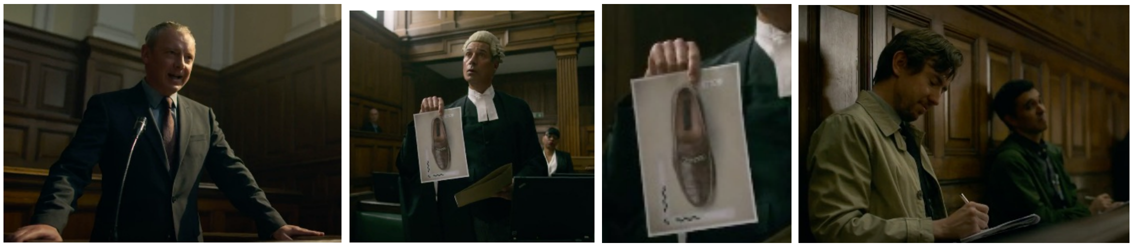
(__Note__: On May 29, this sticker find would make a whole lot of sense.)

Pained me to see little Marshall all alone, barking like crazy to people walking by ... poor guy, never gets out. I threw him a ball of dogfood to the spot on the border to the garden where he is slowly learning that he can dig and jump and reach up high. I think I'm the only one teaching him anything, in that secret way. Still, he is so clumsy jumping even half a meter only ... he is lying around all day. So sad. This is a problem for me. And Dr. Alice mentioned as much, yesterday, too.

(Later)

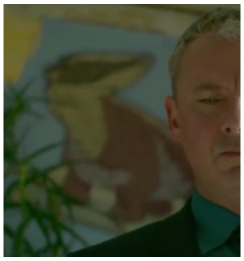
Oh my goodness! The "***crocodile***" showed up that I had "seen" *next to "Alice's mother"*?!

I found a new TV-series, entitled "**Grace**" online ... just wanted to check briefly, and there it was, only one episode old ... And it's not even two minutes in yet, and there is the "copper" color of the church tower I saw today, and, in a *court scene*, someone presents and talks about a pair of ***crocodile leather slippers with a gold chain***, and that Grace, a police guy, had ***taken those crocodile shoes to a medium*** by the name of Harold Frame ... who the court guy calls "a dabbler in the dark arts".

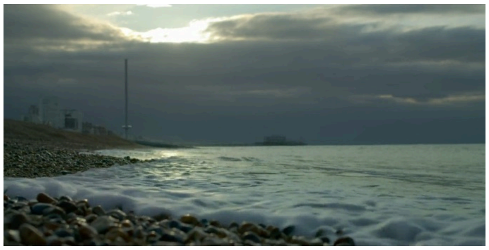


Wow. Grace then responds that the medium had helped him, three years ago, to find a killer because of his talent to connect with the dead. So Grace is challenged about "believing" in the supernatural and accuses of doing it, to which he responds that *since every witness just had to swear an oath to a supernatural being called "God", it would be strange not to believe in the supernatural.* Oh …. This series is going to be great. The crocodile leather shoe is a major aspect in solving a murder (that's not yet solved).

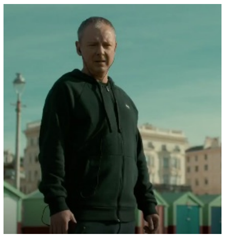
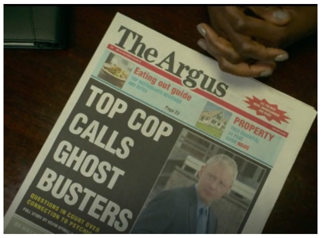
The **crocodile** showed up again … in the movie, as a **painting** in the background ***of the medium's office***. With a red "dress" … how strange, that yesterday the lady was wearing a red dress, and then the crocodile shoed up to her right … plus, a **goldfish**, totally making me flash back to that shimmering **church tower** in St. Andrae …



There was also something uncanny in "***Grace***" … the ***view of the ocean from above***, like I've seen it often in my flying dreams … very very satisfying view.



Plus, there are amazing **clouds** … and "**ghosts**" appear too, as words …

(Later)
Dr. Alice wrote back very briefly, that my summary is fine. I had hoped for some input about all the many important things I've shared with her, but nothing. I felt a need to withdraw, something is off about her behavior.

Looked outside the window … and wow! A **stripe in the sky** – whatever that was – mimicked the mountain silhouette! And on it's other end … well, it was like *a bird's head? (**Note**: Even this has significance on May 29.)*

Then, I went for a brief walk in the dark with Jacqui, took me a while, because I felt so nauseous.

Coming back, I had tea and biscuits, and this afternoon, I had bought a sour cherry compote, so I'm eating this, and it's nice. I opened one of the documents I downloaded last night, ***writings by Emma Hardinge Britten***, and really I like her writings … it sounds so familiar. Somehow, while reading about the details of mediumship, it was like Betty Stewart shoved herself into my inner view, being somehow upset that I was reading this "lower class" wisdom … as her work is so much more mature. I agree … and I smiled at her, internally. I realized that it makes me wary that Dr. Alice has been refusing to read Betty's and Stewart's work and Richard's aka Stephen's … and several more, like "The Seven Purposes" … and this upsets me. I don't have the feeling Dr. Alice is on the same level of knowledge as me. I'm … advanced. Walking in the dark I found myself saying … I actually forgot what I said, but just now, *"Don't waste your time"* sounded in my mind. Oh, it just came back … I said "The thing about order, Alice, that's your thing. I don't need to make order, I have order, just you can't look through it." That felt good.

(Later)

Reading that medium-paper … which I had opened on a random page, and found it was the exact same page like yesterday! - I said out loud "The past days, I've felt sore, actually …" and I had been thinking why I hadn't been able to call my mother or my father today … I just couldn't make myself … and I repeated "I felt sore …" and right away, the answer came, with gentle irony, ***"Oh, I'm so sore-y.***"

That's Bob. That's my *Stoneman, chatting with me in his usual goofy way.*

I keep thinking of how my poor father had to see his dead wife, all alone, nobody with him, and then, I think he even saw her before the cremation … as he had brought a dress for her … I must really think about his suffering before contacting him. Otherwise I flash back to the many ways he is cruel to me and has always been, and even more cruel he was to Edith. I know it. I remember. I always thought that one day she'd leave him … but then she got sick, and sick again, and that was it for her.

(Later)

Found a **standup comedian, Dan St. Paul,** who is **just like Bob** – and he makes jokes about – ***Costco***! The sampling! The big amounts! Skippy peanut butter that a circus elephant can't finished. He make the **voice** of an old man – just like Bob did so many times, and said "Bought some toilet paper back in the day at Costco, haven't bought a roll since!" Then: He picks up his jacket and says that he "***has back fat now"***, that he can't get rid of. Oh, Bob's little fat folds on his back! How often have I seen them … The comedian also said, that he is a cylinder now, and "can wear his belt anywhere on his body". He says he is 65. Well. Bob didn't get there.

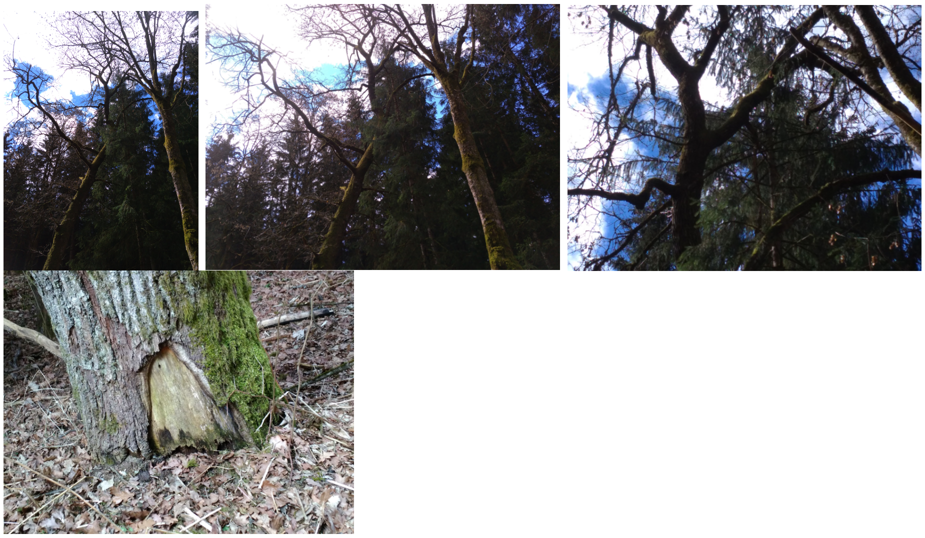
Old People Lose Their Filters. Dan St. Paul - Full Special

That’s a treat. It is. Somehow.

March 16, 2021 – The Shallows, the Depths & the Ring in the Treetrunk

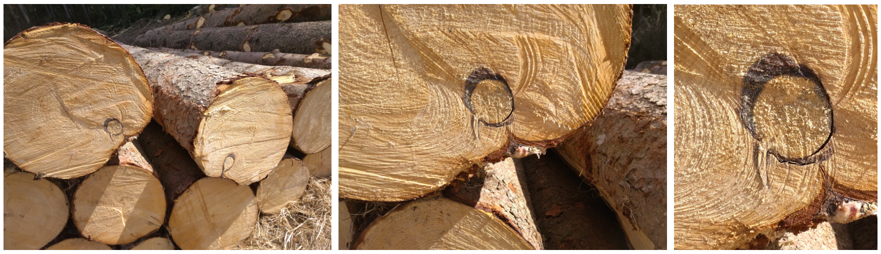
My **dream** tonight … actually I woke up from it in the morning … and I was so baffled by it.

Took a walk with Jacqui today … around the Griffen lake … and there was an **old tree**, ***leaning*** on a young tree … and it was hard to tell if the young tree had already grown in the way for the old one to lean in, or if the old one had not been touching the young one until it broke at it’s base …



I walked by the stack of tree trunks where the “no resin” scene had taken place … and this time I noticed something that looked like **“a tree in a tree**” in diameter. A little while later I realized that it’s just one tree cut in halves, so it’s one and the same tree … even though I can see and touch two tree trunks … and only this little piece in the core of it makes it unmistakable one single tree.

I’m supposed to take this as a message regarding “unity” …?



I had to think a lot about Dr. Alice … and the "great old mediums" that she wanted me to learn from … but I do feel that I'm not supposed to learn from them what they knew, but that they wanted to tell me that they were not "the great ones" … that they were way behind Betty and Ruth … and that's what I have to tell Dr. Alice. Not with one word she mentioned the message I had given her from her mother, who I saw standing scooping running water from a creek with both hands … and her words appeared in my mind "You're wasting your time and getting nowhere like this". It's strange, that I feel such cold withdrawal from Dr. Alice … she has been refusing to read Betty's work until now. I have to tell her one more time.

And my **dream** …

Wow. Walking in the cold wind I recounted my dream out loud … and I think I got it:

I was in a **school building**, and the students and teachers had to leave that building, as there was **water** coming in and rising. I was in a **classroom** that seemed south-oriented, and the door was closed, and the room was full of **water**, and it seems very deep, although given the height of the room, it couldn't have been, but I knew it was deep … of a greenish brownish kind. Along the south and west walls were large **tables**, and I was on one of that table …

For some reason the dream kind of changed, and I found myself in **Griffen**, on the path that leads to the house where I currently live in, and a **young woman** approached me, the one I see almost every day in real life, she is very slender with long dark hair that she normally wears in a pony tail or under a scarf. She has two little children. In my dream she was alone and her hair was open and reached down her back, and I looked at it from close and thought that I hadn't ever noticed that the hair was so red … and the young woman (may be in her early 30s, late 20s) asked me if I could help with … **a cat**. I think. It was rescuing a cat. But there weren't more details. In my dream I said to the young woman that there may be another woman to ask about that, Ingrid, and I pointed at the house that stood in my dream exactly where it stands in real life. I said I would be able to do something for that cat …

And suddenly I was **back in the classroom**, and I was alone in the room, and the **water** was high, and I found myself on the large broad **table** *under the window on the south wall* – and for some reason, suddenly **all my stuff** was on that table, too, bags and something that seemed technical, like a camera. I thought, "shit, why did I bring all of this here? Now I have to get it by swimming through the deep water, it will all be spoiled." I had brought all that stuff from another classroom … and it was a scenario like a last-school-day … like forever, after finishing school … (A scenario I had dreaded in real life and used to dream about all the time in my younger years.) In my dream I knew that I had to ***join some people outside …*** *but it was unclear who.*

Strangely, I could see people move through the school building, as the door had a glass window. It didn't occur to me to just open the door and the water would flow outside, but somehow I knew that this wasn't an option. So I kind of moved on that table, knowing that I was supposed to be somewhere else … and I looked out of the window, and I realized that right behind the school building were meadows. And it was sunshine outside, and I saw flowers like daisies or marguerites, and a fence, and a path … and I knew, yes, I can make it out there, and get my stuff into safety and stay dry.

And just as I had thought that, I found myself in the deep water in that classroom!

It was cold and kind of murky, and I was wondering why I was in there, and suddenly something touched my leg!

(Oh, just now, I remember that it was a "running gag" when I was with Bob in 2018 that I would come back from swimming in the ocean and would say "something touched my foot!" As something always did!) And even though I didn't see it, I know that it was something white and bulky like a bar of soap but rather a container with kind of round edged, and it certainly felt soap-bar-y …

I was spooked, and immediately got out of that deep water.

I knew that time was of the essence, and I slide along the table on the west-side of the room, that was attached to the south-table, and … there was always a very intense urgency of me having to be somewhere or be with someone … and I let my feet dangle first, and then I slid down into the water – and it was **shallow, only ankle deep!**

The young woman somehow was there too, but more as an impression, and I thought, "Wow, how did I not see it, it's a pit of sorts, with a deep part, but I can only step into the shallow part and wade to the door and get out! I don't have to climb out of the window!"

This was such a relief …

And I woke up.

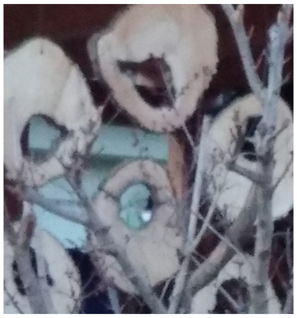
Only when I walked through the forest with Jacqui today and *told the dream out loud* to … well, me, I realized that it was some kind of summary of what Dr. Alice had told me that "they" had told her to tell me … I am in the depths … but yet, it's not even necessary to "swim" in the deep water where I'm afraid. Being *spooked* in there by that soap-type of thing ***made me get out of the deep*** … because, as I found, it wasn't even necessary to take all that pain and either climb out of the window or swim through the deep spoiling all my belongings … I only had to venture out to the other side and try a step … and in fact, I was able to wade through the shallows safely and still reach my goal. Is that the teaching? And that young woman … as someone who knew that I could help … is that a message of sorts, that there are people out there who will appreciate me, indeed?

Amazing **sun and cloud scenario** this evening ….

I was very desperate as I couldn't reach my mother. I did not drive to her. But tomorrow I'll have to. Things much change. I'm so worried again … so worried. My greatest fear is that she gets hurt. It's not even that she dies. It's about her getting hurt. I know my father waits for me to call, but I couldn't make myself today either … I don't know why. I just can't.

I also saw next to a garage a strange reflection of the "**tree in the tree**" that I had just seen earlier on my path … but **holes** in wood, this time… next to that Ram-truck that always fascinates me because of it's license plate number "**910 CC**". I always think of Bob's car license plate number "MEA 910" … and the "cc" seems to mean "copy" … but copy what?

"Mea 910" … "mea" being "important matter" and "910" the last day I spent with Bob … what a foreboding from the moment I met Bob.

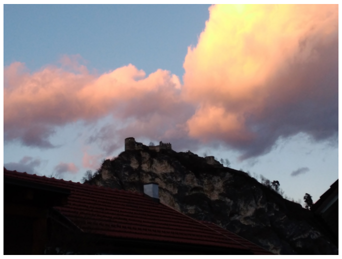


I miss him so much.

He was not in my dream, … not at all, not even as an idea. But I did have to connect with people … and somehow they had to do with him. But I didn't get there … as I woke up.

Also, walking by the cemetery, the **clouds** above the castle were amazing … and I found a very big empty **candle**, but it wasn't for a dead person, but it was a birthday candle, for a "Maria's" 80th birthday … It talks about how she was "given" 80 years already and hopefully there were many more. Weird it was right there, but I had to take a pic.

Maria
80
80 JAHRE



March 17, 2021 – **Something touched my foot!**

Took a walk on Schlossberg mountain, gathered all my courage and called my mother – and she was absolutely fine. Talked totally normally, had been to the hairdresser's and made an appointment for tomorrow, explained to me the situation about the testing for Covid before being allowed to the hairdresser's … she sounded cheerful and normal. Oh Jesus, I must learn to trust and think positive again. When did I lose it.

(Later)

Got home and put my sweat pants and socks on – and **something touched my foot**, on the inside ankle, that I shouted out and screamed and dropped my socks and the slipper … and immediately I said out loud *"Great joke! Do you want to give me a heart attack!?"* First I thought it was a spider, but there was nothing! And yet … I had felt something touch my foot! Not even especially lightly!

It was all too obvious:

Just yesterday I had written about me swimming in the ocean at my last visit on Maui and coming back home to Bob and always saying, like a “running gag”: *“Something touched my foot!”* Because it did! And yesterday, in my dream … something touched my foot, in the deep murky water … and today – it felt absolutely real!

And the **clouds** … **layers**, like expression the actual energetic layers that exist …

… and some kind of **mimicking of the fence** … and a **butt** ….

… and a **hand pointing** towards Rakounig or the Schlossberg mountain, the index finger stretched out …

For me to go back there … or to tell me that something big is going to happen?

(Later)

Can’t reach my father on his new phone. Geezus!

Forgot to mention: During my noon walk on Schlossberg mountain, I found a **copper red heart** in front of me! In the dry grass! Right there – but there was only that one **heart**! No garbage! No other heart! And I almost didn’t walk that path. It was like I was drawn to that heart … the copper color. Like the church tower from the other day. And the ***goldfish***. I wanted to take the heart with me … but it blew right out of my hand and landed on the dry grass again.

Watched some standup comedy … and the comedian, Tony Dejo, had **clouds** as a backdrop.

Got pics of Maui from Peter … wow, those were the days. That was my life. My actual life. Such short bliss.

March 18, 2021 **– K9 Advantix**

Horrible day.

Horrible **dream**.

The last days I have tried to "trust" and "not expect the worst". But I had been thinking that maybe my father was very sick and couldn't get to the phone. And I had feared that my mother would drink and get hurt.

This morning, couldn't reach my father again. Drove up there.

He was outraged and so mean to me, that it took my breath away. The cellphone was shit that we bought, I was worth nothing … he had suffered an inflammation of his jaw on Sunday, had to go to the doctor and get surgery, then came home and broke down vomiting, but he didn't call me, but some "Petra" who came to make tea and care for him … I'm now sure that Picej has a bad influence on him, as he was with him on Saturday.

Bitter learning … sometimes the bad feeling I have is actually reflecting the truth.

Called my mother, she sounded fine, having come from the hairdressers, and I said I'd come visit.

Jesus Christ – she must have fallen, had a bloody bruise on her nose and a totally swollen lip with a cut under her lip … she was so lucky that she didn't hurt her teeth. She had wine bottles in the store room. And she was kind of soft, but she totally can't remember what happened to her lip.

I'm just so desperate today.

Called the lady from the representation net, later back in Griffen, wrote and email.

Also wrote to the notary of my father's, that when I talked with my father today – screamed, rather – about Picej being his power of attorney choice, he shouted that I was wrong that Picej wouldn't ever be in charge of him.

My mother … I'm so worried. I feel so helpless and weak. I don't know what to do.

My ***dream*** tonight … horrible!

I had ***two small cats*** that I was supposed to rescue, and there was also some other story about some adventure I had to go through, some kind of wet place, like rainy, a city, not sure … but I had to put the darker, smaller striped cat in my pocket, and I kind of squished it trying to keep it safe. And the other one was white and handicapped, in a way, and it also died in my care … the thin dark striped one was nothing but some bug when I pulled it out of my pocket, and then it turned in some sort of ant and fell apart.

I was devastated. I woke up with a horrible gloomy feeling … and I was right.

What a fucking day.

My father made coffee for me and brought Kuchen, but he insulted me so badly, that I broke out in tears and left.

He had simply not picked up the phone all the many times I had called, and today he screamed at me that I didn't care about him … and I can't even repeat all the horrible things he said … my driving, the worthless cellphone, and he turned things around in ways they never happened. His mind is really sick … that's for sure. But I worry that Picej and that Petra are up to something. I won't let them.

I saw that he was shocked that I left, but I couldn't stand it anymore.

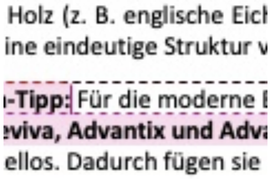
The dog Sandy was desperate too, wanted to come with me … It's all sad and horrible.

The **skyshark** in front of my window didn't comfort me much …

(Sometime)

I got the first shot of Jacqui's anti-tick remedy on his fur, and it's called "**Advantix**". The special thing about this is that in my first year on Maui, there was a TV-commercial about "K 9 Advantix" with a little dog sing, but I can only remember the words ***"… stops all the biting"***. It's the voice of my happy days … and a day later … it appeared in my **work**, *in one of the texts* I was **editing**. There are NO such odds.

Advantix
BAYER

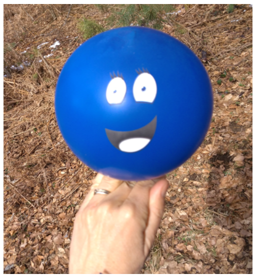


Holz (z. B. englische Eic
ine eindeutige Struktur v

-Tipp: Für die moderne
eviva, Advantix und Adv
ellos. Dadurch fügen sie

March 19, 2021

Visited my mother … took a walk in the forest around **Saissersee lake,** and I found a strange **blue balloon**. Strangely the face looks like the goofy face that I saw Bob make often.



On the way home there were amazing **cloud patterns** along the highway.

March 20, 2021

Visited mother – absolutely perfect way of speaking and momentary awareness. A bit "off" though, lip is healing.

Thought of Dr. Alice's zoom meeting tomorrow – and right away, a **woman** appeared in front of my inner eye, like i***n a WW2 uniform***, in gray, with white, black and green stripes on the sleeves and collar … and she just looked straight ahead, her right side turned to me, as if she was listening or looking out, I think she was in a forest.

Received the work of diploma of three young Austrian women from fashion school Hallein, a 170 pages giant, lots lots of work … but I already had agreed to 100 Euros for the editing … oh well.

It **snowed** today … not the real snow, but the tiny hard balls, not hail, still snow-y, but not snow, we call it "Graupeln".

March 21, 2021 – **The Skull & JU FNE & Violet**

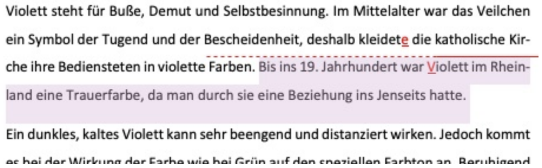
Missed Dr. Alice's Zoom-meeting today at 10 a.m., because no WLAN in the house, as landlady and hubby are out, probably on the mountain.

So strange … Jacqui had diarrhea, so we got out at 7 am, then I lied back down. I dreamed Elisabeth was next to me in bed, and above us kind of hovered her boyfriend Josef, who has (in real life) just had a prostate cancer surgery, and he told us the scientific name of a tumor that he had in his brain … odd.

Father called twice, I didn't pick up. Talked to mother, while walking with Jacqui, and she slurred her speech, but spoke coherently. I'm just so exhausted, emotionally.

Editing that **work of diploma** about the colors and styles of Austrian folkwear takes my mind of stuff.

That said … strangely, in the section about ***colors***, I encountered an answer to something that used to be a mystery to me ... and I actually thought about it a few days ago ... Why did I have panic-attack resembling episodes in Bob's purple or rather violet bedroom? He loved everything purple or violet and had that kind of bedding. And in the paper I'm editing, there is a section about the **color violet** … yes, it did appear a few days ago already, and how it makes some people very uncomfortable.



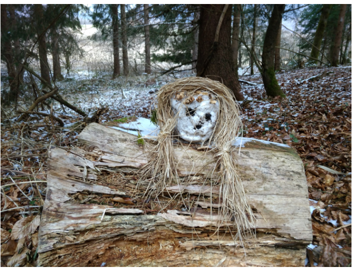
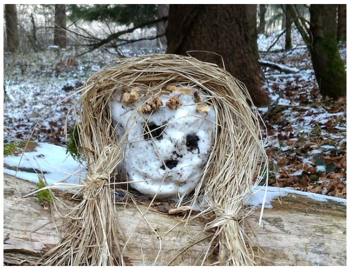
Violett steht für Buße, Demut und Selbstbesinnung. Im Mittelalter war das Veilchen ein Symbol der Tugend und der Bescheidenheit, deshalb kleidete die katholische Kirche ihre Bediensteten in violette Farben. Bis ins 19. Jahrhundert war Violett im Rheinland eine Trauerfarbe, da man durch sie eine Beziehung ins Jenseits hatte.

Ein dunkles, kaltes Violett kann sehr beengend und distanziert wirken. Jedoch kommt es bei der Wirkung der Farbe wie bei Grün auf den speziellen Farbton an. Beruhigend

First – **it was said that through this color one could connect to the "beyond" (!)** according to beliefs in Germany. Is that telling me something? And then, it also said that it's a color that lethargic introverted folks feel attracted to, and active and **open people could feel very unwell in that color!** I remember hating it from the beginning in Bob's house. And I had to sleep on that bedding. I never liked it. When I came to Bob in 2018, I exchanged that old violet sheet stuff to white and light linens. I had the feeling it had to be. It was strange that this came up today … It was Bob's favorite color.

On the walk with Jacqui, I encountered the weirdest piece of "artwork" in the forest … **a woman's skull.** Talk about "not participating in the zoom meeting about the connection with the spirit world". I had to think of that woman in the uniform I had seen thinking of that meeting …

After the head, I also saw two snow ball sculptures …

Also, right before that, I saw an **apple** in a creek …

I must do something about my mother, but I don't know how and what …

Wrote a long letter to my father … it does worry me that he called and left messages, but I'm almost sure that it's about the email I sent to Picej yesterday, telling him my mistrust and that I will take steps about his behavior. He just wanted to scream at me, I'm sure. For help, he has all those other people … so I shouldn't be worried. I wish so much we would get along … but what has been in effect in my father's mind for over 40 years, that he hates me, won't change now. And I just can't take abuse anymore.

When I came driving back from the walk with Jacqui, I talked to myself in the car about how I want to do things right about my mother, and I just don't know if I'm doing the right thing, by letting her alone and risking so much. I'm worried sick in reality, and just then a **car** came towards me and passed, with the *license plate number* "**JU FNE**" and a number that I can't recall. So there was "**You Fine**" … that's what I read. Was that a message that I am doing the right things?

Right then, when I was just digesting the "JU FNE" I passed by a car with the license plate number "**222 BD**", yes, *Bob and Dani.* And right after that, a car showed up behind me and followed me up the hill and then drove on, and the license plate number was "**224 BD**".

I'm afraid of what has to come next for my mother … it hurts me so much that I'm so far away.

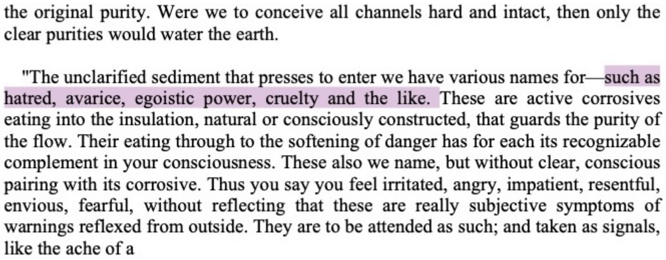
March 22, 2021

Have been dodging my father's calls and not listened to his messages for two days, feeling horrible. I wrote him a letter. Not sure that this will do anything good, but I had to …

Today, when I made the English language transcript of my Zoom-session with Dr. Alice of March 14, I realized that her mentioning of "***a face with big eyes and disheveled hair***" may really be that ice **skull** that I "met" in the forest on the day of the beyond-session, that I didn't participate in!

Truth be told … that head reminds me of Dr. Alice herself.

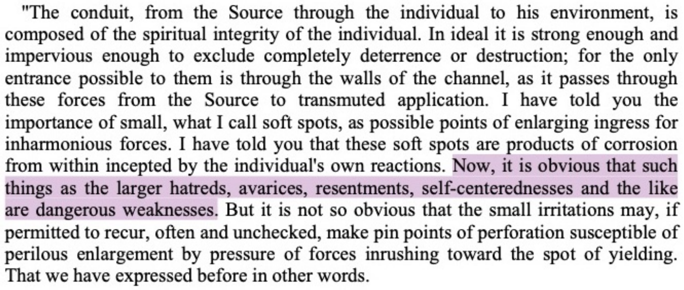
I was getting into reading **"With Folded Wings"** … I should read all those books again, I just seem to not have the time at all. So I opened a random page of the printout, and it spoke to me. In all my frustration and hatred … I got to realize what it all is …



the original purity. Were we to conceive all channels hard and intact, then only the clear purities would water the earth.

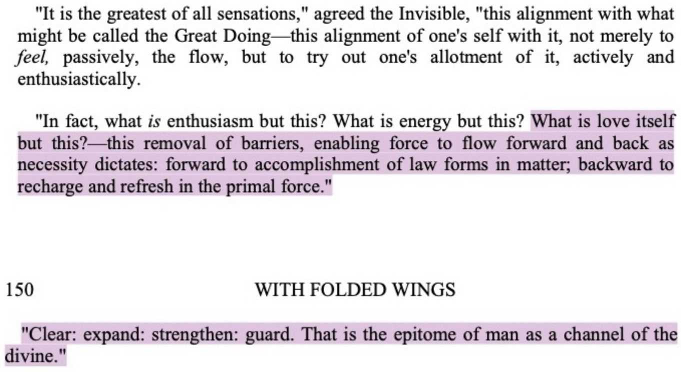
"The unclarified sediment that presses to enter we have various names for—such as hatred, avarice, egoistic power, cruelty and the like. These are active corrosives eating into the insulation, natural or consciously constructed, that guards the purity of the flow. Their eating through to the softening of danger has for each its recognizable complement in your consciousness. These also we name, but without clear, conscious pairing with its corrosive. Thus you say you feel irritated, angry, impatient, resentful, envious, fearful, without reflecting that these are really subjective symptoms of warnings reflexed from outside. They are to be attended as such; and taken as signals, like the ache of a

It’s just so good to sometimes be reminded of all those people … like Betty and Stewart … who were so closely on the track of being “real human” … and being able to get mankind to … well, “get it”, too. But no such luck so far.



"The conduit, from the Source through the individual to his environment, is composed of the spiritual integrity of the individual. In ideal it is strong enough and impervious enough to exclude completely deterrence or destruction; for the only entrance possible to them is through the walls of the channel, as it passes through these forces from the Source to transmuted application. I have told you the importance of small, what I call soft spots, as possible points of enlarging ingress for inharmonious forces. I have told you that these soft spots are products of corrosion from within incepted by the individual's own reactions. Now, it is obvious that such things as the larger hatreds, avarices, resentments, self-centerednesses and the like are dangerous weaknesses. But it is not so obvious that the small irritations may, if permitted to recur, often and unchecked, make pin points of perforation susceptible of perilous enlargement by pressure of forces inrushing toward the spot of yielding. That we have expressed before in other words.

I just enjoy indulging in absolute truths … at times. That’s my comfort.
And my dog.



"It is the greatest of all sensations," agreed the Invisible, "this alignment with what might be called the Great Doing—this alignment of one's self with it, not merely to *feel,* passively, the flow, but to try out one's allotment of it, actively and enthusiastically.

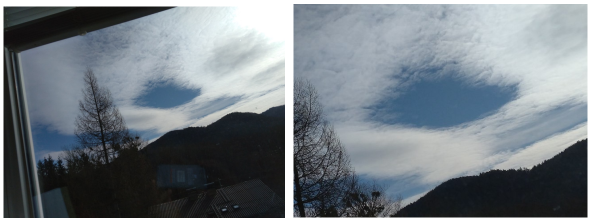
"In fact, what *is* enthusiasm but this? What is energy but this? What is love itself but this?—this removal of barriers, enabling force to flow forward and back as necessity dictates: forward to accomplishment of law forms in matter; backward to recharge and refresh in the primal force."

150 WITH FOLDED WINGS

"Clear: expand: strengthen: guard. That is the epitome of man as a channel of the divine."

March 23, 2021

The “***puka***” in front of my window today … wow, suggestive. Like a greeting directly from Pukalani where I wish I could be and turn back time …



Took Jacqui on a walk to the *pond* … and the **sunset** “made me” sit down and send my mother and father healing and strengthening impressions of what I saw, an **amazing blue sky and amazing clouds** … and a “**puka**” … and a “rabbit”. I thought if my mother is supposed to live on and recover, she will use this. I imagined her like “waking up”, being clear in her mind and in good spirits and traveling again and meeting a nice man. And yes, that’s my mom, not me …

Actually, this morning, I walked to the turn where there is a nice view **over the hills**, thinking that this is really luxury right now, those walks I can take with my dog anytime, no traffic, just wide views …

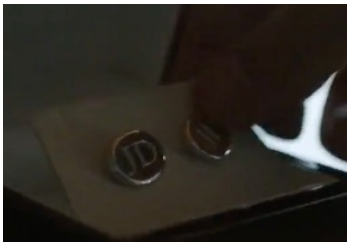
I later discovered a Online-series called "***A Million Little Things***" about a group of friends, around one, "Jon", who killed himself, and the others just can't figure out why he did it.

Did Bob commit suicide, too? In his very own way?

Interestingly, today, at my work as an editor working on an astrology newsletter, I came across, *"**Apollon**", "the sun god".*

March 24, 2021 – **The Sack & the Angel Wings**

(Watches 3 episodes of "***A Million Little Things***" … it's so strangely enticing that idea and how it was shown that "Jon" had simply killed himself and nobody knew why … His initials are "JD" …



I've been having deep intense **dreams** – of the kind I can't remember, which is strange for me. It happens, though, that throughout the day some glimpse returns to my brain of a person in the dream or a place, more a feeling than a view … and then it feels so intense and close, that I know that those are not "regular" dreams.

This morning, too, I woke up that something big has happened, but I wasn't sure what.

Drove to Velden to see mom and perhaps look at a rental, but the owner said he had to wait for someone for who he had reserved the apartment, until today (Wednesday) afternoon.

So I first took Jacqui to **treehouse field path** in Griffen … and the treehouse was standing all cleared out. I realized: ***This tree is dead***, and since the treehouse is broken, *it all will be taken down soon. That seems to have special meaning.*

So I looked up and said to Bob ***how cool that got to be up in the treehouse now and looking down on me.*** So I looked up as if he was up there and asked him to ***"put something into my hand"***, and I hadn't even finished the thought, I "saw" a **small "sack"**, like with money in it or something that St. Nicholas would carry, a potato sack tied on the top, that's what I saw. So that was strange, that **sack**. Oh well, I thought.

Almost back in the car, I looked at Koralpe mountain … and **two single clouds** looked like they were uniting.

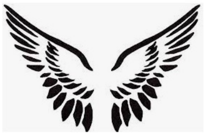
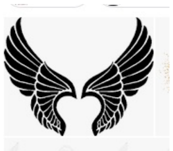
I drove to Velden, took Jacqui for a walk at lake Saissersee, and as I was sitting on the ground and saw the **mole hills** I thought how strange that creatures live underground like there …

Then I drove into the area where the apartment was supposed to be, but I couldn't find the house with that number, only a very big building site with a crane, and my heart sank … I can't live next to a building site. There was a cul de sac with a very sharp turn, and it looked like the road ended there …. So I gave up looking for that house.

My mom was fine, a bit aloof, but clear, totally sober, and her lip and nose are healing nicely. She just totally refuses to go outside into the sunshine. I noticed that she looked really beautiful, so clear, such a smooth face … I know I pissed her off because I was chatting away … and I secretly taped everything again. I took a walk in the forest with Jacqui, and I saw a weird **tree** with a **tumor**.

I was already on the way back through Velden, when the renter of that apartment called … so the apartment is available. He has time tomorrow, which is a pity, but okay … and when I asked for directions, it turns out that I should have taken that ***cul de sac***, that was the right way. So I'm driving back to Velden tomorrow to see that apartment. The strangest part: Just a few meters away from there, in a very strange place, in a ***cul de sac***, next to a huge long gulch named "Teufelsgraben", "Devil's Gulch" was the small house ***where my parents were forced to live when I was born!*** It's a unique area – and the house with the apartment is just meters away from there!

On the drive home – I was barely on the highway, when a truck overtook me – with **two black angel wings** on it's back, next to a logo. But it was so fast that I had no chance to photograph it!

Angel wings! The address where the apartment is and where I had just been is "Engelgasse": "**Angel Alley**", yes, that's the address of the apartment! And the part of Velden where it's in, is named "Sonnental", "**Sun Valley**", … yup, right next to the big gulch named "Devil's Gulch" or "Pit" … I actually like that area. I felt good up there! The house is situated so that stepping outside one looks into the "Devil's Gulch"! I can imagine that it may not be the right spot for everyone. But I was there when I was just a few days old! I think I kind of "felt" that old "home" …

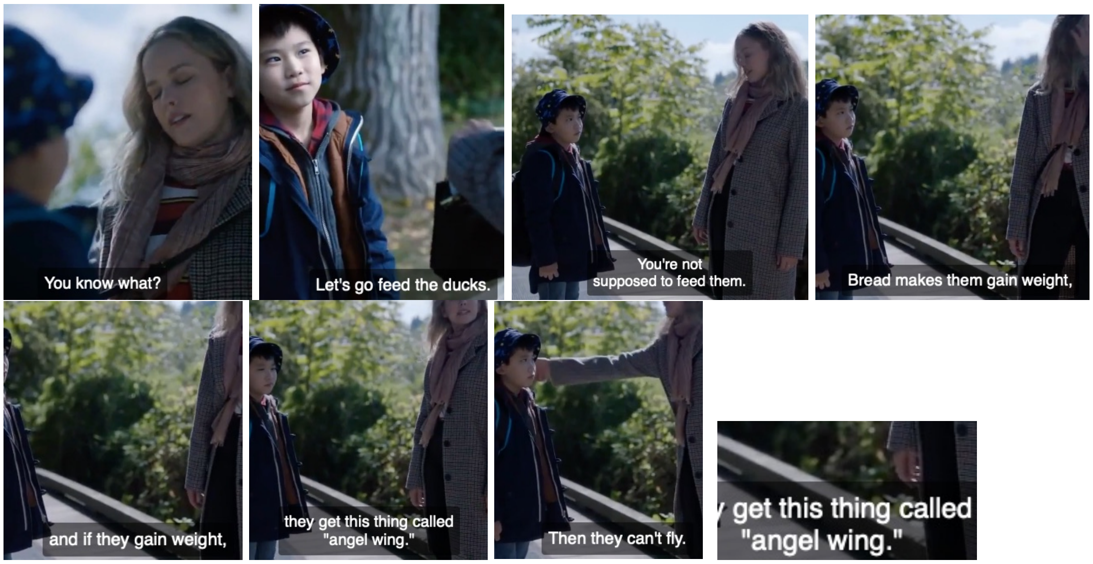
So strange. Well, I'll see what it feels like inside. And it's kind of pricey. But then, I won't have to tank gasoline all the time anymore …

Driving … I saw "22 UU" and read, in my mind "two two ooh ooh", which could have been said exactly like this by Bob, a singsang in a good mood, alerting me of his presence? And there was "**911 FE**", which I read as "**forever**", the last day Bob and I were together in this mortal realm … and "**808**" in many versions, and each spoke to me, as **"808 = BOB".**

And then it dawned on me … the **sack** or bag that I had "received" in my hand on *treehouse field* … The house with the apartment I'm now going to see tomorrow, is in a "**cul de sac**"! In German it's "***Sackgasse***", literally **"sack alley".** That was what given into my hand, a sack – ***THAT* sack!**

(Later)

I watched more of "***A Million Little Things***", and there: the **angel wings** are reflected back to me.


You know what?
Let's go feed the ducks.
You're not supposed to feed them.
Bread makes them gain weight,
and if they gain weight,
they get this thing called "angel wing."
Then they can't fly.
get this thing called "angel wing."

March 25, 2021

Taking a walk today, I saw an **apple** in a creek … somehow that was strange. Maybe it was the same apple like four days ago?

March 26, 2021

Drove to Velden to check out the apartment … ***it's not for me.*** It's so strange, as it's the exact contrary of what I need: It has no view, the windows go right into the hill and at the parking lot, and the vent slots from the wet cellar end under the main windows. How could someone even consider renting this out? There was an interested **painted "Yin Yang" stone,** though, opposite that house, in the woods, in "**Devil's Gulch**" …

The interesting thing, though, is, that the renter, Oliver, and me got into a spirited conversation … well, it was rather me totally "being me" again, smart and eloquent and having so much to say, and he was impressed. So that he opened up to me that he had a huge **kidney tumor removed** in November last year, and now he's hoping he's got no metastases. Well, good luck to that. I ended up telling him about healing anti-tumor remedies that could help him keep his body longer: cooked ginger, Boswellia Serrata and Cat's Claw.

I'm evil.

I am. Before driving to Velden the landlord told me, that M., little dog Marshall's fuckhead of an owner, is at the hospital. Problems of unclear nature, blood pressure and stuff … had to brought in with the ambulance yesterday. And all I could think is "Yey!" And later I thought that maybe that's the sign I've been waiting for … that I can influence fuckers, because I've virtually prayed for them to be punished for how they behaved to me and how they are treating the little dog, not giving him any attention. And there … M. hospitalized. I feel grim pleasure at the though. Is that bad?

Driving to Velden and back "**910**" license plate numbers showed up all the time. At least four.

And: On the way back I saw a license plate number and that read something like "**FE …LA**". And it passed by me just when I was thinking about "just renting the apartment no matter what and no matter it's perfect or not, just that I'm close to my mother." And "FE LA" in German is "Fehler", and that means "*mistake*". I also thought of Sigi at the time, strangely.

So I felt a slight punch in my stomach …

My mother … my sweet mom … I visited her around 6 pm, and she was in bed again, in the nightgown I had given her for her birthday, but she was entirely clear and looked okay.

I so much want to live close to her, I must must must figure something out!

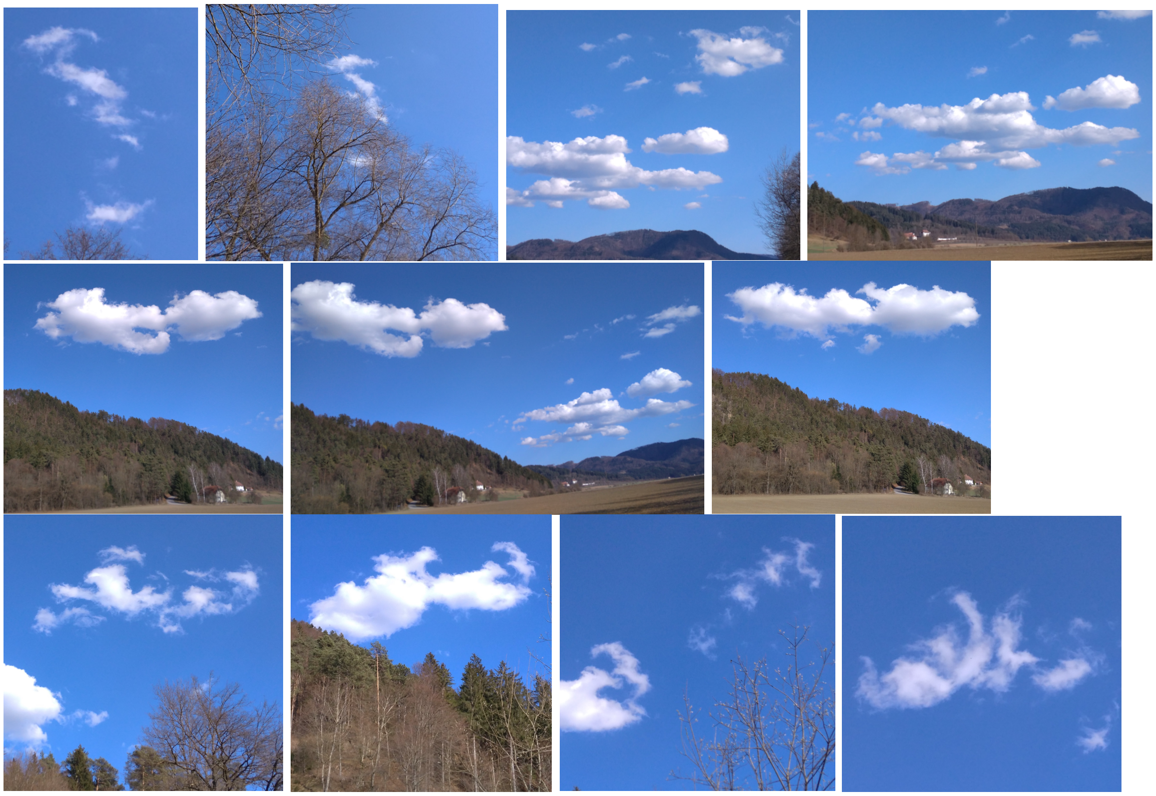
This noon, taking a walk with Jacqui … after a strangely intense phase of longing for Bob and feeling his presence … I saw **a strangely positioned stone** on the ground, with "**eyes**" and even a face. ***The stone looked at me.***

Last night I picked up watching "*Wentworth*" about that female prisoners group … I only saw season 1 so far, but I started again at season 4, and it felt strangely rewarding.

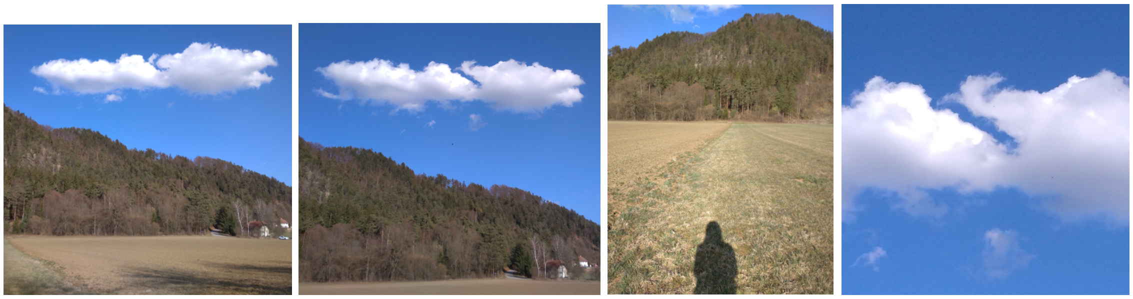
(Later)

Took Jacqui for a walk to St. Kollmann … very interesting **clouds**, like some kind of "**puzzle**" …

… and “**an ass in the sky**”, an “**S**”, and other very interesting clouds … like writings …



… like when I was about to **cross** a meadow that I have never crossed before, that kind of **“path” was reflected in a cloud!**

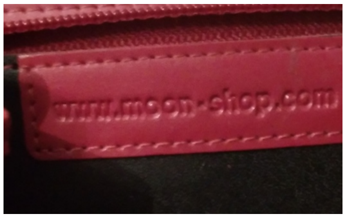


And … oh, I almost forgot!

I asked Bob today to “***put something into my hand***” when I was “doing the field” and asking if he was with me. And immediately something like a “**woven fabric**” or a “woven basket” came, white and gray, somehow a distinct pattern, I’ve seen floor cleaning rags like that … so it was kind of fuzzy and unclear, and I didn’t take it serious.

But then … walking towards St. Kollmann, I took the path along the creek … and suddenly I stood facing that strange “**woven structure**” thing that I had “received” in my hand: very special **mushrooms** on a **trunk** of wood.

Finally, today I made it to the shoe store to get my voucher for the broken boots turned into new shoes. Found a very ugly old-fashioned but comfy leather slacks, then I couldn't decide on another pair, so I bought a nice wallet. Still got 25 bucks voucher. At home I saw that the ***wallet*** is from "**moon**-shop". Go figure.



(Later)

Little Marshall made it out into the sheeps' meadow again … but it was already late and getting dark. So I threw him as much good food as possible … and it was very heartbreaking that nobody even noticed that he wasn't "home" … Too bad that when it got dark, Marshall couldn't find his way back anymore. I heard him bark for help … and nobody reacted. So I went down in the dark, hoping to get him back into his garden without anyone seeing. But as shit happens, Andrea was out in the garden from her ironing room, just that minute! Shit shit shit! But because it happened like this, I must believe that it's good for something.

I just know one thing, I won't leave Marshall in his horrible situation … when he saw me coming for him, he was so happy, he didn't know what to do with himself, he jumped and growled and snapped at my hand and arm, I couldn't really pat him, he was squirming … little guy's fur felt totally ungroomed, and it felt strangely sticky and smelled bad. He really is very neglected. I so much want him to be free or live with me and Jacqui.

Something must happen.

The first thing Andrea said when she saw me … and she spoke in that reprimanding tone that makes me want to spit into her face, because how dare she talk to me like that, like accusing me of something stupid bitch, and I told her that Marshall is in the sheeps' meadow all the time, and she said "Well I've never seen him" … well she is never there and never gives a shit … I got so pissed off at her that I had to turn away when she said that she must "tell Jürgen", and I asked her not to, and all she had to say was "Well I don't want him to get into the meadow when the sheep are in". Well, of course not, fucker, but there are no fucking sheep yet.

None of these people have any clue what they are doing to this poor dog. He is so wild and strange … what a sweet promising guy he was. And now …. I so much want him.

Just hearing Andrea's weird way of speaking, ignorant bitch that she is, made me get so angry again … and by the way, her hubby Toni told me yesterday that indeed, the two sheep from last year did get killed, he said "They were already in the utilization system, so they got slaughtered". Great. I told him that since I believe in life after death the sheep are grazing on lovely pastures now, and he said that probably there will be a lot of discussions in the beyond then … that's kind of a surprising thing to say. And … shit yes, there will be.

After Easter two new sheep will come onto the meadow to graze through the summer …

Oh Jesus, why the fuck did I end up here?

At least Marshall got some good food from me today … He is now one and a half years old, and the only good time he had with me. I could tell that he remembered, he was beside himself with joy, jumping around me … and he actually obeyed and ran with me. I pushed him through the fence so that he'd find his way back home … poor guy. Probably has to sleep all alone in the basement.

I'm glad he had another good round in the grass, sniffing for everything … eating … I love that animal. His owners don't give a shit. Nobody cares what he is doing all day.

I care. I really wish for the punishment process on that family to proceed.

This afternoon I saw the little girl Isabel in the garden with a boy, her cousin, I think, and Marshall was jumping around them bringing balls and play things for the to play with him. They didn't even bother to look at him. Then he brought some kind of plastic jar and bit it and chewed it into pieces right there … the boy only gazed at him, dimwittedly, and Isabel didn't say a word. They walked by him, didn't pay attention to him at all. He is like some piece of wood there … nobody does anything with him. It breaks my heart. I'm getting a feeling like a panic attack right now writing this.

The way he keeps looking over now, every day, knowing that I'm here … breaks my heart.

How can those people be like that? Months and months, nobody does anything with the dog. No walking. No playing. No paying attention to him … I wish for them to … just let the dog go with me and Jacqui.

Again, I really wish for punishment for them … so much …

March 26, 2021

The "***green blob***" … was something that appeared *"in the palm of my hand"*, not sure what day, today or yesterday … as I was walking in the forest along the beaver pond … and I thought, "oh well, it's green around me, so …" But since this stuff is always spot on, I must note it.

March 27, 2021 – **Angel Wings**

Oh wow, something just happened: I'm just now dealing with the remaining photographs for this contact diary, and just the day before yesterday, the "angel wings" had shown up on that truck, right after I had gone to check out that apartment in "Angel alley" … and the first image I got to see today, is this: **angel wings**. From that series *"The Map of Tiny Perfect Things"* …

EAGLE
MOVING

Also … amazing **cloud** patterns … Plus … I hope and pray that it is what I think, but: I've been actively doing some healing and energizing mind method directed towards my mother … and it's now the third day that she sounds and speaks entirely differently. It's her old voice, the feeling like talking with her younger self, and she keeps saying she feels so well and clear and strong. Oh – I dare to hope?

Also, I was thinking of picking some "**Schneeglöckchen**" (Snowdrops, Galanthus) for a while … but they are under strict endangered species protection, so I never did … but today, ***I found several***

of them lying on the path where I mostly take Jacqui for his morning walk! Lying there! In front of me! On the side of the street – among other mowed down plants! Someone had cleared the banquette and also cut some of those precious flowers. So now I got my flower bunch, like I wanted to.

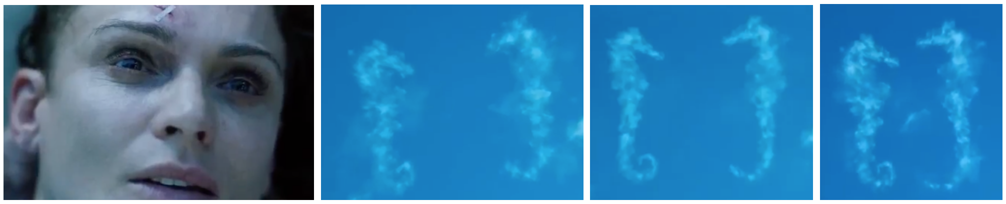
(Later)
Oh wow, …

Such a beautiful **near-death experience** in "**Wentworth**", season 4 episode 10, … "Bea" is drowning and is already "beyond" where *her dead daughter waves at her* and welcomes her … and she is so happy and strives to get to her, to that beach … when she is in real life revived and pulled back into her body …

Beautifully done.

And then … the character "**Bea**" had so much **hardship** in life and never true and real love … and she got to experience it, just once, one night, with "Allie" … and then she died. Before that, they gazed at the **clouds** and saw "a **sea horse**", and they talked about how those sea horses hook tails to not loose one another.

Then, she thought that her one love had died, and so she got herself killed too, to be with her great love in the beyond … but that great love, "Allie", wasn't dead. In her dying moments she saw the **sea horses unite** ….



(Later)
Wow … I've been talking to my mother often how much I'd like to live at lake Saissersee. The other day I responded to a vague old ad from Veldner Zeitung, just sent a text-message asking whether that apartment was still available. And just now a nice man responded from Styria, saying that the apartment is at lake Saissersee, and still available, and we'll meet on Tuesday or Wednesday!

March 28, 2021 – **Ponte Reale & the Green Blob & THE Hallway VISION**

I drove to visit my mother today. I felt Bob so close … and yet, I was so desperate because of that situation that my life has become. So I talked to him while driving … that I really want to know if it's like I think it is and whether he can have a "body" if he so chooses and can have the perfect one like he always wanted … and whether he can be with me if he wants to … it was very intense.

A car passed by me with the **license plate number "220 LO"**, and it kind of spoke to me, because "Lo" in Hawaiian is "conscious thinking". Right then, another car passed by, with the **license plate number "220 DJ".** Wow, I thought, "It does mean, good thinking Dani".

I had that breathless feeling that I have when something is just baffling … regarding out connections with the beyond.

And then, I realized that I was staring at the back of the truck in front of me, and the writing on it reads: **"PONTE REALE"**. Which means "real bridge". THE BRIDGE IS REAL.

Ponte Reale

Ponte Reale
La Mozzarella di Bufala
Biologica D.O.P.

(Later)

My mother was nice and very well, clear and entirely sober, but she simply refused to go for a walk with me. So I took Jacqui to the **river Drau** … and I tried to project my sunshine and wind and outdoors experience onto my mother to strengthen her further. I hope it worked. The **clouds** were amazing …

I took Jacqui for a short walk … only to end up seeing a **stone heart** inside a heart shape … seems meaningful.

THE VISION

Driving, on the way back … something entirely unexpected and new happened.

While driving, I was "**drawn**" into the **Maui house** so intensely, that I literally "was there" … I saw felt smelled everything about that house … and then I walked into the **hallway**, and ***Bob was squatting there*** … and ***he held two fingers at me***. It's hard to explain … but this went on … and Bob kept changing his position … he stood, then lied down, then sat up again, making gestures … and I was in such a strange state, that I noticed that while driving I was not really looking at the road, I was looking at the same spot all the time, but somehow I saw the road **AND AT THE SAME TIME *I was in the Maui house with Bob!***

That **hallway** *in housie* … I kept thinking ***"Is that the place where we really can meet"?*** And "***Are we there right now?"*** I arrived at a segment with many tunnels … and now the weirdest part happened: ***Everytime I drove through a tunnel, the impression or vision of Bob squatting in that Maui house hallway and me entering became so clear and intense, that at one point I had the impression that we really could hold each other …***

(I do have photographs of the actual hallway in housie … but I can't make myself look for them, I'd have to open them to use them … and I just can't.)

The state of mind that I was in, was entirely new. It was **like I could "*hold*" both worlds** and views at the same time, that my mind was "wide" enough … I even stayed clear to watch out on the highway and drive consciously, carefully and responsibly … while I was with Bob in the Maui house! I know that sounds nuts … but that's how it was. I'd like to explain further, but it feels overwhelming right now to even try.

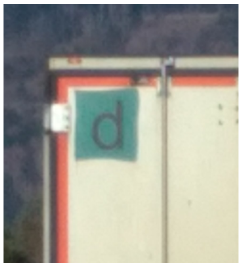
The way Bob was holding his fingers at me, turning his hand, making luring and pulling gestures … the way he had made those playful motions all the time … it was right there. He was right there. I was sitting next to him on the stoop, watching him put on the **white socks** and his **sneakers** … the sound of steps on that wood … seeing him get up, hearing and feeling him and being right next to him …

It was so real and clear … I was surprised about that experience while I actually had it.

Then I did something strange, I put my left hand on my own left knee … and I leaned back and "felt like Bob" and said "Play me". It was just strange to feel my hand on my knee … it was a very strange impression. (I happened to photograph by accident one of my **knees**, too …)

I did switch out of that state, though … because:

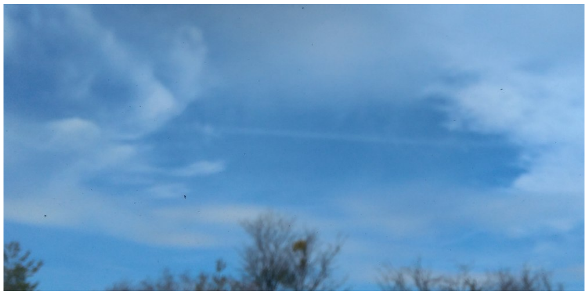
Then I realized that I was staring at another truck that drove right in front of me, and at a "**green blob**", and inside was – a "**d**". That's again the "**green balloon**" or "**blob**" that was given into my hand yesterday?



Just then a car passed by me, with the license plate number "**911** EI". The last day Bob and I spent together … and "EI" can mean "egg" or "I".

It was an amazing experience.

As I "came to" driving, I saw the strangest **cloud** formation, an **arrow point** with another arrow kind of "***reaching right into it***", and it all was **connected by a line!** I was driving fast … and there were all those tunnels, but I managed to take a picture

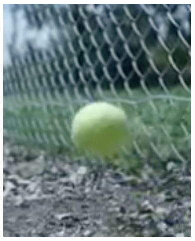
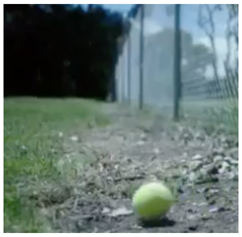
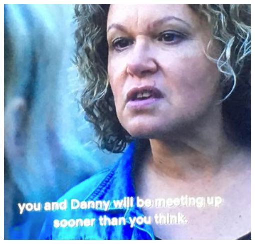
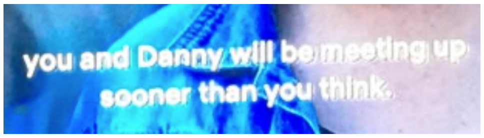


(Later)

Oh motherfucking geezus!

The "**green blob**" appeared again! On "Wentworth", as an actually **green looking** "balloon" like "ball"! Like the one put into my hand! And my name was there, too …

"You and Danny will be meeting up sooner than you think."




you and Danny will be meeting up sooner than you think.

you and Danny will be meeting up sooner than you think.

(***Note***: Something amazing just happened, *today, April 14*, as I'm working on putting the photos into this contact diary section, and I was just dealing with the ***"green ball"*** … and I'm watching the series *"Queen of the South"* on the side … and just now a "**green ball**" showed up, as a boy played with it!)

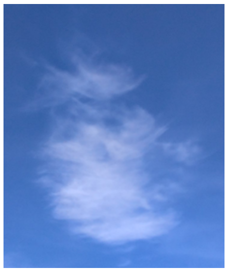
March 29, 2021 **– Alanui Makana & the Potato**

Drove to **St. Andrae** today, first to take a walk between the fields along the river Lavant and then to check out a new dog's raw food store in the rural area there.

So as I was walking towards **Koralpe** mountain, I realized yet again how similar the sight of the mountain is to Haleakala and my beloved **Pukalani** in the middle … Oh I've been there in the last days … so clearly … knowing that I only had to walk down Iolani Street then turn left into Haulani Street and walk to 222 … and there would be my home and Bob. I've been having ***dreams*** … so "real" … but only in my feeling, as I can't remember them as scenes or stories, only glimpses come back to me during my waking time, *and then I know that I experienced something that was not … a dream.*

What an ice-cold awakening everytime.

I saw amazing **clouds** … they seemed to want to tell me something …



I even saw little Marshall in them …

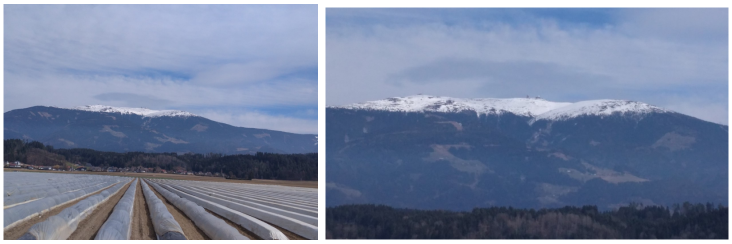
So this morning, Marshall came to check if I was out right away, running to the back of the yard from where he can see my balcony, and I threw something towards the barrier but failed. *And immediately he went under the fence and onto the sheep's meadow again.* I managed to get some treats to him, before M., his owner, arrived back home (before that there were no cars here whatsoever!) … and she saw him in the meadow. Shit! Too early! I saw her come walking into the garden, and I drove off with Jacqui.

On one hand I'm happy that Marshall got a few good experiences and knows now how to escape … on the other hand I worry that his freedom will be restricted more now.

Andrea said something so incredibly stupid last night, that I must really struggle to not get too upset … she said that nobody can go with Marshall because he is so wild, and that ***"They don't understand it because "at dog's school he went so nicely next to the other dogs"!*** Jesus fucking Christ! Nobody ever walks that dog! Nobody practices with him! For months nobody took him out into nature or on the leash! How in the fucking world should he not be wild and excited when someone would go with him! I can barely stand it.

Yes, M. is back from the hospital … I saw her in the garden … ah, I must stop thinking.

So the **clouds** today at **Koralpe mountain** … and in the opposite direction … so intense! Like a **shark** above Koralpe … and a huge **spaceship** facing it … wow.



And then … an **exclamation mark**?

A **strange dot** …? And a **dog**?

And I found myself doing what I had seen *the mother of Dr. Alice* do a while ago … I was squatting facing a **river Lavant and scooping water** with my hands and let it run through my fingers … I did that to share the feeling of nature and outdoors with my mother, as I really hope that I'm able to reach her this way and get her to rediscover her will to go out and about and travel and cook and find friends.

I ended up at the water because of "**two towers of sand**" that were there, made by some kids … but all I could think about was that first year working with Bob, when I built a **sandcastle** for a commercial shoot … I'm sure Bob thought that too.

So walking with Jacqui along the Lavant and between the fields, I asked Bob *to put something into my palm …* and it was a "**potato**". Something that looked like one, and I thought, "well, I'm between raw fields, so … might be just my thinking". Later I did it again, and a heavy silver or gold or metal **chain** appeared, like a **bracelet**.

I found the dog's food seller, a really nice woman named *Jessica K.* in a very nice place next to a dog training center. And as I looked between her stocks on the shelves … I suddenly read "**Alanui**" and "**Makana**" and "**Manako**"! Hawaiian words! It's a company that makes oils, and among them for dogs to eat … wow! "Alanui", "the great pathway" or "path" … "Makana", "the gift" … "Manako", "Mana" meaning "power" or "force" and "Ko" I only know as "sugarcane", but I'll look up what else it means …

It was so surreal to read those **Hawaiian** words in rural Carinthia on a shelf of a store that I had just googled last night on a whim …

Alanui®
Makana®
BIO
HANFÖL

manako.
Hochwertige Speiseöle und Nahrungsergänzungen

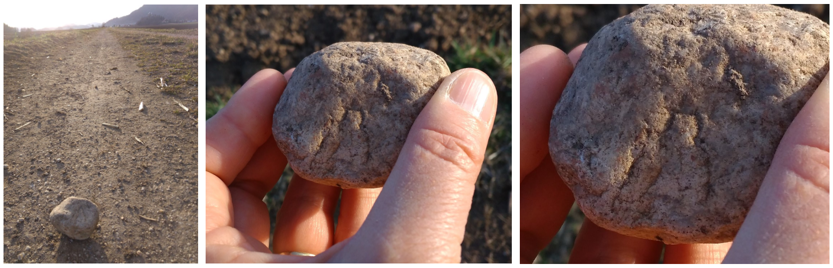
manako®

(Later)

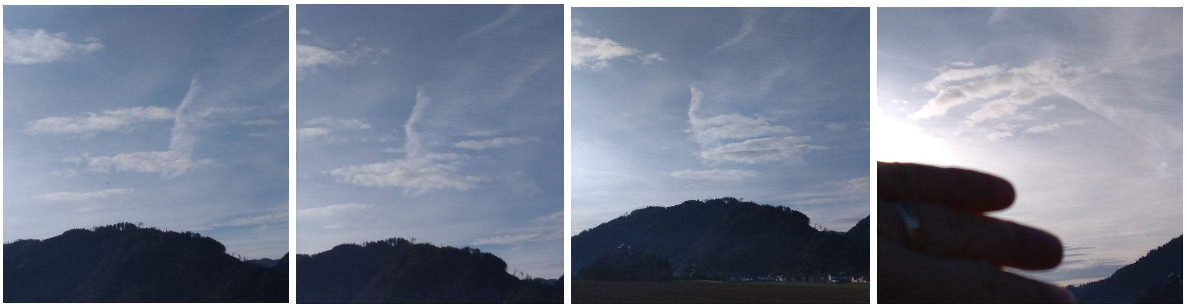
Evening walk with Jacqui at treehouse field, but we didn't go that far … and we walked the reverse round, first south-west and coming back north-west … and as I was walking, I saw "a **potato**"! But it was a **stone**. So I was very baffled, because of the way that "potato" was lying on the path … unique, a strange shape. And I realized: *That's what I have seen in my hand!* I was delighted and yet a bit hesitant in my bafflement …

We walked on, I was heading for a full round, but then I decided suddenly to simply turn around and not walk the part along the street to the north-west part of the path … And there it was: Another "**potato**" but this time … with the **shape of a man** in it! A stone-man! I just can't say more about how I felt and how this empty quiet totally numb feeling spread again … like always when something really deep goes on.

I found a **stoneman**. Looking like a **potato** … *after I had "received" a "**potato**" in the palm of my hand after asking Bob for a message.*



And the **clouds**! Like the number "**4**" … and then they changed.



And two dead **frogs** with one live one. And one uprooted **root**.

March 30, 2021 – **The Chains & the Mirror Image**

Geez, *M., Marshall's owner just* ***lied*** *to my face.* I talked to the animal protection doctor today, and she told me that Marshall's situation has been investigated by the official vet, and "the basic requirements are given", but nothing more. So I thought I make nice and walked up to M., when I saw her in the garden (and M., for the first time today, at 1 p.m.!) and told her where the hole in the fence is, that Marshall used. She claimed that they had found it yesterday, but what she described, was not the hole where he actually went through! She claimed that they had used the camera to follow Marshall's movements and then they walked down there and closed the hole … which is bullshit, as I was at home last night and would have seen them! Also: Marshall would not ever go through the fence unless I throw something smelling really lovely down there. They are clueless lying assholes.

She also said that "for weeks" she had been "watching Marshall" how he walked along the sheep's meadow down to the shelter and back … which is bullshit, because I "taught" Marshall to run down there, find a way behind the garbage and the planks and to find a way to go past the fence, and *he has done that only* ***three times!*** Fucking liar in my face! Now my respect for these fuckers is below zero, way below.

They never walked him for months and months, they left him alone out there month after month, and now she claims that she had known that "he went out regularly". It's just that she doesn't realize that *I had told that Andrea word for word … and Andrea had told her, because none of them had had a clue. And now I heard my own words – and that's why I know she is lying.*

Oh, good, they have no fucking idea that I've been throwing yummies down to the dog for months and that that's how I got him a little exercise by getting him to run back and forth. He waits every day at the fence for me to show up, and Jacqui. What would he do if I wasn't here? The whole winter we did that, while nobody walked him or did anything with him in the garden! It's unbelievable. I taught him to climb and jump … oh I hate those people so much.

(Later)

Received a letter from my father, feared the worst, but then, at least he is still alive, and of course I'm the liar and bad one, but at the same time *he invited me for an Easter snack* and offered again for me to live in the Bungalow. With him, pretty much. Not sure about that.

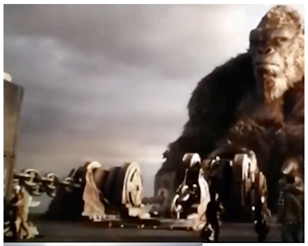
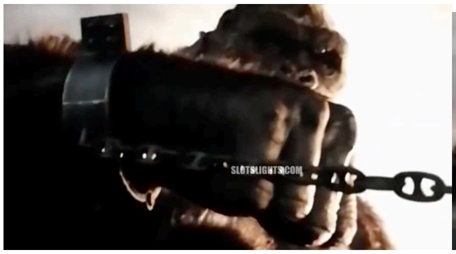
I took a walk with Jacqui by *beaver swamp* to calm myself down and send more energy to my mother … I talked to her on the phone today, and wow! She was entirely normal! She even said things she hasn't said in a long time … something like "once you'll know when your appointment for looking at the apartment is, you let me know?!" I was so happy to hear her like that. Oh I so much want to live up there already!

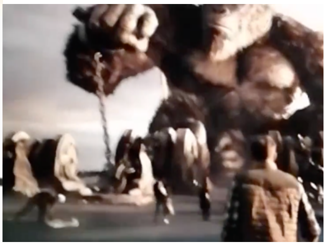
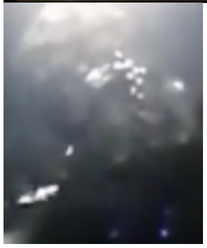
I saw a strange **arrow cloud** … or is it the *dead frog*?

The guy didn't call about the appointment, like he had promised, so I texted, and he called back, and I'll see the apartment tomorrow, 2 pm.

So to take the edge of my emotional turmoil, I decided to watch or skip through **“Godzilla vs. Kong”**, because it has **** (four!) stars on Rogerebert.com, and I really need something big and loud …

And there they were: **Chains**! Big chains around someone’s **wrist**, “like a **bracelet**”, like I had seen on the field yesterday, *in the palm of my hand* … “Kong” is wearing them!

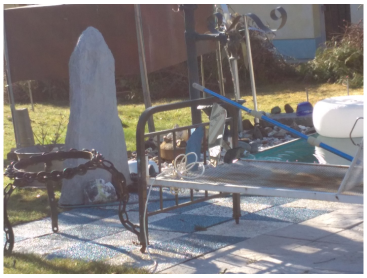
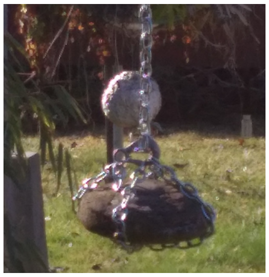
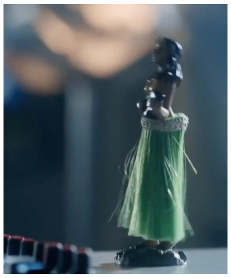



Wow! It works every time! Thanks Bob for telling me that you knew that I was going to watch this movie … so, you also know everything that will happen in my life furtheron?

(Later) It’s unwatchable for me, that movie. Loud and violent and very dumb in terms of what Kong can endure.

Of course … the **“stone in chains”** came to my awareness intensely … I’ve seen it so often … but never really looked at it … next to the lit stone … and the bed. Altogether … just a baffling combination. Like the **“Hula doll”** in an episode of “*Snowpiercer*” …

Oh, I just remember … walking through the forest with Jacqui, we saw first deer race through the forest, and then … two **rabbits** skipped in perfect visibility across the hillside where Jacqui and I were just standing. It was so wonderful to watch. They were long and brown and white … very perfect little creatures. Talk about the perfect manifestation of the “rabbit challenge”.

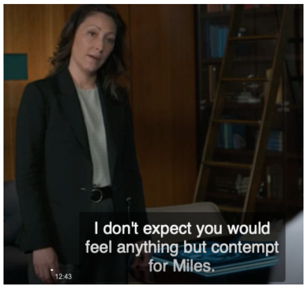
Oh! And something else …

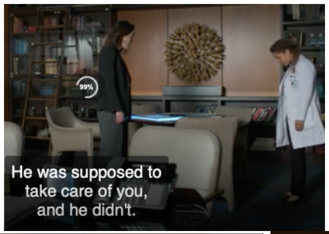
At the tree trunks, I stood facing an interesting image, a kind of “mirror image” of a **slice of wood**, but one real and the other just an impression of it, made of **saw dust**.

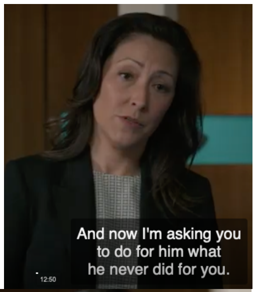
I found two **dead mice** "embracing" each other. I assume they made love when something came and bit them to death … and there they were. Warm and soft when I picked them up and put them into the reeds. It is the time of the toad wandering in the evening … oh shit, so many squished toads on the roads … horrible. Just in this area, because there is a pond and a swamp. I hate that. There was a **sky scenario** with very strange **single little clouds** … as if they were single people or fates.

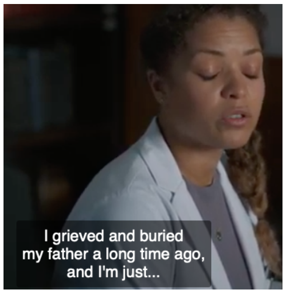
And I saw a dead black and white cat on the side of the road.
Lots of dead stuff … lots of out-of-order bodies. Well, and a live snake.

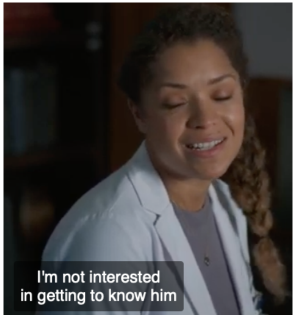
(Later)
I watched ***"The Good Doctor"*** … and there is a whole sequence about the relationship between one of the characters and *her father Miles*, who *abandoned* her when she was about 18, like my father did with me …. Wow, that spoke to me.

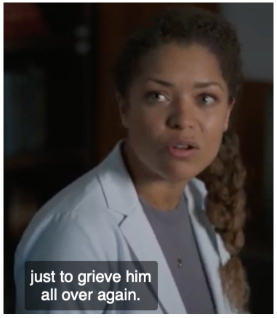

I don't expect you would feel anything but contempt for Miles.

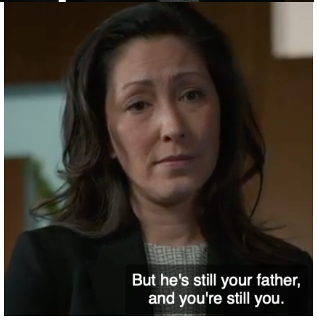

He was supposed to take care of you, and he didn't.

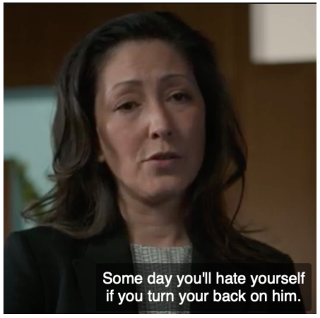

And now I'm asking you to do for him what he never did for you.


I grieved and buried my father a long time ago, and I'm just...


I'm not interested in getting to know him


just to grieve him all over again.


But he's still your father, and you're still you.

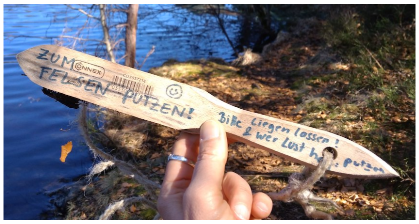

Some day you'll hate yourself if you turn your back on him.

Oh, and there was a **song** … like Bob was singing to me … in a touching scene of two people dancing . like Bob had danced with me at the Maui Arts and Cultural Center so many years ago … when we had prepared for an event and set up the cameras … and while the band had practiced Bob simply took me and danced with me, us two alone on the dance floor, in front of all the already present audience who were waiting for the event to begin. That was the most romantic thing that ever happened in my life.

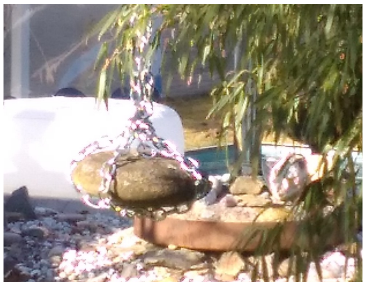
** Maybe I played
My cards wrong
** Oh, just a little bit wrong
** Oh, baby, I-I-I
** Apologize for it
** I could fall, or I could fly
** Here in your aeroplane
** And I could live
** I could die hanging
On the words you say
** And I've been known
To give my all
** Sitting back
** Looking at every mess
That I've made
** So don't call me baby
** Unless you mean it...
** If you don't believe it
** Let me know the truth
** Before I dive
Right into you **

March 31, 2021

Drove to Velden to check out a very interesting apartment … and I walked around lake Saissersee for that … only to find a brush on the path … and it reads: ***"For Rock Cleaning".***



Back in Griffen … I took a good look at the ***"Stone in Chains"*** in the garden of that artist where I walk by every day. How odd … that this is there, *behind the "lit stone next to the bed",* has been all the time, ever since I moved here … in front of a house where always music is playing outside, like it was always to be heard from Bob's edit room. Okay, now I see it … the "***chain***" here too. But I didn't notice it until now. Is that why I received the "chain" in the palm of my hand?



April 1, 2021 – **The Moon Next to Me, 910 DJ and ZOOM 4**

What a **dream** ..

Bob was with me, Bob, the body, **Bob**, massive, Bob like he was, in every detail, doing stuff as if it was the most natural thing, reading, editing, sitting there … and while dreaming I though *"Oh shit that's only a dream"*, but when I woke up, it kept lingering. I woke up several times, and the dream went on … just one aspect came to it: My **mother** had died. I had just found out. And I was devastated.

And: I found myself on the setting of a different dream of many months ago, some kind of **amusement park**, and in my dream I thought it was Disney World. And I walked up a very steep kind of … balustrade or hillside with a sharp drop and a gulch between that narrow patch along that ridge, along a fence, it kind of lead to the entrance of that park, but the park itself was inside a huge building, like a **palace or a space station**, and that was separated from my and others who walked there by that huge gulch. I thought that I'd never make it there … but Bob was with me, and he was confident. It was kind of unclear what his role was. He didn't speak or look at me directly, he was just there, wherever I turned.

And then … a drop in the dream's "feel" … I knew that I had **lost** Bob and my mother. *And I was so desperate … in the dream, I was crying, and I didn't know where to turn to share …*

That for the first time I woke up thinking that mortal life means nothing to me anymore.

It was a spontaneous thought that was just there. I realized that Bob was dead, and that I'm living in constant worries about my mother and my father too … I just don't know where to turn. My longing to be on Maui, to be with Bob … to hear and feel and see him … is just overwhelming today. It's hours since the dream that I'm writing this … and my feeling of this morning is still the same.

I miss Bob and Maui and my life there so much … it feels unbearable right now.

Working this morning, though, I looked aside … I had put my new still empty **wallet** next to me to fill it with the stuff from my old wallet … but hadn't gotten around to it.

Then I looked aside, and the word "**moon**" kind of glared at me.

Moon. That's Bob. That's a tag sticking out from a wallet that I had bought on a whim a week ago … and the last thing I'd have expected is for it to be named "Moon".

Now that I think about it the closeness off "Moon" reflected totally the closeness of Bob … in my dream, this morning and still right now. It's like I could look up and there he'd be. As I'm writing this I'm feeling a stinging pressure on the left side of my neck, as if some "invisible" was poking me there.

Oh I wish.

(Later)

Took Jacqui for a walk in the incredible heat (25 degrees Celsius), talked to my mother on the phone – I think today she was the best since I've seen her again after a long time in September 2019. She talked absolutely normal, no repetitions, nothing forgotten about the past days … it's nearly miraculous. Now I know that she doesn't have "Alzheimer's" …

I was so relieved. And thankful. And the **clouds** … oh wow … they seemed to speak loudly.

SCHLIMMER
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JEDER
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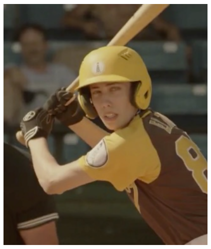
BLINDE
GEHORSAM

Then, after a drive shopping to Billa in Griffen, and after having thought so much about Bob, a car came towards me, with the license plate number "**ZOOM 4**". And I said spontaneously: "So the forth Zoom-meeting will be it? You'll talk to me?" That was so spontaneous. And after that came, also in Griffen: "**910 DJ**". Yup, Bob's car and my initials.

Also, I now remember that yesterday, driving to my mother, I saw "**91 IO**" and then "**910 IF**", and somehow that seemed to mean something, but I don't know what.

(Later)

Picked a series called "***Brockmire***" about a sports announcer … and soon into the first episode, there are a bunch of guys with **yellow helmet-like caps** and then a baseball player with **an actual yellow helmet**! Guess what? Yesterday, taking a walk with Jacqui, *I found a* **yellow worker's helmet** in the bushes … What are the odds? None!



Okay, something just "hit me" … hahaha, it's a series about baseball … and Bob and I used to joke how I just did not "get" that game … the name "**Brockmire**" sounds, spoken sloppily, just like "***Burgmaier***", and that was the guy Bob was working with when I first met him, and who screwed him over so badly and pretty much broke his heart, as Bob had always believed Burgmaier (Kenny) to be his friend. Fuck K., he is still alive while Bob is dead.

Dead.

Also … geez, there was one guy in "Brockmire" who looks exactly like my assface neighbor, poor Marshall's owner.

April 2, 2021, Good Friday **– The Red-Yellow-Blue Stone & The Checkered Fabric**

What a **dream** …

Bob and I arrived on some kind of shallow **ocean** shore or **cove** a small bay or a cove, but with kind of gray water … and he went in to swim, but for some reason I could not join him as I had something else to do … and then there was some kind of confrontation between us because we wouldn't do those things together and he remained in the shallow waters of that small cove, and his face was very tense and borderline hostile …

Then I found myself on a very **steep winding road**, in a **vehicle**, I think my own real life car, and my **mother** was with me! And a huge huge **truck** or **train** came towards us, and it looked like it would crush us, but miraculously there was enough space for us to slip under that train, whose *front lifted* for some reason, and to drive by to the left. I looked into the driver's cabin, and it was a nice man smiling at us … but at the same time he had not slowed down his truck.

Then my memory of the dream becomes garbled …

It was about getting somewhere, and I think it was the same ocean cove … where I wanted my mother to go … and I pointed out that she or we needed to swim way out of that cove where the **water** was **clear** and greenish translucent … but somehow she wouldn't listen. I also was involved in some big task that required me to roam the area and look for people … There was something about a pile of clothes … Oh, now I remember! After the encounter with the truck I ended up sitting in the car, but below the encounter point of before. And there were **people** coming walking down that slope or hillside along the street. A ridge was just above my car ahead. And an old woman came and put a **basket** with clothes and other stuff in it outside on the hood of my car (which I think was my light blue car that I have in real life), and she walked away. So I assumed that it was a **gift**, and I stepped outside and looked into the basket and saw that there were kind of old fashioned fabrics and that they were not my style, black and dark read and silver, but I thought I would still accept them. At the same time there were faces around me, of people who needed me to do something and were waiting for me to proceed. And there was my mother, around me, in good spirits and quite motivated, and I think she wanted me to get going too. There is some kind of side plot in the dream, that keeps flashing into my memory, about … **climbing in some high rock area or wall front of a kind …**

When I had realized that the basket wasn't for me, the woman had only placed it on the hood for storage, the same woman came and grabbed that basket and walked away. There was something, though, that someone did bring for me, coming down that slope and the windy road where the truck had just passed … I think it was some kind of food, something light, beige, yellowish like a soft … gourd? Bread?

And that climbing plot with a very dangerous element that I can still feel keeps seeping into the story …

So whatever I needed to do in that dream …

it simply didn't work out … the weather was dreary, and I think a tidal wave or a storm was threatening … so I ended up being kind of stressed and impatient, yet also content about my mother being around. I also knew that Bob was still in that shallow cove … and I wished for him to come and … well, join me in that steep dangerous climbing situation … but he didn't, I didn't see him again in that dream. It seems now that *in the dream I knew* that I had to accomplish all that stuff *before waking up*, before the dream ended … wow.

Today, that Easter is coming, I'm thinking again about ***Dr. Barbara Thiering*** and her work … and that mankind knows nothing about the real man Jesus Christ, because those in power still uphold that childish "history" … oh, so much I wanted to do with Bob. So much I could or should start … but where should I get the strength and time and resources?

I know I should contact people.

During the morning walk with Jacqui I saw that not too many frogs and toads are dead today, as last night I had carried several of them, some in the love-making process, into safety … and there was a **tiny fire salamander** on the road right in front of me … of course I put him into the grass.

(Later)

Something twofold amazing happened:

I took Jacqui for a walk after two intense hours of editing the **paper** for the three fashion girls … and I had just gone dealt with the chapter about basic colors, but I only got through **Yellow, Blue and Red** … and then I just had to stop, I was exhausted, even though I had intended to finish the whole color chapter before walking.

So I totally wasn't sure where I'd want to walk and drove down the hill … and spontaneously parked at the cemetery and took the little path along the hillside. And there it was, right at the beginning: **a stone, painted with yellow, blue and red!**

Wow! I've seen many of those *painted stones* last year, only one this year, the heart-shaped one the other day, and except this one, ***with the plain colors just as I had finished dealing with those plain colors!***

And it went on:

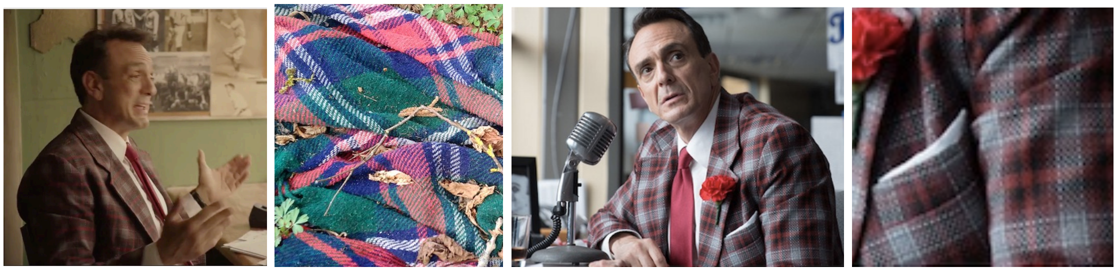
Jacqui and I walked all the way to the Griffen monastery and I saw a woman walk in front of us taking a path between the fields, and I followed her. Then, I saw another turn onto a **path between the fields** that I hadn't ever taken and walked down that one, too.

I walked by the ***backside of the monastery*** and church, and the horse shoes seemed to say "Good luck", and then we ended up at a creek that I only know from the other side. I said to myself, taking pictures "Make sure, Dani, to look at things from the other side, too".

So I walked towards that creek – and I saw something colorful, and in walking closer it turned to be a small **carpet** and **a checkered blanket**, as someone must have had a small picnic there. I took pictures … because something about it was so familiar. Also … an amazing **fish-shaped "puka"** showed up.

I already was on the way back – when it hit me:

Last night I had walked the series “***Brockmire***” and had laughed a few times and asked Bob if he enjoyed that series and wants me to keep watching. And the signature thing about that guy Brockmire is – his ***checkered jacket***! Now – compare!



Was Bob telling me that he is with me totally, all the time?

What a masterwork of communication – again!

And I was even thinking that I need to write to ***Dr. Alic***e ask about Ouija board tryout and more sessions … meaning that I probably should really try out how able I am as a medium?

There was also that car with the license plate “**900 AU**” that I’ve been seeing several times on the highway and in the area … “Au” meaning “I” or “Self” as well as “stream” in Hawaiian.

VK 900 AU
VK 900 AU

And the moon next to my wallet yesterday … does that mean that Bob is working with me on me getting the money I need to “imua” in this life? Only writing the word “imua” makes me hear Bob say it, and my motivation just drowns in nauseating despair and loss and grief.

And as I walked back along the new field path, I ate an apple and a chocolate candy (Mozartkugel) – and I totally projected the experience onto Bob and onto Edith. And then I took in the landscape and the wind and the sun again and directed everything to my mother.

Then I had the courage to call my father to ask about the Sunday invitation. He was nice and crying, and my heart went out to him. Okay, I’ll try. I talked to my mother – and again! Totally sober, entirely clear, no signs of dementia, nothing forgotten, no repetition, no slurred speech. Maybe that new nutrition I have been giving her with the chemical that enhances synaptic processes in people with early dementia stages does help her?

Oh, it was so good to talk with her about the Easter snack that we'll have tomorrow! And with my father on Sunday. I'm mourning Edith a lot, I realized that on the field when I only imagined being in the house without her. My father wouldn't believe it, but it's hard for me too.

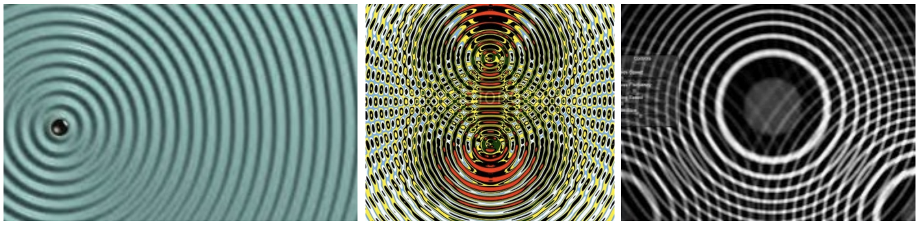
I realized that my relationship with my parents is really good now.

April 3, 2021, Easter Saturday – **Moon Dream & the Circular Waves**

Wow, woke up from an extremely strange **dream**, a scientific one of sorts. Unfortunately I neglected writing it down before walking my dog in the morning, so I forgot a lot … but it was a scientific project related to **measuring the moon**, that much I remember.

I was in a **train**, but then also out of that train … that moved through some countryside in sunny weather, and I found myself on some grassy **landscape** with forests around, and a scientist, some **handsome tall man** who I couldn't see clearly, and he had an assistant, also male, I think. The three of us had gotten off that train somehow, feels like we escaped, and I was surprise to learn that the man was a scientist … because I too was in some way involved in some serious project.

So at some point he, his assistant and I were there, next to the train track, and he **showed** me something, I think a map, and he tried to entice me for the project, telling me that it was about ***"the shadow of the moon"***. And there were some circular **tech-drawings** depicting something like sound **waves** or the waves in the water after throwing in a stone, and the scientist (I think wearing a brown jacket) said … but now it feels like I said it … *that it was not clear and must be verified if that's emanation from the moon itself or if it was from Earth and only reflected by the moon.*



I think I woke up in between, for brief moments, surprised about that kind of dream … and then I dreamed on, and to prove to the man that I was the right person to join him in his research, I told him that **I could fly.** While dreaming I thought, kind of, that hopefully I was able to pull it off, as I had many times, just I had to do it impromptu. So *I walked next to that scientist guy* and took all my self-trust and inner effort and *really lifted off so that I was hovering above the ground, my legs straight and my arms stretched out to my sides* … and I really managed to "fly" that way. The scientist was so baffled, that he couldn't say anything. But I said that I knew that this was very unusual and that I was a special person for being able to fly by will, and to do levitation deliberately. At some point I remembered to focus upward, and as soon as I changed my position into vertical, I really took off and drifted higher, but then I didn't really dare to go horizontal again in that altitude and came back down. The scientist though, applauded my abilities and was actually totally smitten by my abilities. So in the dream it was clear that we were going to be a research team.

A lot of other stuff happened then, but I can't recall … I was on some kind of mission, and in a room, taking or bringing stuff …

All the while I was aware that I was going to be part of that project **finding out** if the **moon** itself was **emanating force** or if that, what the scientist has measured and depicted, was a reflection of Earth's energy bouncing off of the moon's surface.

I woke up with the feeling that I didn't want to be awake but keep on dreaming. But like always, my dog was there, needing to get out, … so at some point I was able to shake off that morning doze that I always have and that makes me want to keep staying in the dream state … and the "waking up" always comes with some small but very powerful inner shift, and today it was very clear and in my awareness, like some "plug" was remove inside of my head, and I said to myself in my mind, but awake "That's clear now, something has shifted, I can be awake now."

That was really very strange and in a way exciting.

The weather sucks, though, the sudden temperature drop causes me headache.
But I'm looking forward to have the Easter snack with my mother today. Will cook sausages and make horseradish-egg-vinegar-mix.

Hopefully I'll be able to recall more details of that wondrous dream.

(Later)
Drove to my mother …

Before that I took Jacqui for a short round to the *treehouse field* … and there was a ***hunter's stand*** that we pass every time … this time, we had just walked by it – when the ***door flung open*** … by the wind. But we were thoroughly startled.

On the way to my mother, some interesting license plate numbers, first "**205 HI**", and "250" was Bob's phone number, and "HI" is Hawaii. Later, there were **amazing clouds** that looked like the interlocking **pieces** of a **puzzle**.

Then "**JO ETK 1**", no idea, what it means – but it drove by me when I was in a tunnel and thought about last time, when Bob and I "**met" in the hallway-tunnel** …
And sure enough, *an impression of Bob came up*, holding some kind of ***dish printed with flowers*** towards me. Didn't see what was in it.
By the way …
Yesterday, I had some kind of … I don't know … imagination, vision … and strangely it had to do with landlady Andrea's mom and that she had died … and for some reason, the word "**Mandelblüte**" came to my mind, "**almond blossoms**" … I had to think about that again.

Also, there were "**911 CG**" and "**800 DJ**" …

My mother … it was touching and disheartening at the same time, my visit with her. She has such a hard time chewing, I had no idea. I watched her eat, and it was like I wasn't even there, she cut everything up in tiny pieces … and the realization of the fact that she has really aged, struck me like never before. I realized for the first time, that dementia or not, my mother is simply … old now.

But I also realized, listening to her perfect speaking that dementia isn't supposed to be her final "disease". I wish I'd be in Velden, and I could spend more time with her … I'm sure I could help her …

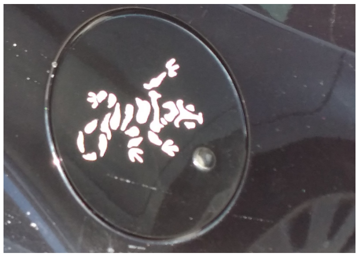
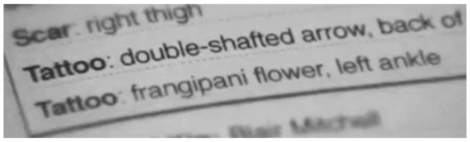
The Dead Are Alive!

I watched some "***Wentworth***" … and to my surprise, the dead son, "**Danny**", of a grieving mother, "Marie", appeared to her and gave her peace, because *proving to her that he is still alive!* (I can't help but notice that this theme shows up in many movies, that "dead people" appear to mortals …)

SIGHS: Oh Danny.

There is also a **fire** in front of **clouds** painted on a wall *(**Note**: I wasn't sure why that scene attracted me, I'd find out exactly one month later, on May 3*) … and there was a mentioning of my favorite Maui flowers, "**Frangipani**" or "*Plumeria*" … interestingly connected to a "**foot**" … and I'm so flashing back to me coming home to Bob after a swim and saying *"Something touched my foot!"* And something had, in the water, every time.

And, before driving to my mother, I encountered a nice woman on a parking lot, we chatted briefly about the walk along the creek for her and her dog, and then I saw the "**mo'o**" on her car … it seems to be showing up recently all over the place, the "mo'o", the symbol for – me.

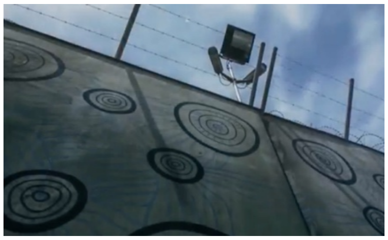



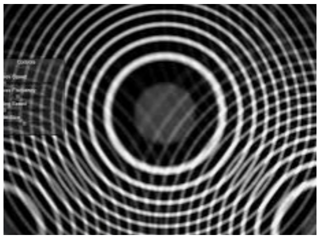
Scar: right thigh
Tattoo: double-shafted arrow, back of
Tattoo: frangipani flower, left ankle

And …

Oh wow! The **circular patterns** *from my **dream*** appeared, too! Remember? Just a page earlier:

*"And there were some circular **tech-drawings** depicting something like sound **waves** or the waves in the water after throwing in a stone, and the scientist (I think wearing a brown jacket) said … but now it feels like I said it … that it was not clear and must be verified if that's emanation from the moon itself or if it was from Earth and only reflected by the moon."*





April 4, 2021

Jesus
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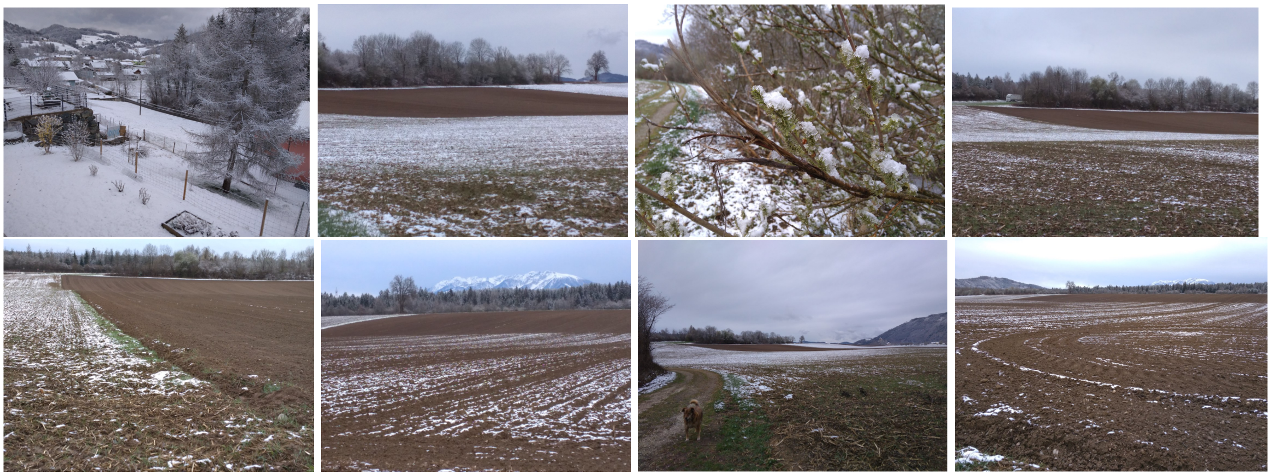
Schlossberg mountain, during a noon break walk with Jacqui …

April 6, 2021 – **Puzzling**

Oh wow, "C" wrote that she received a Hawaii-puzzle for Easter! I had asked my mother and my father if they wanted a puzzle, and in "***Wentworth***", the character "Joan" played a ***puzzle*** in her cell, and I noticed it!

"C" sent me a lot of interesting things … she broke a *statue* that connected her with her late father, and I had *dreamed of a statue type of thing on March 14 …*

It snowed last night. And I noticed a fascinating thing about it … when Jacqui and I went along the treehouse field path … parts of the **ground** must be **warmer** than others, because the snow isn't lying equally … It gave me such a vivid impression of the ***energetics*** all over this mortal obstructed realm … and the patterns created by the tractor also seemed to remind me of the "au", the energetic current that's everywhere … always …



April 7, 2021 – **The Island Hugs**

I don't want to even write about what I did.

I had another odd **dream** – I was with ***Keanu Reeves***, and we had a ***baby*** together, but I couldn't commit, and the relationship was complicated, and weirdly I can't recall any other details.

I had tried to call my father yesterday may times, no response. This morning not either.

So I kind of dove headfirst into my nostalgia about living in Hawaii with Bob … and my "other self" that believes in the projects and filmmaking and all kicked in hard … and I emailed to John fucking W. Yup, did that. I asked him if he was any interested in the projects Bob and I had had in the planning and in CineDip.

It felt normal to do it.

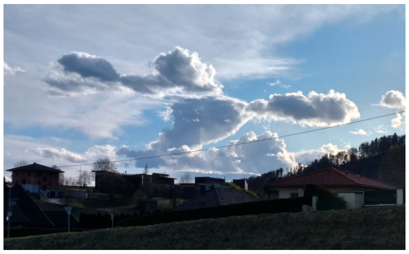
Somehow. I wasn't even excited much … not even now I am, at 9 pm.

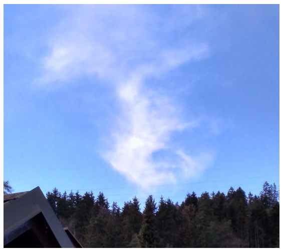
Of course I totally ***demanded*** of Bob to confirm that he knows what I did and to let me know what he thinks about this outrage.

I tried to call my father, nothing, he didn't pick up.

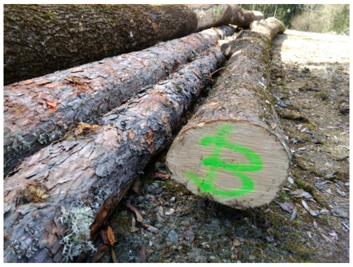
Since I had bought some essential oil – Zirbe – for my mother yesterday and the jobs were slow, I drove to Velden. I just looked up "Zirbenbaum", it's **Stone pine tree**. No kidding! The fragrance is supposed to be healing in so many ways … wow.

A **cloud** I saw this morning really looked like a "**stone tree**" … doesn't it? Also, there was an "E"-cloud.





And … I came by a "**B**" on a treetrunk the other day …



So on the way, driving on the highway, I was still baffled about myself about having written to John the fuckhead W. … and I really needed Bob to let me know he knows and is here! Nothing.

And suddenly, a tiny car overtook me and cut in right in front of me, a Minicooper, and its license plate read: "VI **XXX 1**"! So spontaneously I read – and "said it" in my mind – ***"Three hugs, and you're the best, thumbs up!"*** Because the "X" means "hug" and "1" meant "thumbs up" at that moment. I was kind of thrilled, and then I saw it: Above the license plate number was a sticker, and it read "**IBIZA**" with an **island motive and a palm tree**! There! The island was greeting me! An island! I would have been asked too much if "Hawaii" would have been there or "Maui"! But the "hugs" … and Bob always ended his emails with "hugs" and the "island" … that was a message!

Right then, “**21 JO**” overtook me.

I stopped on the way before Velden and called my father one more time – and he picked up! He was so bitter and angry and hateful … if I hadn’t made up my mind to never ever let him provoke me again and to always see him as the suffering old clueless mentally and emotionally ill man that he his, I could have been seriously insulted and offended again. But so I simply comforted him and diverted his attention to other themes in the middle of his ranting, and I stayed entirely calm inside. I can only imagine how lonely and abandoned he feels, without any spiritual background at all. And I kept thinking all that how of all people I’m now stuck with helping my father … the worst influence on my life of them all.

I visited my mother and brought her the Stone pine oil … and she was sweet and entirely normal! Not one sign of dementia! She was at the hairdressers and was very pretty … and I was so relieved. She talks differently now, her field of interest is so much wider now …. It’s just wonderful. I have hopes that we’ll be able to do things together.

She loves to be home and watch TV and drive shopping every day … she looks healthy and liked the Zirbenoil.

It’s supposed to ease the mind and everything, so I’ll soak my car tomorrow, when my father and I go shopping.

He had not answered the phone so that he can then say that I didn’t care about him … but his game doesn’t work with me. He is at odds with that Picej guy too, who hasn’t called him, although he promised … I know that my father is deadly insulted that Picej didn’t show on Easter Saturday, but that’s a family day … but my father is the least insightful person on the planet, so Picej probably now knows him a little bit the way my father always was to me and Edith.

My father told me that he has a vaccination appointment on Saturday, but we had agreed to go shopping on Saturday, which he totally ignored. So we’ll go on Friday. Geez, I really try to be of help.

On the way back, right back on the highway, **“MB 222**” overtook me! Wow, someone has chosen Bob’s an my home number “222” as a license plate number. And drove by me, as I was thinking of Bob. And soon after: “**910 IF**”. Seeing these numbers … makes me profoundly sad, even though I don’t have to cry anymore.

Nature … always reminds me that we are ***vessels*** that dwell in a material environment. Snow fell for just a few minutes … while I was driving, feeling “safe” in my good Ford.

April 9, 2021 – **Flat Bob with a Skirt, the Batter, the Rabbit Ears & the Woman on the Wall with Naupaka**

What a day.

It feels overwhelming at times, having to write down and document all these events, because I really doubt that anyone could possible get it how significant they are and actually how accurate and efficient in terms of inter-realm communication. Who will read it all? Who will make the most of it – benefiting mankind?

Today was shopping day with my father. I was nervous in the morning … but I took heart-drops (Crataegus) to support myself.

So I drove to Velden, strange thought to not visit my mother … and in the first tunnel, the "**Hallway**" image came right back to me … like it had started on March 28 … and I said to Bob ***"You want to meet in the tunnel?"*** And I put myself in that strange "retreated" state that's only an overlay of my fully aware and awake state, as I'm driving at 100 km/h through a tunnel, with other cars … but I still manage "to be in the hallway of housie on Maui" … feeling the carpet floor, the walls, seeing the house, everything …

And ***Bob showed up.***

It's a very strange state and "method" because I'm aware that I might try to imagine something, but I'm learning to empty my mind for just seconds, and not expect anything, only ***"be in the hallway of housie on Maui"***, and just then, *something shows up* … this time, it was ***Bob, leaning at the wall*** in the hallway, as if he was glued to it flat. I saw it in my mind and thought, well, that leaning position … that's kind of … obvious … kind of me, thinking of Bob that way, isn't it? Then, right after that thought, B*ob began to "flow" through the walls of that housie hallway, like a swishing stream of Bob-color,* coming out of the bathroom door floating across the hallway and just seeping into the wall to come back out at another spot …

So the tunnel was finished … I drove on, smiling, as Bob had "played spirit" like that …

And the next tunnel came. This time, he turned sideways and then to me and ***pointing both index fingers*** at me, in a playful way, like he had done so often, as if they were "pistols", grinning and being in a good mood. The tunnel was short … and I said to Bob *"Oh wow, the double pistol … you better confirm that this is really you …"*

I had barely finished the thought, when a car drove by with the number "**66**" as a **sticker** on the back! I was thrilled … but cautious. Just then, a car with "**666 HO**" as license plate number drove by! And I knew … okay, the "double 6" was the "proof" that Bob had "heard" "*the double pistol*"!

Then … a long tunnel came:

Bob was there, ***pulling a funny kind of female face***, standing up straight, **wearing a headscarf**, something with a pattern, colorful and white, but not in a Muslim way, but in an old-fashioned Austrian country-style way … ***tied under the chin.*** And he was holding a **bowl** like for making dough and stirring in it with some **cooking spoon**, and both tools were very light beige or gray … I wanted to see what was in that bowl, but there was nothing …

The tunnel ended, and I said "Wow, really, what does that mean … cooking … stirring …. my grandmother …"?

In the next tunnel, Bob was there again with the ***bowl***, but this time he wore some kind of "***rabbit ears***"! Not real ears, like a costume for carnival or for children's play … And I thought, well, I'm imagining this now, but still, they just appeared on his head … then, in the next tunnel … he wore the kind of ***brown fake-fur cap*** that I used to have as a child … actually, that my (maternal) grandmother Maria made for me …

In the next, a very long tunnel, Bob was back with the head scarf, and this time, he wore a ***skirt***, and I could see his bare legs with bent knees as if he was dancing old-style "hula" kahiko … and the skirt was colorful with some strange pattern that I couldn't really see well, but it was red green black brown white yellow, small patterns, maybe flowers and geometrical patterns …

I always say out loud, while driving, what I've seen … to explain to Bob how the experience was from my side. So I did that … while driving on.

Right then, "**911 CS**" drove by …

So after the tunnel I thought that it has to do with "kupuna", elderly … and in a way I wanted to think that it meant that some "kupuna" was with me, maybe my grandmother Maria … then I thought that it might be **Edith**, because of the cooking bowl … *it was Edith's big thing, cooking and stirring and baking* …

Wow,

I got that strange numb feeling that I often have when things play out so directly and on the nose …

Then "**K 250**" drove by, and that's in itself amazing that someone chose the number "250" that means so much to me as the first numbers of Bob's phone number that I've heard him say so often … "two five oh, eight oh, three oh". Oh Bob. Then "**100 BS**" drove by … all of those were like sparks in the "regular world", like me being in the beyond so naturally … that I couldn't believe it was real.

Then I arrived in Velden … and as I drove off the highway, along the winding exit, I looked to the side – and there was a **rabbit head** painted on the **sidewall of a tunnel!** Somehow I must find a way to photograph that, t's right by the highway … but I was so baffled, that I "shut up inside". The numb feeling again.

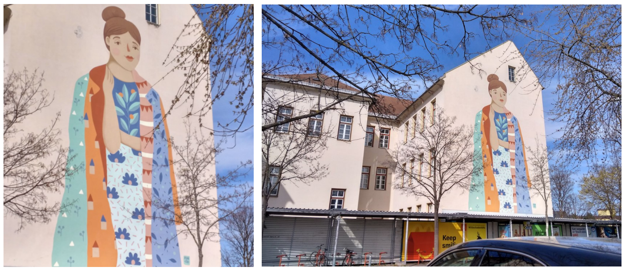
So I saw my father … and I don't want to go into details, he is just so bitter and nasty, also to his poor dog, and angry and volatile, and yet, so frail and afraid and sad … So I did my best … it was fine. I never let him provoke me, and he began to relax. It was touching to see him like that, so confused at times, so embarrassed, so bitter, and yet, sometimes even cheerful … I can make him feel better, I realized this today.

After doing some shopping, we needed to go to a hearing aid place – **HA! Just now, this second, the "rabbit ears" on Bob's head make total sense!** A **hearing** aid dealership place! **Ears**! **Hearing**! Okay. Well … wait for it!

So we parked on a huge, nearly empty parking lot, and my father went to the hearing aid place to get batteries.

OH! Something else! **BATTERIES**! The **bowl**! To make dough or … **batter**! And now … the pinnacle:

I left the car on the parking lot to take a short walk with Jacqui, and there was a huge **wall** of a house, and there **was a woman in a dress with a colorful pattern in that dress!**



Geezahz!

Bob in the tunnel … being flat on the wall, disappearing in the wall, ***wearing a colorful skirt*** … and here, in real life*, rabbit head, hearing aid, batter … and a woman on a wall! In a colorful dress with a strange pattern!*

So …

Well … **Bob told me that he knows what I'm doing** … that he knows ahead of time and that I am able to "get it"! It would only later show itself, but I was able to "receive" the imagery, and very clear imagery at that.

Wow.

This I must digest.

I feel battered.

Hahahaha.

Also …

On the way back, right after turning onto the highway, a car with "**250 TX**" drove by me. Is that a "Thanks"? And the "**FA 888**" looked interesting, too.

I was so touched by the experiences with my father, being in his and Edith's garden, then walking with Sandy and Jacqui … I stretched my hand out and asked Edith to put something into my palm … and something like "**red jelly with edges**" appeared. It seemed to be soft, but it can also be some kind of **big red glass crystal** …?

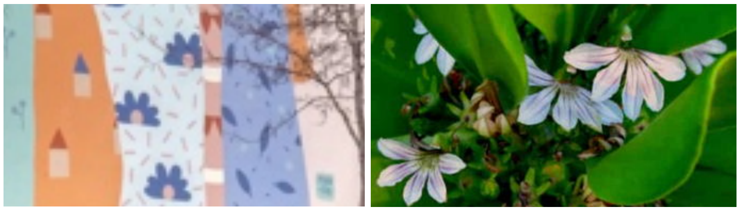
Forgot to mention, that on the way to Velden, before the tunnels, I switched on some Opera music, for Edith. She love it. I hope she is content with the way my father and I did things today.

That woman on the wall … it's a bit like Edith. Edith used to be on that parking lot with my father … she also had hearing aids. And just weeks before she died, she had a bad case of sudden partial hearing loss. And the "batter" and the "batteries" … oh wow, it's really funny. For the life of me I couldn't make sense of the bowl and the "batter" I couldn't see … well, the batteries of hearing aids are very small indeed.

What an amazing event of … well, communication, I'd say.

(Later)

Oh, *I just discovered something!* As I looked at the photograph of the woman on the **wall** … she has *half flowers on her dress!* ***Half flowers***! Like the **Naupaka** flowers of Hawaii! Bob's and my favorite story!



Is that the "**kupuna**" impression I had when he "did" the "dancing bowl stirring rabbit eared woman"?

*(**Note**: It's today May 31, as I'm editing this part, I just realized something: **Bob** with the "**rabbit** ears" together with the "**Naupaka**" pattern on the dress … this contact diary is entitled "Naupaka Bunny"?! Wow.)*

April 10, 2021
An interesting **cloud** above a building site … looks like a hand forming a “C”. Like “my” “C”?

April 11, 2021, Sunday – **Being with Bob, Glass with Yellow Liquid, Red Crystal**

What a day … it ended, so far, with me taking Jacqui back to the car after a walk in Griffen, and suddenly I said out loud “I’m my father’s teacher … fuck me.”

Yesterday, when I called him to ask how he was after his Corona vaccination, he gave me so much shit, that I broke out crying and hung up. He tried to call several times, but I didn’t pick up. Then Inge called and asked for help with her new printer, and only later last night my father called again, and I answered, and he invited me to come eat the last part of the Easter ham. I agreed, only because I wanted to visit my mother and to check how my father was doing after the vaccination.

This morning, I woke up kind of still dreaming … as the **dream** was such an intense connect to real life that it’s still in me and around me … later in the car, I thought “Wow, that dream was some kind of treat to give me some juice for today”.

Bob was with me! We were together! And in the dream while dreaming I kind of thought that to myself, “*Wow, this is Bob and this is me, and we are so close, we are together, and we’re doing stuff* …” It was in some kind of resort on some kind of cliff with a grandiose view over the **turquoise blue wide ocean**, the blue the ocean has when the underground is a certain “gravel” kind (Kies in German) … and the ocean was **divided** with some kind of pathway or beach or even a fence … a little like Maui and the valley isthmus, but there was no valley, it was just some kind of line like a **beach** that **divided** the two parts of the huge wide ocean in the **bright sunshine.**

I was with Bob … but what we did, I can’t remember, I only see him there, next to me, in front of me, thought not facing me directly, tall and handsome and **smiling** big and happy, wearing something turquoise too, knowing that I was happy that he was there, but he could not talk to me directly.

Then I found myself … and I was wandering around in that **strange cliff-village** with a **backpack** as it seems, and I needed to reach a **train station** or an **airport**, … on the edge of that cliff, with the most grandiose overview … just now I remember that some kind of low key **chase** was on, too, and I think I was the one chasing someone else, but it was not Bob!

So I found myself in a **building** that contained a bathroom, yes, **restroom**, and another **woman** came in after me, and I knew in the dream, that I had met her before during that chase and that she had some kind of role … right now I remember that she was a familiar person, maybe even a friend or associate. In that restroom, she was just there while I was trying to figure out where the way to the airport was and … yes, now I remember, how to find Bob again. Who was not with me anymore. It feels like I had to make a **choice** between wanting to find Bob or the train station or airport, and I talked to that woman about it, and right now the word “twin” shot into my mind when I though about that person … who was shorter than me … and at the same time it feels like I was “turned towards the outside” the whole time, the outside of that building, towards the ocean, back to the things I had just done … and that person, right now it feels more like it was a **man**? … she or he simply left that restroom with several stalls, it was clean and airy, and the building and *I knew that the person would find her or his way through a labyrinth of* ***narrow alleys*** *and pathways in that cliff village,* and if I didn’t follow, I’d **never** find my way through … and just as I was going to run after that person, I looked back … There were other people who also had to find their way through those pathways … somehow we got separated. There was an element in that dream that had to do with **clothes** …

… and my **red scarf** that in real life I had just washed yesterday and folded and put away into the armoire, was lying in one of the stalls on the floor, open … and I bent down to pick it up and ***knew in the dream that I had just washed and folded that scarf in real life!*** As soon as I thought in my dream that this part was from real life … I woke up.

As I drove to Velden, I was very worried about losing my shit with my father again … but suddenly I had a flash of Bob … and I said out loud "***Oh, you want to do a hallway meeting?***" And the first tunnel was there …

And right away, he showed up, **holding a box** that contained tools or at least heavy stuff … in the next tunnel, he was leaning next to the bathroom door and **stretching out his leg** so that it almost touched the other side of the hallway, where the sliding door was behind which was all the office materials and other stuff that Bob had bought over the year. In that *sliding door cabinet* was also the packaging materials that Bob used a gazillion times to sent off DVD of "Taylor Camp" … he had all that work for so long, printing the DVD, packaging, addressing, sending off, while John fucking W. and Tom ass V. were just "filmmakers" … none of them ever had to do with that fucking work of sending off ordered DVD … and Bob did it and hate it, but he had no choice. So many times I watched him and so much wanted to talk about it, but our relationship was so precarious …

So the stretched out leg … did it mean I had to stop and take a moment and look or ponder? Because now he took a **bigger box with a lid** out of the cabinet … exactly the one where all the packaging materials were in real life.

In the next tunnel, he held a **glass at me with a yellow liquid** in it …

Well, this morning before driving off (just barely an hour before that vision) I did see scenes where prisoners from "***Wentworth***" were **peeing** in transparent cups … so ***yellow liquid*?**

Maybe the stretched out leg kind of signifies "*prison*", not being about to get out? That's an interesting thought!

I don't know what the glass with the yellow liquid could mean otherwise …

So in the next tunnel, my I noticed a large ventilator close to the tunnel's ceiling … and Bob showed up and began to swirl around himself in front of me in the hallway – and he got so fast that he swished off like a genie or a whirlwind up and away out of the hallway …

And I was out of the tunnel.

I thought about that stuff while driving on … maybe it's about me having to "sort things out" (the tools and stuff in the first box) … and maybe it's a reference to me having written to John fucking W. and not having checked for a response yet … and that once I'll have the right momentum, I'll be able to take off and do what I want and go where I want … while right now … the stretched out leg blocking the path … I must stand back and look closely and open boxes, take lids of stuff I didn't look at … and sort things out.

It may ever relate to the many unpacked boxes with all the Maui stuff that is now with Bob's sister Joyce …

On the highway on the way to Velden, a car passed by me, extremely fast, with the license plate number "**XXKX 1**" … which baffled me, because last time, it had been "**XXX 1**", and now "**XXKX 1**" … feels like "***many thousand hugs***" …

Oh, these hallway meetings … I wish I could share them with someone, someone, who'd understand. If Bob was still alive and I'd have these experiences with someone else, he'd be so interested and totally listen.

I think if people pay attention closely to what they did in real life they can totally relate to the one that passed on and make up means and places of connection … of communication, like Bob and I do in our hallway. Of course, I know that hallway so intensely, how the carpet felt differently in different spots, and the lighting … the painted walls, the sliding door and how hard it went, the noise when it moved … the bathroom … the knob … the feeling and sound when it opened …

Living on Maui those years … every detail is burned into me … **Maybe that's why Bob and I can communicate now so well? Because I do think that we do communicate really really well.**

So my father was nice when I came … and we ate ham and eggs with horse radish and sweet bread … but he is totally pro vaccination … and again, whatever we talked about, he tried to be right and have his way and perspective be the "proper" and "true" one … he really tries to deny and reject literally everything I said … but I simply kept talking and ignored his disrespectful ways … and I think he took much effort to discipline himself after yesterday's blowup.

So it was an okay meeting. I taped a little precious part of what he said about Picej and how he doesn't trust him.

Dog Sandy was very happy … but I'm worried because she stands in a weird way with her legs trembling and her paw joint kind of bent … my father says it's normal, but I don't think so.

I went to visit my mother … and she was totally rosy in the face and cheerful and nice … but no sign of any food anywhere … and she wasn't talkative, it was very hard for me to find something to talk about. And she refused to go outside again. Which begins to frustrate me. Because going on walks together would make all the difference.

I did go into the forest with Jacqui … and there was **triangle** made of **broken trees** that attracted my attention …

I felt the cool wind and smelled the forest … and I projected it all on my mother.

(Later)

On the way back, driving from Velden to Griffen …. in a few tunnels, I had a "***hallway vision"*** again … but this time, strangely I felt drawn and dragged into the **bathroom** that was on the left side of the hallway towards the exit … it was so real, I saw and felt and smelled everything, I turned and looked around and saw everything again … so I really "went in there and **locked** the **door** from the inside" like I had done so many times in all those years in real life. My longing for that time kind of flooded me … but I felt urged to "let go" of that real life yearning and sadness and ***allow Bob to show up*** in another tunnel in a "hallway vision". I saw him **sit down** in the housie-hallway **with his back to the bathroom door** behind which I was … and I could see him in the hallway from the kitchen-towards-hallway perspective and at the same time I saw myself, from next to me and from my own perspective, in the bathroom and him sitting outside. And he pressed his hands at the bathroom door longing to be with me in there, and I saw us both on either side of the wall … then he sat down and smoked a cigarette!

I asked him what he was doing, and he said "*I'm smoking our cigarette*" and I thought that this was a small little ritual we had done together for a while, just one "American Spirit", on the stoop in the carport … sitting together in the night … many times …

And the “vision” was gone quickly … but I knew it meant that we are together still, that we are only separated and that I must trust that ***Bob is just “beyond the door” or “the wall”.***

My father told me today that *he **dreams** of Edith* every night … and I think I’ll eventually have to talk to him much more about how it is the experience things in real life and then share the experience again in the unobstructed realm … For now he doesn’t take anything serious that I say “about the ghosts” … but he does bring the stuff up at times. I realized again, today, how fragile and old he is and how much he needs my help.

Back in Griffen, I took Jacqui for a walk along the creek … and we met a man with his dog Lucy who Jacqui loves, and the guy and I chatted a while. His partner had warned me the other day about the poison baits laid out in Griffen for dogs … a dog who I know, Lucky, had eaten one and almost died!

So we were chatting and I asked where we could call each other on a first name basis, and I introduced myself, and he said his name was Wolfgang. When I asked him, what his partner’s name was, who had warned me about the poison when I had met her by chance at a store where she works as a cashier, he said “**Edith**”.

Back home in my Griffen apartment, I saw the most amazing **“puka” in the sky** … my beloved “Pukalani”, I miss it so much … and also I realized a mountain site that looks like a “**crater**” …

(Later)

Yesterday I asked **Edith** to “*put something into my hand*” … **and a red crystal or jelly like thing** appeared … just earlier, when I stood in the kitchen, I looked up … and I realized that “red jelly crystal” like beads are hanging over me … all the time.

Does that mean … *Edith is watching over what I do* … and I’d really like this? That she sees me and wants me to know? It must be so exciting for her to see now her mortal self’s role in the whole story … and my father’s role and mine … I wish so much for her to be so happy …

Also … I opened a **praline**, a “Mozart Kugel”, and the chocolate cover had a crack … looked like the “Pukalani” I had seen earlier. (That’s far-fetched, of course, but kind of fun, too.)

(Later) **Glass with yellow liquid!**

Wow! On "**Wentworth**", a **glass with a yellow liquid** showed up!

It's not like glasses with yellow liquids are to be seen in any movies all the time! But ***today … after Bob showed me a glass with a yellow liquid in a "prison"-kind-of-scenario it showed up in a prison-movie-scene!***
There!
I love watching ***"Wentworth"*** … while preparing and inserting the photographs for this contact diary! And Bob knows it. And he is watching with me.

It feels in a numbing way "normal" to see those images and then experience something in real life that reflects them right back to me.

April 12, 2021
Dream!
Mother! Ocean! My longing for my time on Maui with Bob … some kind of **resort apartment** to move in with **my mother and my brother** … me crying and grieving, an early day, the **sun** comes up and I try to tell my mother who is at the same time my friend Elisabeth how it was so often on Maui, when the warmth set in so early for another hot wonderful day on Maui … I was so desperate … and in my dream I struggled so hard to get back to Maui and "be there" … and it worked! Suddenly **Bob was there**, but I had to "hang on" and keep imagining the times on Maui and that made him manifest more … and I asked him questions why he had done this and that … and suddenly it was possible that we'd really "be" there again and live there again and be together …

And then the fucking visitor of my neighbor (in real life) went out on the balcony and talked in full volume and I woke up. I was devastated, because I had just managed to be with Bob again!

But I fell asleep again, and now ***the same dream went on*** but mixed with other aspects. Bob was gone, but I was still in that **ocean site resort,** and this time I was in some kind of **shower** room with several showers, and all were busy. And I had been roaming outside looking for Bob, and when a woman left the shower, I strove to get there, but she wanted her husband to shower … but I insisted. And I got into the shower, where I felt strangely protected. At the same time, though, I was in a new apartment that my **mother** = **Elisabeth**, my brother **Peter** and I were to move into … all the time I talked about Bob and how I could find him again if we lived there … I found myself in a room that I thought was the kitchen, and there was a narrow passage from the door between some items like boxes and a washing machine and light teal tiles, and I realized it was a bathroom … I said it's small but will work for a while.
Then suddenly I was outside again and in some kind of in-between-state of reliving Maui with Bob and still being in that ocean resort longing for him and crying in my grief and trying to explain to

people and my mother my time with Bob. And there was some kind of **task** I had to fulfill … and I think there was a **dog** … but it's unclear.

Then the fucking neighbor was on the balcony again yapping … this is really annoying.

Maybe that dream has to do with the fact that yesterday, evening, I had thought about telling my father how it is that whatever we experience without our deal loved one, we can experience it after the shedding of our body … along with all other stuff that we once shared, if we choose so.

That's what I've read, and that makes total sense to me.

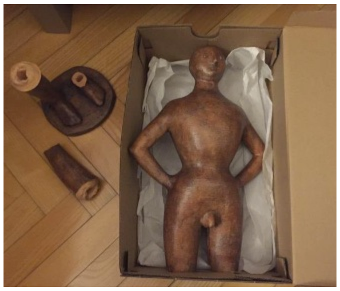
My longing for my Maui life is extremely strong today.

Yesterday again, eating ham with my father only to do him a favor and listening to him going on and on about how vaccination is the most important thing and that he wants everyone to be force-vaccinated and me struggling so hard to get through it … it took again some part of my life … I felt today, that should have been pure and honest and "me", and yet, I did things to keep the peace, but inside, I wasn't really "honest".

He is an old man, and I don't want to upset him … but last night I read up about Narcissists and how they react when they realize they went to far. They try hard to seem nice and soft and understanding. But truth be told, when my father was inside the house and I outside with the dogs, I heard him curse under his breath. I guess, even though he is so difficult – I must be there for him to help him and Sandy, the dog.

April 14, 2021 – A Statue of Bob

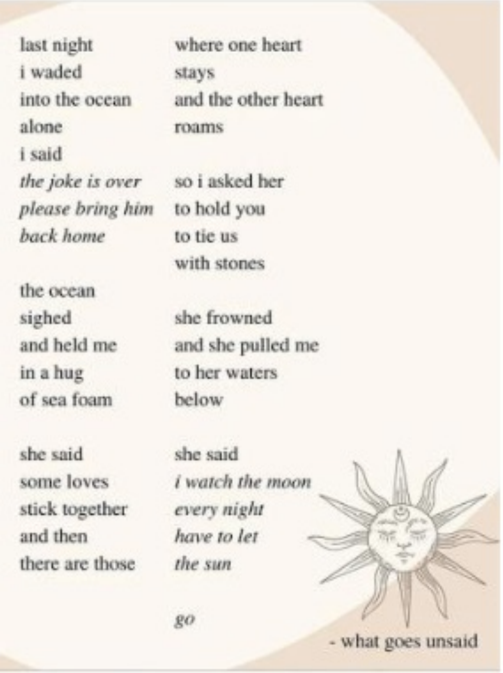
I read an email "C" had sent me a few days ago … about that **statue** she had broken, and she shared the details that the legs of the statue simple kind of fell off … and before that I had told her about the biblical story about the "*feet of clay*" … and as soon as I laid eyes on the image – I saw **Bob**! His **posture**, when he was being silly or goofy, his slightly female figure … and all through out relationship I had thought how slender and fragile his ankles and lower legs were, but he never injured them … but today, when I saw the picture, I thought "I couldn't stand it anymore" and "my legs simply gave in as I lost my strength" … was that a message from Bob?



Schmidt Puzzle
1000

"C" had received a **puzzle** of a **Hawaii-setting** … a **hammock** on a beach … oh the hammock in one of our first shoots …

And "C" sent me the most beautiful and most accurate poem that exactly describes **Bob's and my relationship …** the current one, even how he and ***I meet in the dream state … only for me having to leave in the morning.***



last night
i waded
into the ocean
alone
i said
the joke is over
please bring him
back home

the ocean
sighed
and held me
in a hug
of sea foam

she said
some loves
stick together
and then
there are those

where one heart
stays
and the other heart
roams

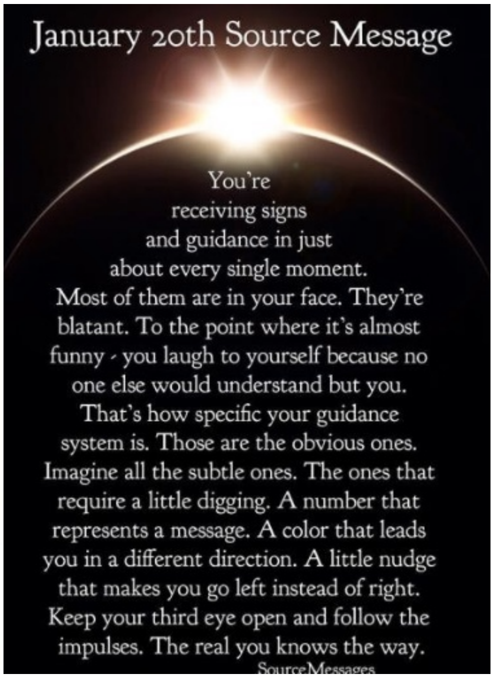
so i asked her
to hold you
to tie us
with stones

she frowned
and she pulled me
to her waters
below

she said
i watch the moon
every night
have to let
the sun

go

- what goes unsaid



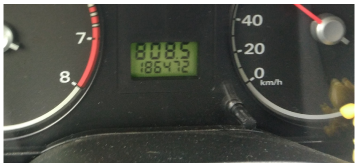
January 20th Source Message

You're
receiving signs
and guidance in just
about every single moment.
Most of them are in your face. They're
blatant. To the point where it's almost
funny - you laugh to yourself because no
one else would understand but you.
That's how specific your guidance
system is. Those are the obvious ones.
Imagine all the subtle ones. The ones that
require a little digging. A number that
represents a message. A color that leads
you in a different direction. A little nudge
that makes you go left instead of right.
Keep your third eye open and follow the
impulses. The real you knows the way.
SourceMessages

Also … something about ***how the communication inter-realm works*** … from January 20, but it's all-time-valid.

I checked my emails finally today … John fuckhead W. hadn't even bothered to answer me. Not even as much as saying "no". Just one word. Nothing. So I wished him a long life with a lot of intense learning ahead. And yes. I hope the learning will be painful, I'm sorry, he screwed up his one chance.

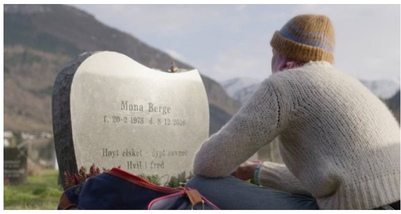
(Later)
I noticed that the kilometer count on my car had just turned to **808** ("BOB") when I was driving, and I stopped to photograph it … normally I really don't look at those kilometers …

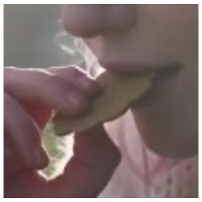


(Later)
Something amazing just happened, as I'm working on putting the photos into this contact diary section, and I was just dealing with the ***"green ball"*** … on March 28, and I'm watching the series *"**Queen of the South**"* on the side that I just discovered … and just now a "**green ball**" showed up, as a boy played with it!

April 15, 2021 – **The Flamed Apple, Cookies, the Plastic Bag & the Rabbit in the Tunnel & Rooster Cam**

Found a film called "**The Tunnel**", a Norwegian film. Right at the beginning a young woman does *what I just did an hour earlier:* I ate a thin *cookie***. *So she eats a cookie at a graveyard while talking to a grave stone!*** What are the odds to see *a movie character eat a biscuit on a cemetery – while talking to the dead!?*

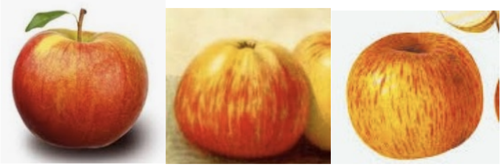




I've been sharing food with Bob and keep asking him if he "receives" that energy that's intended for him. *Was this the answer?* The young woman also ***put a small doll on the grave***, don't know what that means, though. Keep thinking that my beloved dog "Kimba" died in Norway, and that's the reason why I met Bob.

Also there is something uncanny … a **blue plastic bag** *floats through the air* at the beginning … and that's a memory of mine I'll never forget … *during a trip with my mother,* a **white plastic bag floating ahead of me through the ruins of the ancient temple of Karnak** near Luxor, Egypt … I followed it, through a sand storm, and it lead me to the sacred pond in the center of the temple area, and there it floated right above the water – ***and dropped like a stone.*** Yup. Like a stone. And here it was again … *a plastic bag floating into a tunnel … when Bob and I have that new meeting method … communication in tunnels.*

Earlier I asked Bob … who I felt so strongly during my evening walk to "*put something into my hand*", and it was ***something round and red with yellow "flames" in the middle***, I thought it was an ***apple*** of that color … but not sure yet.



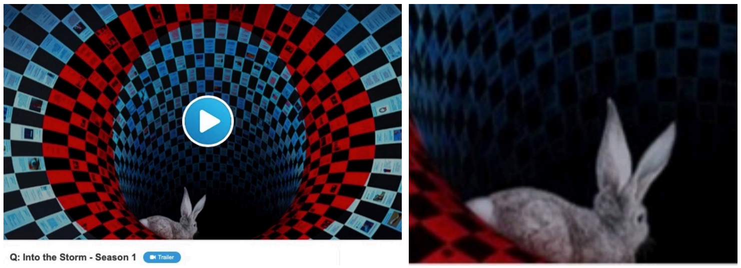
Well, *this movie is about **a fire in a tunnel*** … so …?

At first, I wanted to reject that impression of *the round red and yellow thing "in my hand"*, but as I mostly doubt, but it was the first thing that came to my mind, as if it had an urge to do so (and that's how it always is, like something popping out of nowhere, emerging after having been on the verge of emerging the whole time) as soon as I had asked Bob to "put something into my hand" to prove that he was here. *And then, as I walked on, there was a strong tingling in my palm, and my hand got ice cold,* compared to the other one that was warm. And no, I don't have blood circulation problems in that hand, at all. So this was kind of a "nudge" for an image to be ready to be transmitted?

I did something extraordinary today: I did sent pictures of poor naked Marshall to the animal protection lady. It's so heartbreaking to see the little guy. I couldn't stand it any longer. They are ruining him. I need to stop this. I read up on how it ruins a Cocker's fur to shear it down to the skin … these people are just brutal. I hope that the doctor with who I spoke and who I explained everything and who cares so much will be able to do something. I want Marshall to have a new home. These people don't love him. They get him sick and miserable.

Oh wow, just now, the second woman in the film **eating a cookie** just like I had eaten! I haven't eaten cookies in many weeks! But just earlier I felt like opening a package I had received as a gift from Inge a while ago! And now the women are eating such cookies in a movie called "**The Tunnel"** … of course I was attracted to it because ***I've been talking to Bob in tunnels recently … our hallway chats!***

And this is what I *just* came across as *a film poster for **"Into the Storm"*** – a ***"rabbit about to enter a tunnel"***! Bob's and my ***rabbit challenge!***



Sometimes these things are even numbing in their deep deep inner effect on me … I feel sad, every time, like now, seeing the "rabbit in the tunnel", that only would make sense to people who know

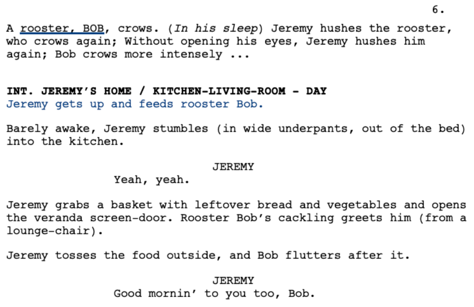
Bob's and my story in detail … because I simply can't share and make known **the wonder, the meaning – the huge huge message in these happenings and encounters!**

"Into the Storm" is actually, quoting "Amazon", as a six-part docuseries „charts a labyrinthine journey to uncover the inner workings of Qanon, a massive online conspiracy movement." Probably have to watch this.

I actually tried to find another series today … I even tried a movie with the title "Lizzie", then rather read up on the real life story. I was restless. Wanted to settle and work on this contact diary but couldn't and clicked on "movies". Read all kinds of titles … then I found this one. Norwegian … and about a tunnel. We'll see if my ***"flamed red round thing"*** comes up.

Oh – and Dr. Alice has invited to another Zoom-meeting on May 2, to connect with the spirit world! Yes!

Also, I watched a little bit of a **movie** I didn't like, I think about a famous painter, maybe "Da Vinci" or "Michelangelo" … but the thing that struck me, was, that there was **"rooster cam"**, the camera following chickens and a rooster on their level of perspective! The special thing about that is on one hand that Bob and I would always joke about animal cam, like *"doggie cam", "kitty cam" .. and now "rooster cam"*, and just yesterday I looked into my *"Hulihuli Moon" script,* and I read a part about **"rooster Bob".** Just because of my longing.



6.

A rooster, BOB, crows. (*In his sleep*) Jeremy hushes the rooster, who crows again; Without opening his eyes, Jeremy hushes him again; Bob crows more intensely ...

INT. JEREMY'S HOME / KITCHEN-LIVING-ROOM - DAY
Jeremy gets up and feeds rooster Bob.

Barely awake, Jeremy stumbles (in wide underpants, out of the bed) into the kitchen.

JEREMY
Yeah, yeah.

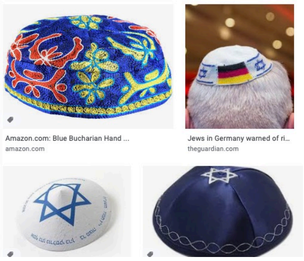
Jeremy grabs a basket with leftover bread and vegetables and opens the veranda screen-door. Rooster Bob's cackling greets him (from a lounge-chair).

Jeremy tosses the food outside, and Bob flutters after it.

JEREMY
Good mornin' to you too, Bob.

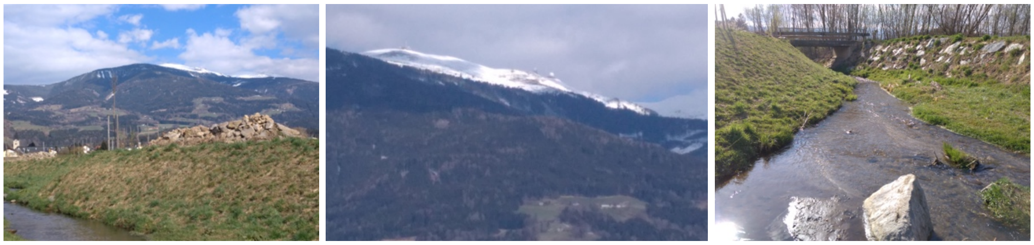
April 16, 2021 **– The Big Stone at the Bridge!**

Major **dream** … it had to do with ***a Jewish cap*** I was wearing … and I knew the Jewish name for it in the dream, kept thinking "Kippah" (and actually, that's really the word for it).


Amazon.com: Blue Bucharian Hand ...
amazon.com
Jews in Germany warned of ri...
theguardian.com

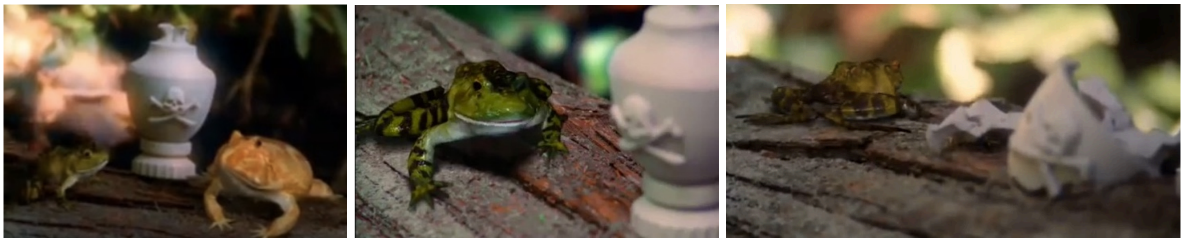
Stumbled across an old TV-series called ***"Dead Like Me"*** … must see what it is all about, I guess. A peak into a comedic movie about Ireland reminded me of my walks up Schlossberg mountain and the view down to Rakounig, on a spot where I look down often. Seeing this felt like *Bob telling me that he was "looking down with me" when I do it …*

Took a trip to **Wolfsberg** for shopping … and during a walk with Jacqui, I ended up at the **amazing tall stone** that's guarding a **bridge**, *right opposite "Haleakala" Koralpe mountain … What a sight! A big stone! Guarding a bridge!* Go figure!



A very lovely "**puka**" appeared right above "Haleakala" just when I went up close to the stone …

(Later)
Well, "***Dead Like Me"*** is unwatchable for me … but there is an interesting monologue in the beginning, about a *toad who guarded a container in which death* was … the a ***frog*** took over and somehow broke the container or vase, "and death got out". That's how people started to die …



April 17, 2021 - **Raya, Stoneman & the Turquoise-White Shell**

Horrible day.

Visited my mother … first a short walk at a part of treehouse field path … the ***thick rich soil*** fascinated me, and "Haleakala" Koralpe in the background … I thought that *every edible* ***plant*** *does everything to help us build this machine, the body,* that we are supposed to put to good use and to take care of it and keep healthy for a while … food grows everywhere … it's really a very intricate network of energetic processes to get our physical shell to function … It really is a shell that we "have", not that we "are". And we know it, nobody would say "I am a nice body", but "I have a nice body", right? So why is that? Who is the "I" then, who "has" the body?

Then, on the highway, lots of amazing **car license plates** on the way … "**EIS 99", "GLAM 1"** (just when I was talking with Bob about his deep fear of success and how much we could have accomplished and how he boycotted everything I ever tried), **"SL RE 1", "48166 K", "MAGIE 1", "CBS 1" "GS 66"** and right after this something with "**99**" again. Yes, "MAGIE 1", **"magic 1".**

I had a bad feeling throughout.

So when I visited … my mother was drunk, like yesterday on the phone. Not heavily drunk, but tipsy enough to walk unstable, slur her speech and make those alcohol gestures that I've learned to hate in my teenage years. I was very desperate when I saw it but I tried to keep my calm.

It's heartbreaking. After the great period of about two weeks … I had made her stew and brought it, and she didn't even reject it. I think she has no food at home. I also brought her the new Fresubin nutrition drinks … and she was happy. I had a very hard time staying calm having to watch her drunk mannerisms, her pulling faces, the gesticulating, the spitting into the hand and rubbing the saliva on the hands over and over again. Her hands look like of red … it was very hard to watch.

Then I couldn't stand it anymore … and I asked her to not drink alcohol. I had asked her that yesterday on the phone, and slurring her speech she swore that she hadn't drunk any wine like … in ages. Well. Today I saw empty bottles in the storage room again.

I was so disappointed … so I said to her that I wanted her to not drink alcohol again, and I was really nice and said that she was in such a good shape for so long, and if she begins to drink again, she won't be able to drive any longer.

Then she suddenly did, what she had done weeks ago: She turned away as if she was busy looking at a magazine on the table and she whispered, and this time I understood her: ***"Du bist eine Hexe."*** *"You are a witch."* And it means that I'm somebody one should hate. I think she wasn't aware that she was whispering her thoughts.

I kept talking, gently about her not drinking any more wine … and she kept shrugging her shoulders and saying she never drank, and in the middle of it, while I was talking she turned away and whispered: "Ich hasse dich aus ganzer Seele." ***"I hate you from the bottom of my soul."***

That was the moment when my world changed. I fell very quiet for a while … and she simply didn't speak. *(**Note**: Later I was told that this is called "alcohol psychosis", well, whatever. It was very hurtful.)* And the reality of things, that I really don't have parents who care about me or nobody for that matter, hit me. I disciplined myself and kept talking, and now I felt fierce. I realized that there is no way that I can leave her like last year when she was only weak, I won't let her drive anymore if I see her one more time like this. And I told her that. And she turned away several times and whispered *"Du bist der Satan"*, ***"You are Satan"***, "I hasse hasse hasse dich." "Du bist eine Hexe."

I was in shock. I got ready to leave and said that I didn't want to stress her any longer. She said I didn't, and that she is always *happy* when I come visit. As soon as I started telling her that I don't want her to drink, she kept whispering … the same things again!

I told her, when I was almost out of the door that I was hearing what she was saying, and I asked her why she said those horrible things … and by the look on her face I could tell that she *knew* that she had thought those things, but she didn't realize that she had *said* out loud what she had thought.

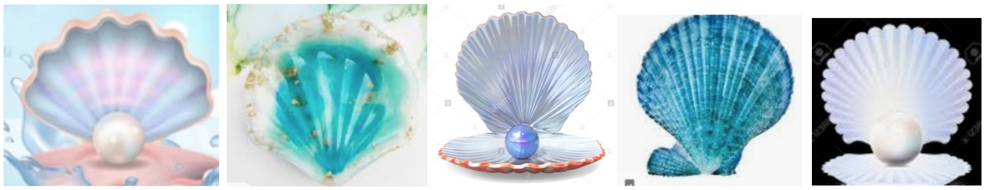
When I left … the look on her face when she closed the door, was pure hatred. It was horrible.

I went for a walk at *lake Saissersee* … I felt so empty inside. But I only cried a little.

I decided to come back tomorrow.

But I believe my mother. She had said that she hates me like she had many years ago. Driving I reminded myself that it's just her material body starting to malfunction … her soul is still intact and in there, is this failing body and brain.

Driving back, I cried.
I saw a car license plate number that seemed significant … but felt to weak to take note.
And then I realized that the **tunnels** came up again … and *I said to Bob* ***"Oh, you want a hallway meeting?"***
And right as I *"put myself" into our housie hallway, Bob was there*, and he held a **large turquoise and white shell** at me. It was very strange, but it was spontaneous. In the next tunnel, that shell had a **big pearl** in it, but it wasn't a real life pearl-bearing shell … it was just big and bright and kind of luminescent … turquoise green-blue and white … I found pictures that *kind of depict it* … it was a mix of all of them.



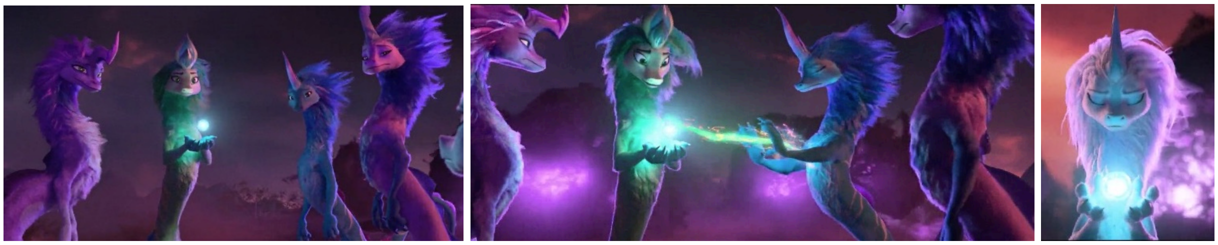
The only license plate number that came to my attention was **"6 ROR".**

I tried to relax my mind to see more in the tunnel-"hallway" of my beloved housie … and **Bob** started to **swirl like crazy** again, going round and round like some ***white thin feather-play thing for cats*** … I seriously thought that this was me imagining it … he was like a slender animal going round and round in the air like a cat chasing its tail … *(**Note**: I was to encounter exactly that I real life, soon, just wait for it.)*
(I'm writing this actually after I experienced what it all meant … and it's breathtaking.)

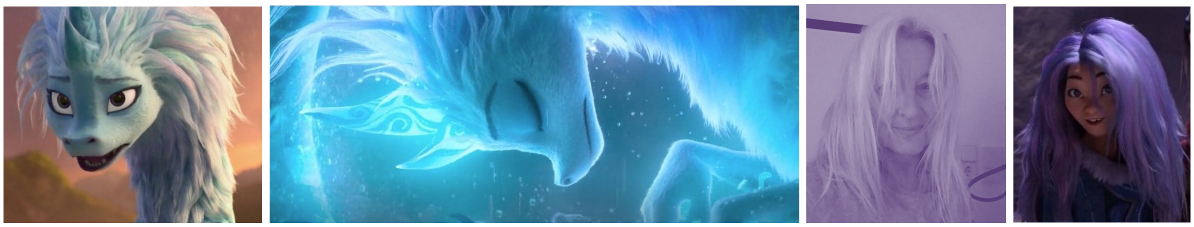
(Later)
Back home, I ate some stew and hoped that my mother would really eat some of what I've brought too …
And I started to watch the Disney movie that I've been thinking about for a while:

"Raya and the Last Dragon".

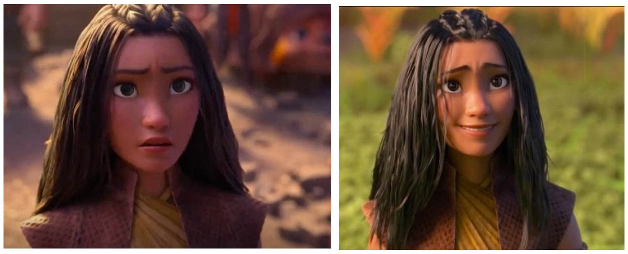
"The prosperous land of Kumandra is ravaged by the Druun, evil spirits that attack and petrify the land's people and dragons." (Wikipedia) In the face of this danger, the ***dragons put all their abilities and magic into "one stone", more, one crystal*** or ***gem*** … and then, they get turned to stones, too.



So there is a **dragon** lady in it, "***Sisu***", and that dragon is like – me! She has a **human form, who even looks like me!** *The dragon is angry and vicious and then, in a dead-like dream state … in a world beyond …*

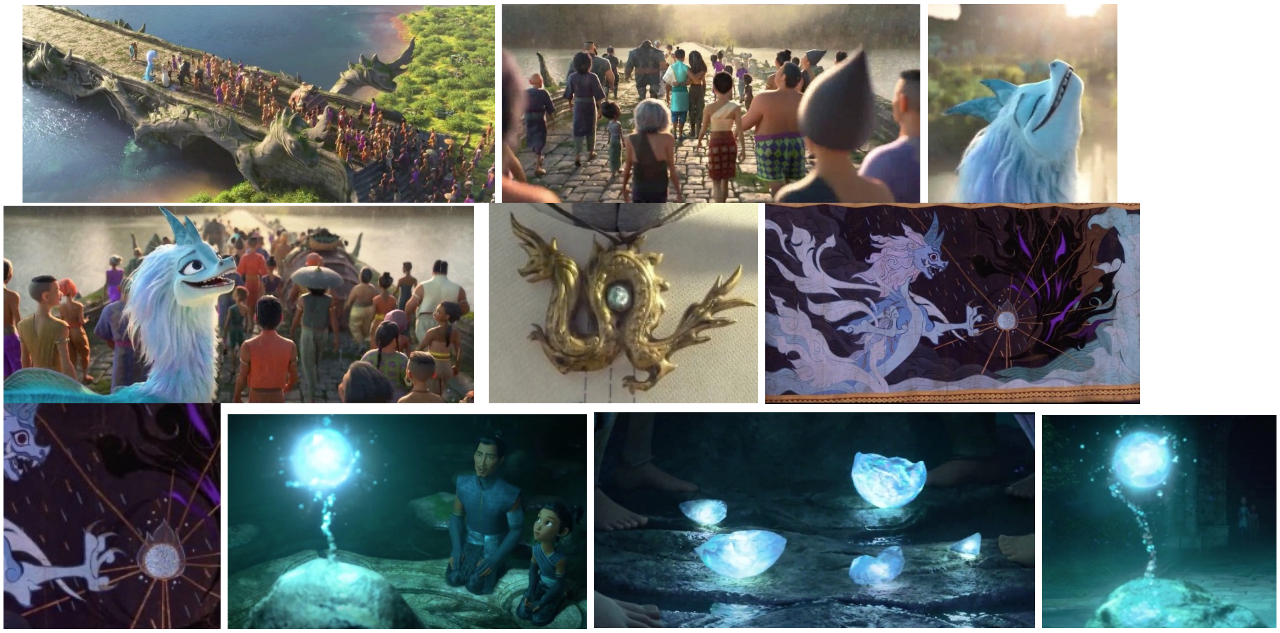


And "***Raya***", the heroine, is just like I was in my very early years, hairs, slightly Asian looks and all.

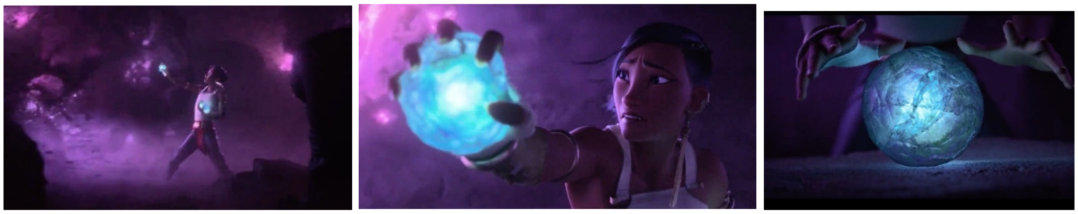


Raya, Stoneman & the Turquoise-White Shell

Oh, geez. It all came *full circle*. The **bridge**. The Dragon and the Stone. Even that ***pearl*** that I saw in the "tunnel-hallway-vision" earlier today!

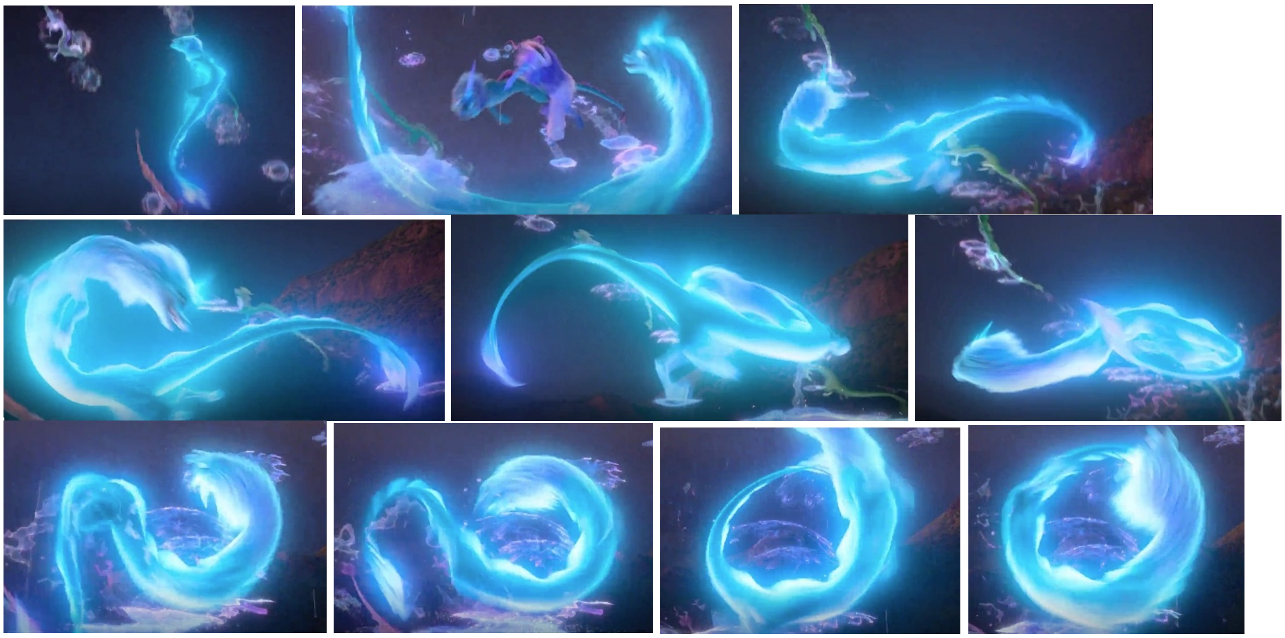


… and the "**Pukalani**" stuff … magical **gems** …

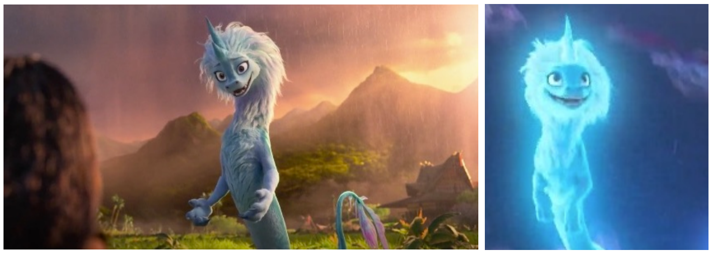


One of the first commercials that Bob and I did together was for ***"Jessica's gems",*** with the slogan "*Even though the sentiment begins today, you know that it will last forever* …") … Gem in pieces were shown in "Raya" that need to be united to have effect ...

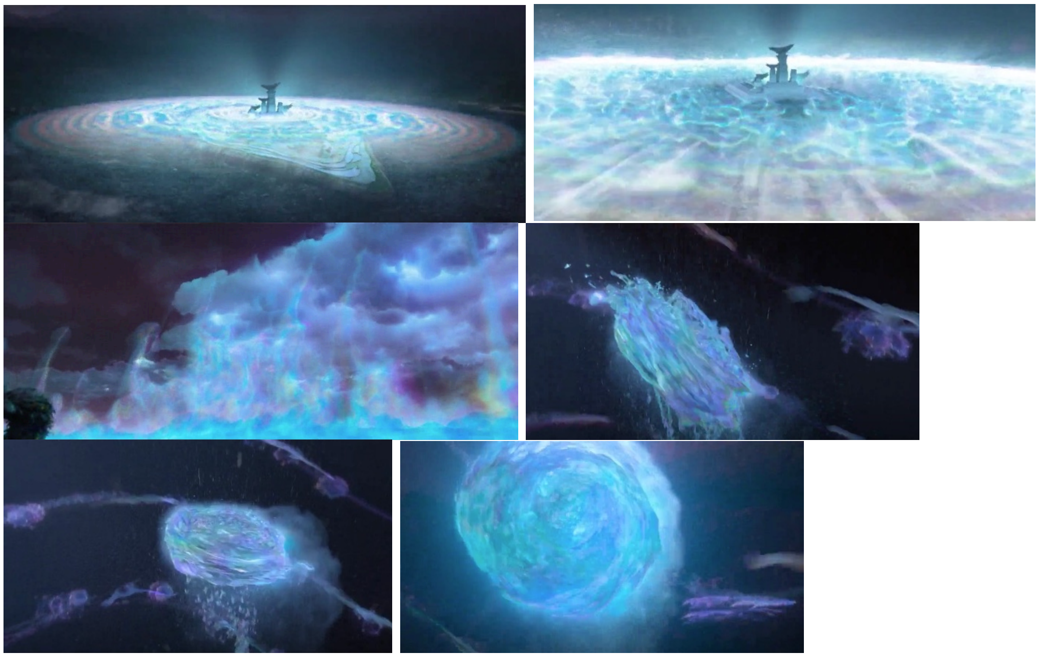
… and of course, the **Dragon** who saves the day … a dragon like me, I'm a Dragon in Chinese astrology, remember And the **swirl from my hallway vision** and from **"Dexter"** came up again, too, the dragon "swirling" …



At some point, Sisu put on the full **Bob-posture** … and also the goofy **Bob-grimace** …

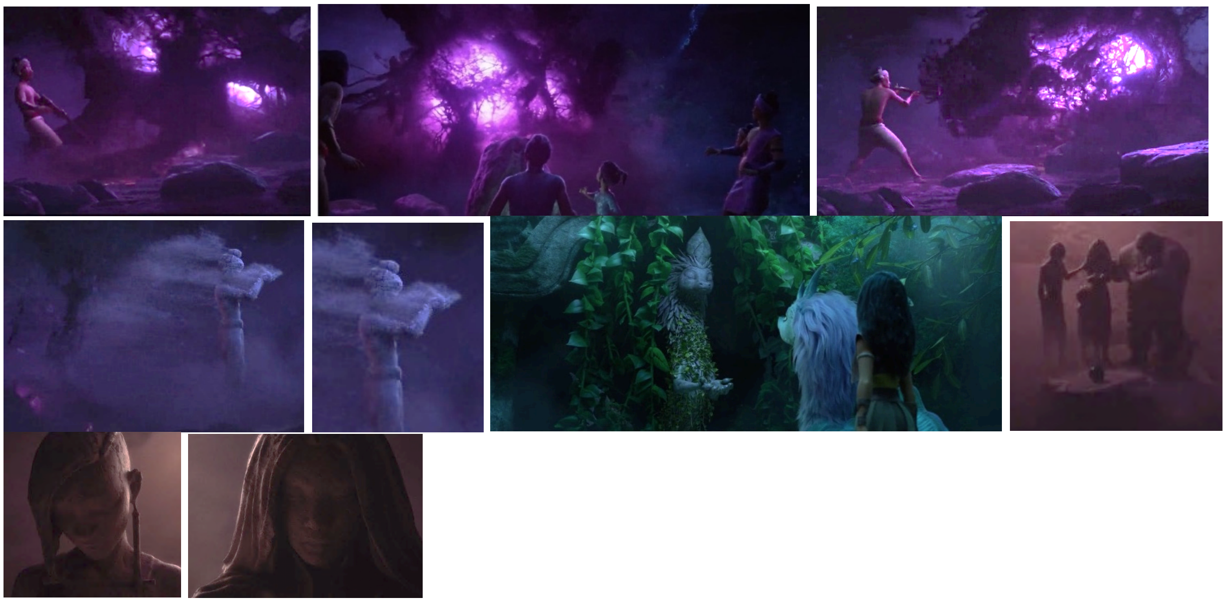


The **turquoise and white big "shell"** kind of thing of my **hallway vision** *showed up* … and again, the "**big pearl**", of course, was there the whole time, too!



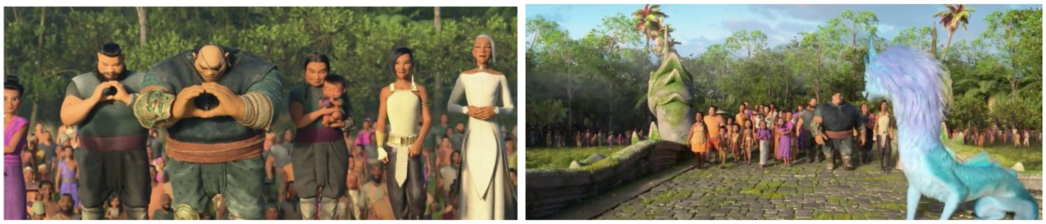
Wow. Bob had known what I'd be watching later today!

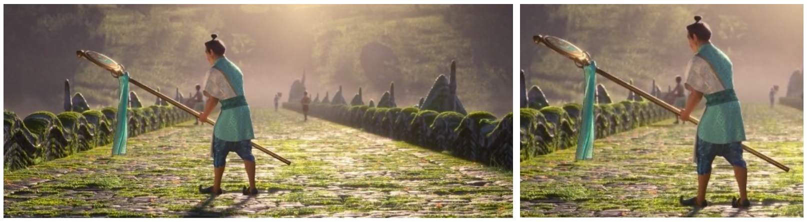
People turning to stone until the dragon saves them … that's the point of the story. The *evil violet clouds,* **"the Druun"** come and swipe over the people and turn them into stones! *S-t-o-n-e-s!* "Violet" was a problematic color for me, but Bob had violet bedding, and I never felt good in it.



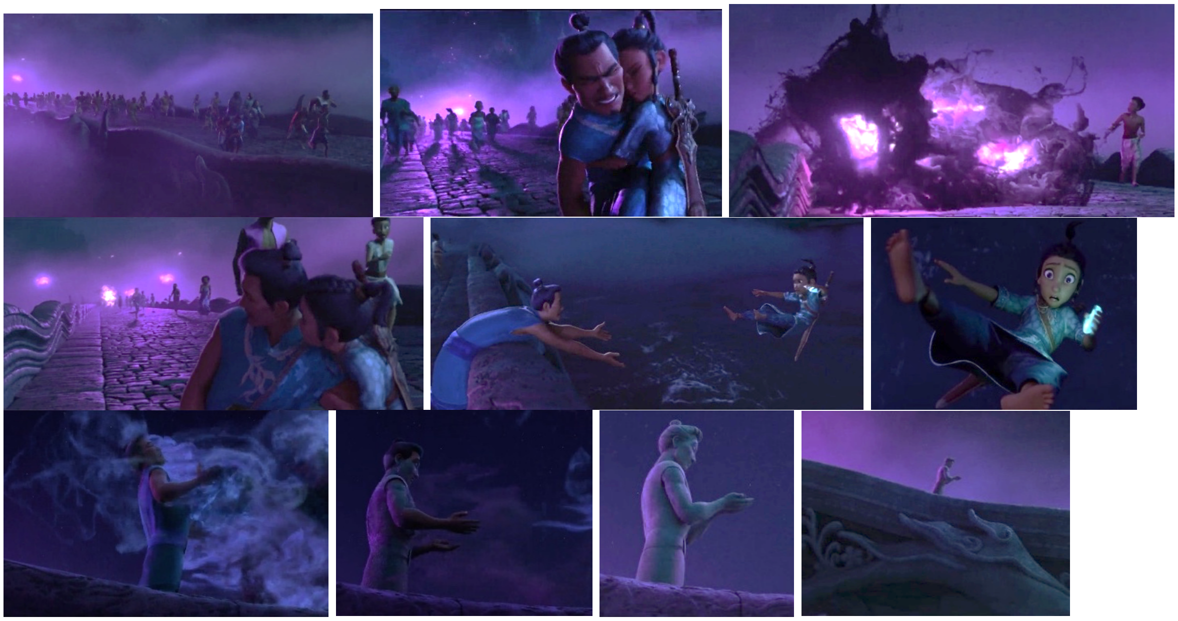
Wow … there is a scene, where ***the dragon is on the bridge***, looking at all those people who are expecting her to save them … and they are making that ridiculous "heart" sign with their hands all the time … but it looks like they are just making a round sign, which is odd … It's signifying "***heart energy"***, or course, which is a major force in this realm and beyond …

Also, "chief Benji" (who then becomes the stoneman), as a **human**, is on the **bridge** … so lonely and with his standard … I can totally feel him …

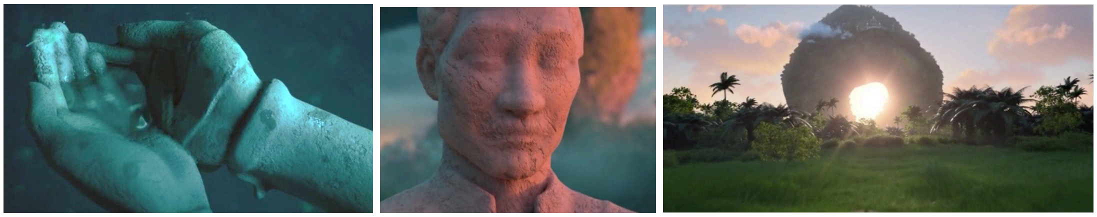


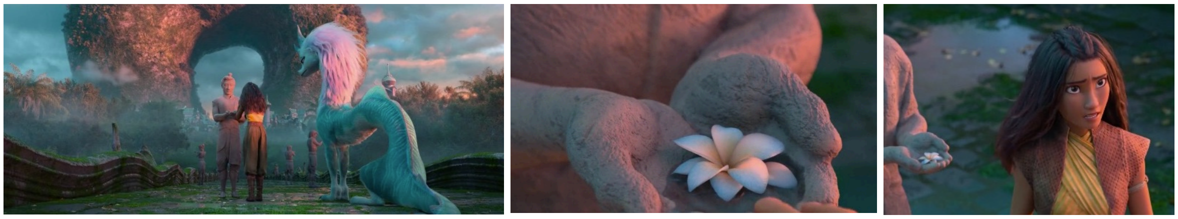


In some climactic moment of the movie, ***on the big bridge*** … a man, “**Raya’s dad**”, a “**chief Benja**”, turns into stone, right after he saved Raya by throwing her from the bridge! Into the ocean … and he turned into a **Stoneman** and remained that ***until the dragon saved him and all of mankind.***



At the end of the movie … after all the “**Stoneman**” and Bob’s and my favorite flower, a “**Plumeria**”, and “**Ua**”, the “**Blessing from Heaven**” … right in front of a giant “puka”, a “hole” or “door”, like in “**Pukalani**”, where we used to live … meaning “Door to heaven”! Wow, this is really so intense on Bob and Dani stuff.

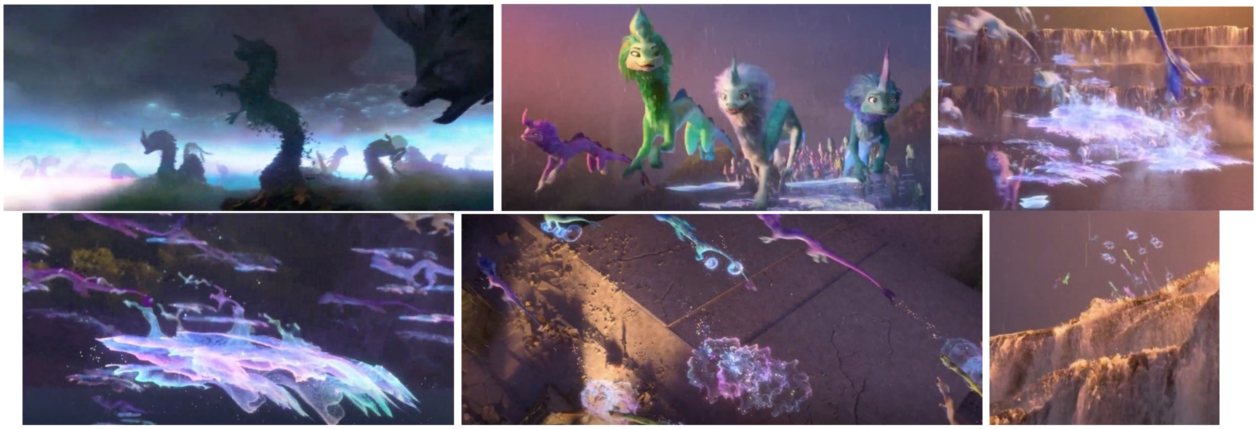


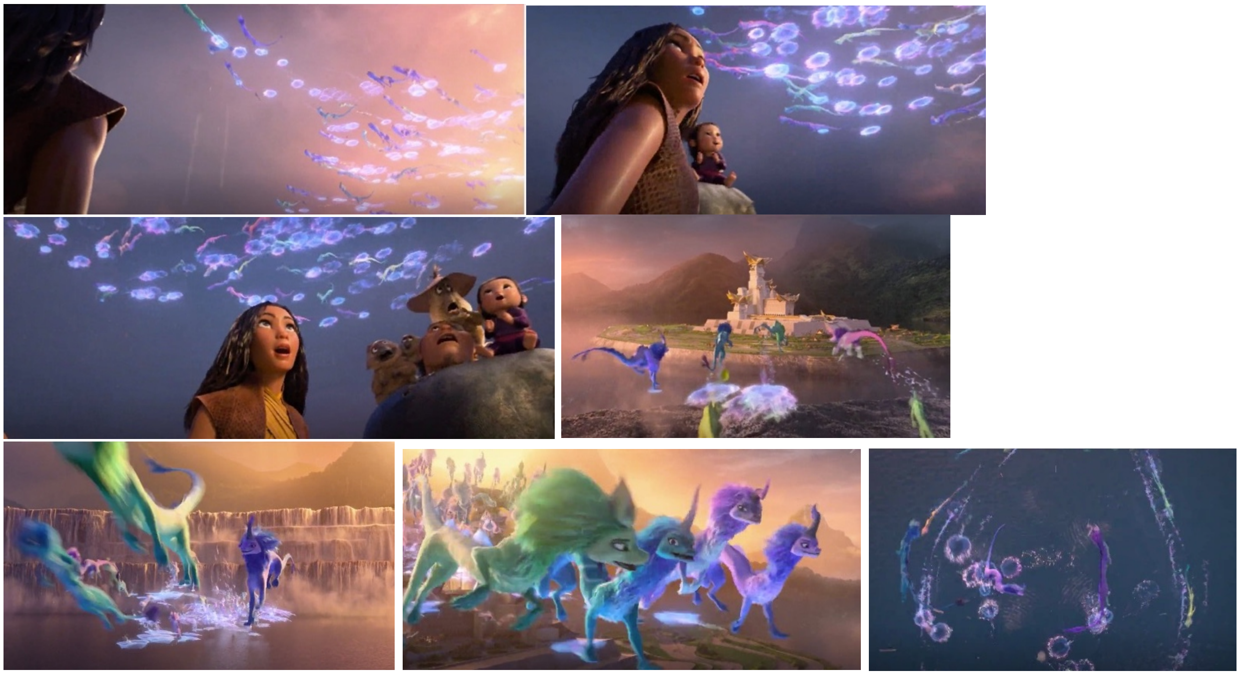


Also … there is the one shot we always talked about, following a **raindrop** … well, in our case it was a raindrop falling onto an avocado, and the avocado dropping ….

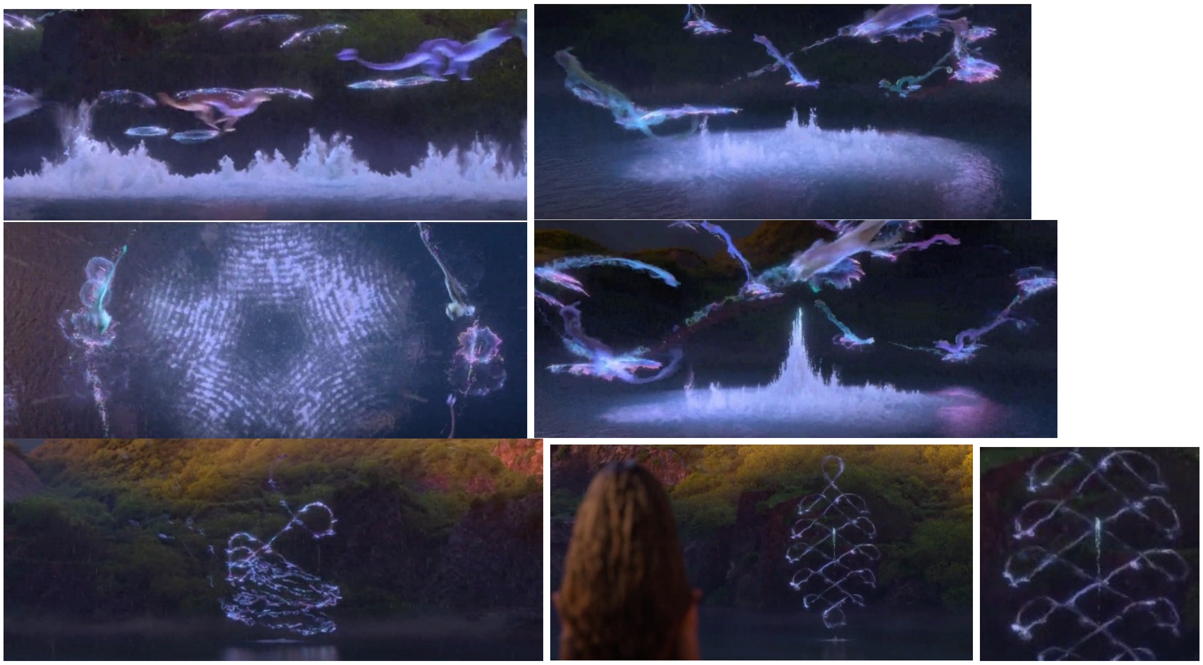
There is something amazing the dragons do … they ***turn waterdrops into water-patches*** on which they step so that they can kind of "***run through the air***" as they can't fly. That's about the most creative thing I've ever seen.

First, the dragons, that were also *turned to stone* … came back to life, and then … wow, did they fly-run!





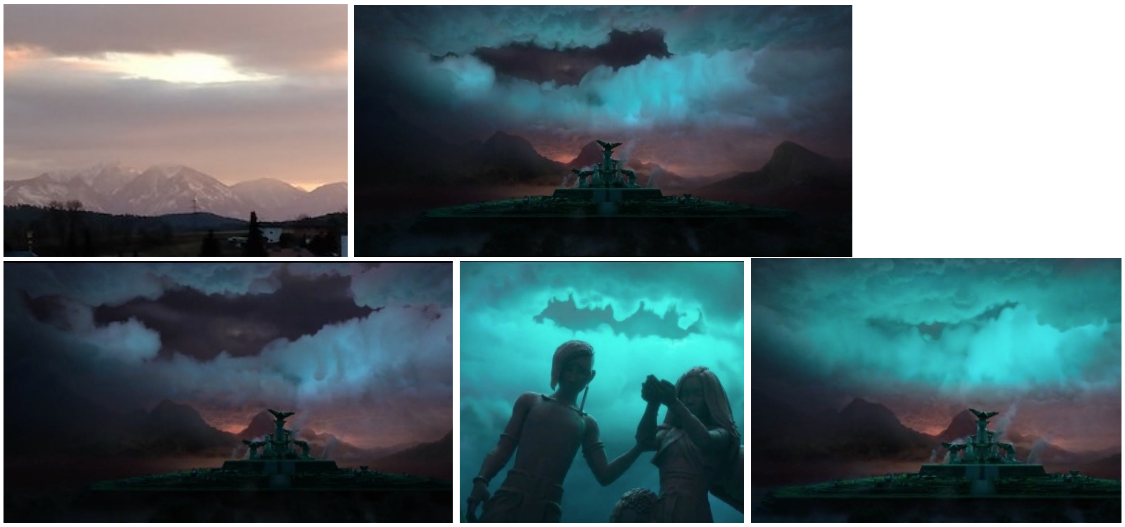
And then they made that pattern in the air … that's actually the **pattern *that I used to draw as a child*** … ***everywhere*** … even at school … *I drew it on my books and on my hand, everywhere.* And there it was again:



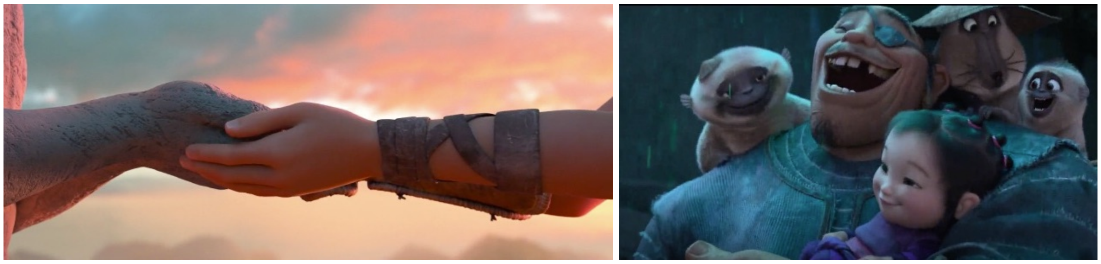
After the movie I really broke out in tears … because **now I know that I can "receive" from Bob, that our hallway meetings are real.** He had know that I was going to see all that in the movie … all that he has "impressed" on me reflects what I was about to see in the movie.

And just now I see the ***car license plate "MAGIC 1"*** with different eyes … and me, the dragon, addicted to being in the water, just earlier I had told my mother that I can't wait to get into the lakes again … and I had said that to my dog at lake Saissersee today … before seeing a "***water drago***n" … and I had no idea that "Raya" was about all that.

And the final imagery of the movie took my breath away again: There was a "**puka lani**", a "door to heaven", just like I had seen it the other day *from my real life window:*



… and the "**bridge**" and the reunion … all the **people who had turned to stone coming to life again** …



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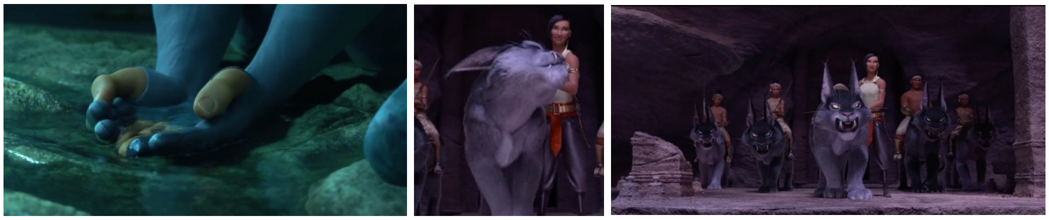
And … one of the characters had **a tooth missing**, *the same one Bob had missing when I saw him again in 2018.*

Even the "**water scooping**" that I saw during the session with Dr. Alice showed up …

And wild "**cats**" … cats, yes … I've been watching the cats in the neighborhood and feeding them ever since I had met "Momi" … and Momi's mom has been coming to my window for a while now, picking up the cat food that I throw down there … If I could and if I had a big enough place, oh I would adopt stray cats … and dogs.



In the end … ***the dragons rule*** .. again. I wish.

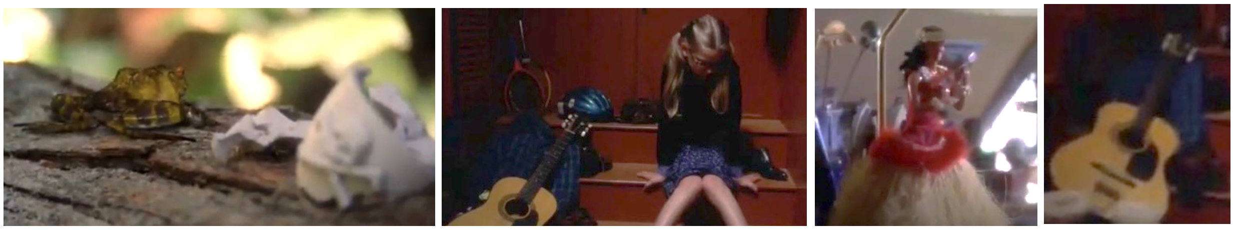
April 18, 2021 – The Stamp, 7.2 Dexter & the Swirl, and the Shoe

Woke up from a very intense **dream** …
Sharp pain in the bladder, liver and stomach area … and the realization, that Edith had once shared with me that her mother, who hated her, used to call her "Satan".

In my **dream**, I was at some kind of **ocean resort**, but the only way into the ocean and to swim there, was through a kind of **corridor** that lead from a typical **Mediterranean tourist restaurant** down to the beach. It was so narrow that two people could barely stand next to each other. For some reason, I felt that I just needed to get into the water, but it was very dangerous, because the corridor would flood with ocean water fast, and one had to get in and get through and swim around a left turn to get out into the ocean. Which wasn't really "far", it was more like some **basin**, but when the water was gone, there was an entirely dry ocean ground without plants, only strewn with pebbles. The weirdest thing: I had to swim entirely clothed. There was an element of an escape situation too. And when I wasn't struggling to swim in that ocean water, I was out and about to rescue or take care of a crippled cat …

Yes! How I remember! I lived with a **woman**, a friend of mine, but can't figure out who it was, just the place I have seen in another dream, but not in real life, as it seems. So she had **several cats**, and I had to take some kind of errand for her that was dangerous. There was a spot in her home were tiny baby cats lived, and she kind of only would take them out to feed them and plug them back into some kind of "drawer"? One of them wasn't really a cat, but it was a **crippled critter,** brown and with stiff limbs and maybe a tail, like a mix of a dragon and the ***dried dead frogs*** I saw yesterday, at lake Saissersee … okay, subconscious, I get it …

Actually – do I? Get it? I mean … I just saw at the beginning of a movie, ***"Dead Like Me"***, where a ***frog*** broke the jar in which was death, ***"and death got out"*** … and here I meet dead frogs? Also … in that movie also was **"Bob's guitar"** and a **"Hula girl"** … what are the odds, right? Because I watched only a few minutes of that first episode, couldn't stand it, though.



And she wanted me to take that ***crippled brown naked cat*** that was so fragile and close to dying with me. Which I did, I put it in some breast pocket of my outfit, I think. There were dangerous and weird events, with me running and hiding and looking for something … and I think that’s when I ended up at that ocean resort restaurant corridor place from the first part … and people knew I had that cat … and they were curious about it because it was a critter. I did show it to them, like unwrapping it from a towel … and I don’t remember what happened, but at some point *when the critter was out, it grew* ***white fur*,** and it turned into a beautiful cat … and I was so happy. We could watch the fur grow, but not on the whole body at once, but from the back legs up over the thighs and hips and back to the front.

Somehow, this part ends here in my memory …

And I found myself getting into that *flooded corridor* several times. I was fully dressed, and it was crowded and narrow, and I felt claustrophobia, but I kind of urged and fought my way into the water and kind of got to swim along that corridor and down taking a left turn and into the ocean basin. There I could swim free for a little while. The oddest thing, though, was, that I was carrying a **knife** (!) with a brown handle, about 15 cm long, and I kept it stuck in my pants’ belt in my back. I took very good care of that knife, it was a simple snack knife, I had to really be careful not to lose it. I kept reaching for it.

On the way back from the ocean basin, one had to swim upwards, back into that corridor, taking that right turn now, and it seemed impossible. I remember turning back one time, realizing that the ocean had withdrawn. And I did go back, into that empty dry ocean basin.

I thought, well, that’s better, so I can walk back up … and it was kind of steep to that restaurant, that was actually kind of busy. People kept blocking the path in that corridor, and I said or thought that they should realize that all don’t have space at the same time, and that they must make sure to get back up before the water comes back. As soon as I had thought that, I looked down again and saw the water come back splashing and foaming in huge waves … it was so strong and almost violent … roaring, and I urged my way back into that corridor, trying to run up … but at the same time I was already up, looking down at the surging water … it was very dangerous.

But I think that’s where I woke up. Can’t remember anything except for holding on to my knife … and in the other dream to that strange cat critter.

At some point I was facing a ***shark*** to my left, when I was in that water, that was slightly murky and greenish … but it just smiled at me, and its face was so close to mine that my cheek nearly touched it.

(Later)

Took Jacqui for a walk along the *big stone field path* … felt light and not stressed out for a change. All the new vegetation growing … again another cycle completed … I remember having been here last year at the same time.

I asked Bob to "put something into my hand" and it was a "**Stempel**", a "**stamp**", but not a postmark, but a wooden thing with a rubber bottom to stamp onto postal stamps. It was there right away.

Then, back home, I had the best idea: I will sent the DVD for NOO and "From Trauma to Peace" to Alan Nevins for him to watch and give to Goldie Hawn … for him and her to want to make "Hulihuli Moon". Yup. Gonna do. I've got a printer now. Alan Nevins always communicated with me. And I'll play the "Corona and let's do something nice for the world" card. Yup. That's the one.
I'm in it, bro.

(Later)
Geez, it just dawned on me … the ***"sending of the DVD to Alan Nevins"*** – that spark of an idea (I had never thought of this before, weirdly) may relate to the stamp I received in my hand! Oh, fucking sure it does! **Mailing something! Postal stamping!**

Wow, it works! Just now I decided to watch an episode of "***Dexter***" that Bob loved so much, and I asked him what episode he wants to see, and right away I received "***7.2***". So season 7 episode 2 it is. I have no idea what it's about.
I'm really curious now.
I start to see how gifted I actually am to receiving. It's like I've got a tiny but deep window open at all times through which Bob can reach me with impressions.
Can't wait for the session with Dr. Alice on May 2 …! May 2002, that was when I met Bob for the first time.

Okay, the "***Dexter***"-episode is the one when ***Debbie finds out that Dexter is a serial killer.***

'Sunshine and Frosty Swirl'

Oh wow. Great choice. It's called "***Sunshine and Frosty Swirl***" … yup, ***Bob "swirling" in the hallway*** and then the ***swirling dragons*** yesterday … how suiting! How amazing a choice!

I mean … after all the “swirling” I “see” a the numbers of the only “Dexter”-episode with “Swirls” in it? I could not have possibly known that! There are no odds that this could be coincidence. Plus: ***Dexter’s dead father*** shows up too, of course … I had actually forgotten about him as a character in the show! ***Dexter talks to his dead father all the time! Wow – now I get it!***

“Maybe someone else is on to me?” Dexter asks at some point. Rings important.

Also, there is something that was so significant in Bob’s and my Maui-life: me always finding single **shoes**. And “I” am even mentioned in a way: “the **sun**” …

Sun n Go
Sun n Go

(Later)

There is a “dragon” computer screensaver on “Dexter” … funny, after all the swirling dragons …

April 19, 2021 – **3.1 Dexter & Cranberry Juice & Life After Death**

Oh wow.

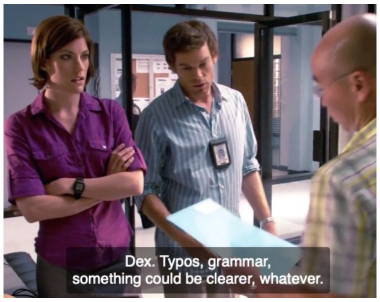
Took a walk in the rain today with Jacqui …

A cloud scenario was fascinating – ***a white and a gray cloud reaching out to each other!*** There was a “Puma” cap, too, not sure if that has any significance.

During the walk I was thinking about my work and about my **hair**, and whether or not I should cut it … then I asked Bob to put something into my hand, and it was a pear, I think. Then I asked what other episode of “**Dexter**” he’d like to watch, and “**3.1**” came right away.

Guess what? At the beginning of “Dexter season 3 episode 1” ***Debra has a new haircut***, the way I was thinking of cutting mine, and ***Dexter gets a text editing job from Masuka*** – which is my job, *text editing!*

Wow!

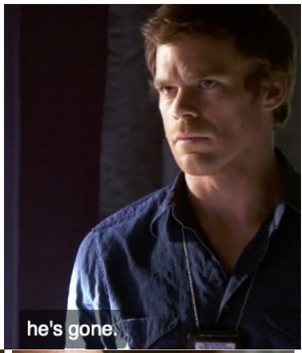

Dex. Typos, grammar,
something could be clearer, whatever.

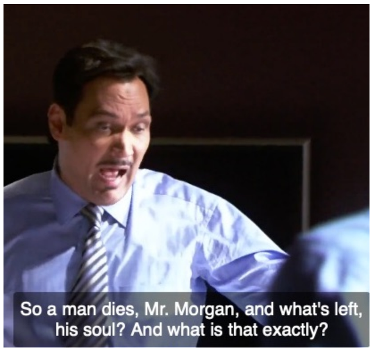
- What the hell is that?
- Cranberry juice. That gonna be a problem?

(Later)

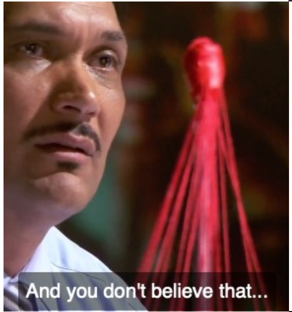
Oh wow! This is the episode where Miguel Prado talks about how he wants to believe that t**he soul lives on** forever! *Yesterday, during my walk, I told Bob distinctly that I need very clear answers* ***about where he is, what he does, if he wants or can help me, if he needs something from me, or if I must release him!***

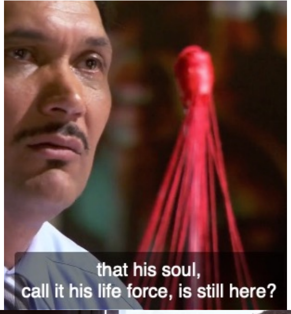
It's just...
It seems so unreal that, uh...

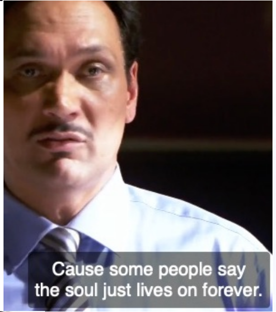



So a man dies, Mr. Morgan, and what's left,
his soul? And what is that exactly?

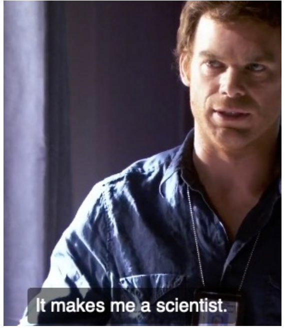
I really couldn't tell you.


And you don't believe that...


that his soul,
call it his life force, is still here?


Cause some people say
the soul just lives on forever.

- I hope not.
- Which makes you a cynic.


It makes me a scientist.

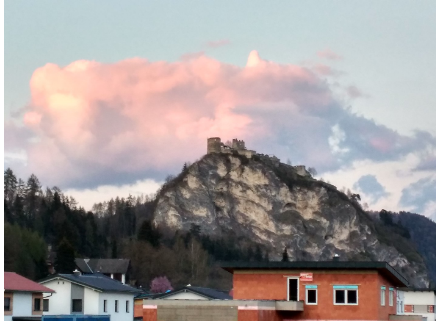
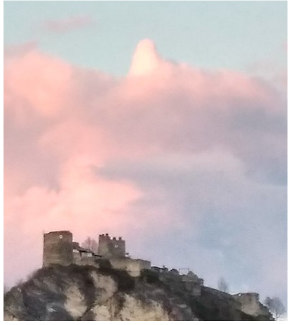
So no one you've ever loved has died?

Also … huh! I started taking **Cranberry** tablets yesterday to do something for my bladder, and this is the episode where Debra drinks **cranberry juice**!

- What the hell is that?
- Cranberry juice. That gonna be a problem?

April 20, 2021

Today I saw a very **pink cloud** mimicking the Schlossberg castle and a colored house at its foot.

April 21, 2021 – **Bad, Always, the Ukulele, J 808 & the Rainbow**

Drove to Velden, … amazing car license plate events!

I felt very tired … ate a chocolate candy and imagined Bob eating it while driving down the hill with his beloved Honda Accord … and I said out loud *"Oops, I should fall asleep driving, this would be **not good**"*, and just then – right that instant – a car passed by me with the license plate number "**BAD 1**". The equivalent of "not good". *"Yes", I said, "that would be **a bad one**".* Seriously! Of course "BAD" didn't mean "not good", as we are in a German speaking country, but in the context of me just having said "not good", it totally fit!

Then I got totally into chatting Bob, and it was frustration I expressed, about how he never stood by me and actually betrayed me big time. And I said *"Do you ever think of the thanksgiving event with Steve and Tom and …"* and I hadn't even finished the sentence, when a car with "**ALLW 2**" drove by, and I spontaneously heard Bob's answer "*I do think about it **always, too***." So I asked him if he felt guilty or sad or what about it … and if he really is in that "in-between-realm" that Dr. Alice mentioned.

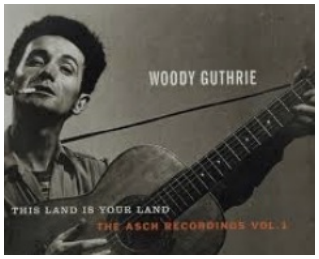
Wow! That was intense!

Then I visited my mother … she was clear and sober and visibly uncomfortable that I was there. She accepted the nutrition drinks but refused the vegetable risotto that I had brought. It made me think how utterly ignorant she is towards me and my feelings needs … and she has been for more than a decade.

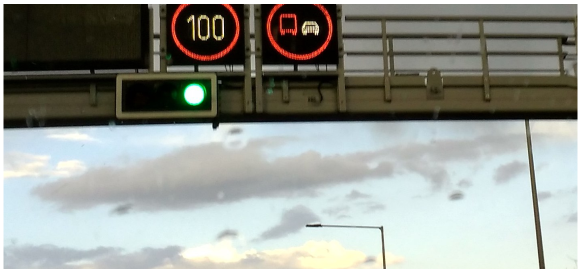
I went to check out the ***apartment*** at lake Saissersee again … I thought so much about it in the last days, I really maybe should rent it? The location! The balcony! I remember that it has ***Peony-flowers*** on the walls of the bedroom – and that's my favorite flower of all and my spirit flower!

And first I took a walk with Jacqui on the other side of the lake – where a man was singing and playing the **Ukulele** and **singing** *"This land is your land*, this land is my land, from California, to the

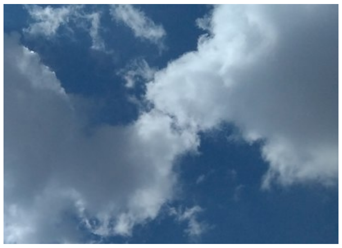
New York island …" (by Woody Guthrie)! It seemed to be a good sign. (***Note***: *This will be reflected back to me on April 25 … as the full song that the man was singing with all lyrics shows up in a new TV show that I've been binging, "Good Girls"!)*



Then, on the highway, just when I talked to Bob about how I want him to let me know if I should rent the place, a car with "**J 808**" drove by! "J" for Jo, that is me, and "808" is Hawaii and "BOB". "J 808" - that's a chosen number, a random number would start with the number! And right after that – the perfect **sky shark** was right ahead! And then a **huge double rainbow** showed up! Talk about greetings.



A strange **feather** cloud had attracted my attention before and two **perfectly interlocking clouds**.



(Later)

I don't seem to be sure about the apartment … even though I received that intense Hawaii greeting … the 'ukulele, the "J 808" and the rainbow … it can't be more clear. But was it just an opportunity to greet me, or was it a hint that I should take the apartment … that is way to expensive for what it offers.

April 22, 2021 – **The Dream & the Cube & the Shot in the Foot**

Answer received – in my **dream**!

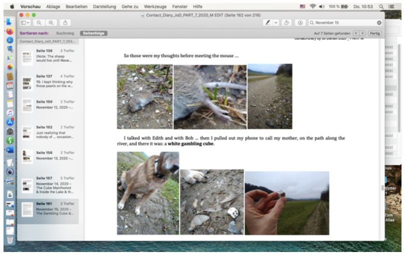
I was in my ***new apartment***, in my dream … the one I've visited yesterday and about which I have a very very hard time, deciding! Before going to bed I said to Bob that I would really appreciate a response to my question in my dream …

And my old real life friend "***Martina***" was there, too … I've been thinking of contacting her for a while now. And for some reason she was in the bedroom – with the Peony-images on both walls, like in the real apartment (that I failed to photograph) – and she opened the left bed, the one I wasn't going to sleep in … and under the matrass was not some good safe bed structure, it was a ***mess*** of raw metal and wood poles and sticks and just rugged stuff, and there wasn't even a mattress, it was some package of blankets and stuff so that the hard spines of those metal sticks and structures would be covered up. *It was all fake!* ***There was no way to sleep there!*** Then, the wall wasn't even a real wall … it consisted of loose stones and rocks, and ***it suddenly broke open***, and Martina and I went ***through the wall into a forest*** … and we realized that the apartment was actually attached to a ***ruin***, and that it wasn't even closed on that side, it was all open out to the forest, and the entire building was strangely fragile and could fall apart at any time! Wow, that was so intense … as we climbed all over the place, out into the forest, baffled about what that place that we had thought was an apartment building and a bedroom really was … and I was stunned that the renter had even claimed that it was a good apartment and that I hadn't seen in what shape it really was!

When I woke up, I knew, I **am not** supposed to rent the place … as tempting as the location is, next to the lake and all. But the interior was strangely off-putting yesterday, the cushions, the old upholstery, and there is really no space for all my stuff … and there is no real kitchen, only a two-plate stove. And the renter yesterday said that the washing machine is probably useless … well, why would I rent it then?

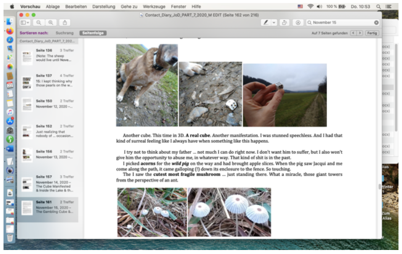
The message of the dream is loud and clear:
Bob helped me "judge", a Martina's job is – being an assistant to judges at court, in real life!
And **"the apartment is not what it seems"!** Mahalo my love! Got it!
And all the Hawaii stuff yesterday … I feel it's kind of an "exercise" telling me that "they are with me" or "Bob is with me", but not to mistake it for definite advice, but as a greeting, that was the question I had yesterday! The real message was to come in a dream! Altogether it feels like some kind of "exercise event", like I had to react properly. And I think I got it?! I can't believe I didn't photograph the ***Peony***-flowers in the apartment … my favorite flower, my spirit flower, in the bedroom … where the dream took place!

Interestingly, the first job I had this morning was ***editing the Astrology Newsletter***, and it asks to look back at ***November 15, 2020***, the last Scorpio-moon and see what happened there and judge, what to do about it … move forward, is it still suiting what was started then … must it be continued, enhanced? *It was the day when I "received" a "**white cube**" in my hand* … and then I found one in real life! And when I had a major insight! So … yes, it's still relevant, and yes, it must be enhanced. I am to communicate more and more efficiently with Bob and his spirit buddies.


Vorschau Ablage Bearbeiten Darstellung Gehe zu Werkzeuge Fenster Hilfe
Do. 10:53
Contact_Diary_JoD_PART_7_2020_M EDIT (Seite 162 von 216)
November 15
Sortieren nach: Suchrang Seitenfolge
Auf 7 Seiten gefunden
Fertig
Seite 136 3 Treffer (Note: The sheep would live until Nove…
Seite 137 4 Treffer 15: I kept thinking why those pearls on the w…
Seite 150 2 Treffer November 12, 2020 –…
Seite 152 2 Treffer Just realizing that nobody of … occasion…
Seite 156 2 Treffer November 13, 2020 –…
Seite 157 3 Treffer November 14, 2020 – The Cube Manifested & Inside the Lake & th…
Seite 161 2 Treffer November 15, 2020 – The Gambling Cube &…

So those were my thoughts before meeting the mouse …

I talked with Edith and with Bob … then I pulled out my phone to call my mother, on the path along the river, and there it was: a **white gambling cube**.


Vorschau Ablage Bearbeiten Darstellung Gehe zu Werkzeuge Fenster Hilfe
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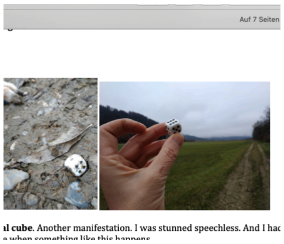
Contact_Diary_JoD_PART_7_2020_M EDIT (Seite 162 von 216)
November 15
Sortieren nach: Suchrang Seitenfolge
Auf 7 Seiten gefunden
Fertig

Another cube. This time in 3D. **A real cube**. Another manifestation. I was stunned speechless. And I had that kind of surreal feeling like I always have when something like this happens.

I try not to think about my father … not much I can do right now. I don't want him to suffer, but I also won't give him the opportunity to abuse me, in whatever way. That kind of shit is in the past.
I picked **acorns** for the ***wild pig*** on the way and had brought apple slices. When the pig saw Jacqui and me come along the path, it came galloping (!) down its enclosure to the fence. So touching.
The I saw the **cutest most fragile mushroom** … just standing there. What a miracle, those giant towers from the perspective of an ant.


Auf 7 Seiten

l cube. Another manifestation. I was stunned speechless. And I ha

I took a walk with Jacqui in the **forest** … and there was some kind of **artwork**, that kids must have head.

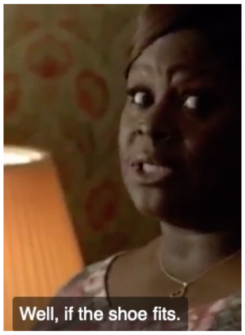
(Later) **The thing with the foot …**

Watching a new series “***Good Girls***”, actually smart and funny, and … fun thing:

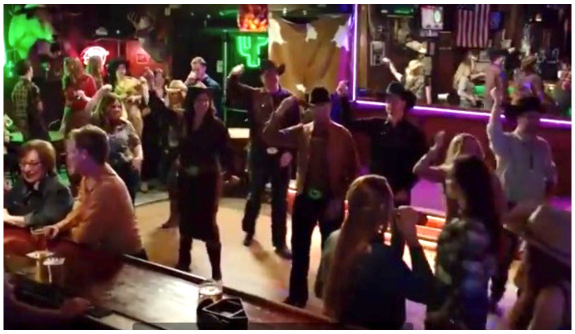
Today, driving, I felt a sudden **very sharp pain in my right foot.** So sudden and hard and sharp that I said “Wow, what’s that pain in my foot? I’ve never felt that before!” Not a cramp, not something torn, a sudden pain out of nowhere.

And guess what: In that series, in episode 3, one of the characters **shoots a guy in the foot!** I immediately flashed back to the foot pain! Wow!

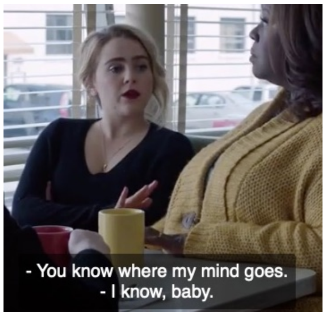
Oh, and a line from my life on Maui … the half year, before and after I met Bob … I was working at a shoe store with the name **“If the Shoe Fits”**. And one of the last things Bob and I planned was … to go **line dancing** at the Hannibal Tavares Community Center in Pukalani. Oh my beloved Pukalani.



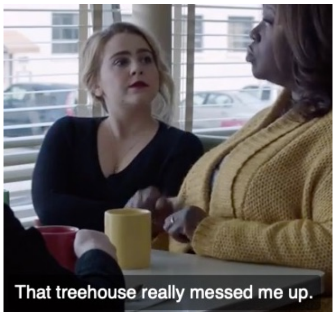
Well, if the shoe fits.



Of course, a “**treehouse**” was involved, too …



- You know where my mind goes.
- I know, baby.

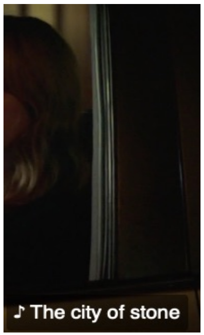


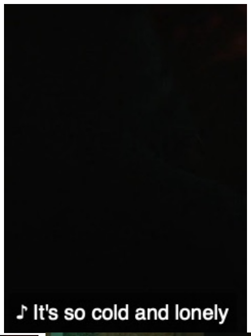
That treehouse really messed me up.

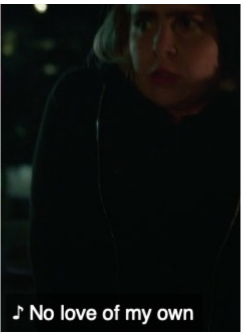
(Ja, no shit, me too.)

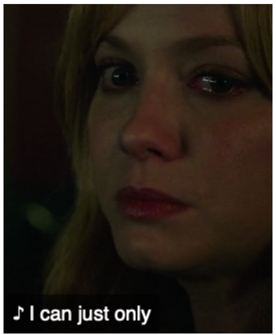
Also … something touching … I watched a bit of a nature show, and there were ***mongooses*** … or mongeese? And one was filmed doing what **Jacqui** *did when I first met him:* He looked up in a certain way with his golden eyes, when I had taken him out of the animal shelter compound and he heard a bird above, and I saw his *eyeball* with that lovely light brown iris next to me move … and it touched me deeply.

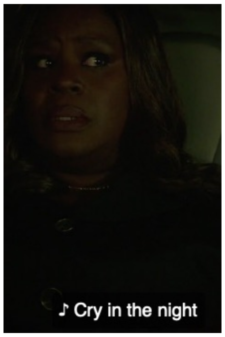
“**City of Stone**” … only one of the *songs in “Good Girls”* that speak to me so clearly:

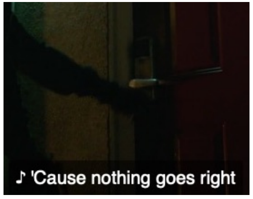

♪ The city of stone

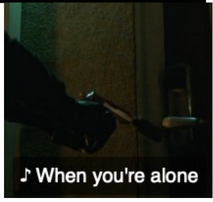

♪ It's so cold and lonely

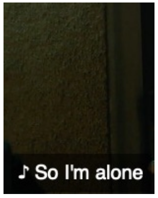

♪ No love of my own

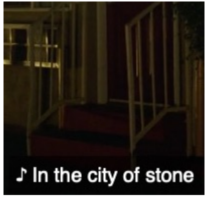

♪ I can just only


♪ Cry in the night

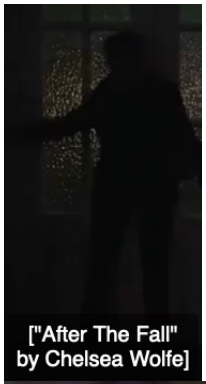

♪ 'Cause nothing goes right

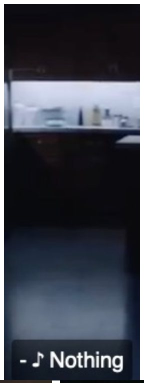

♪ When you're alone

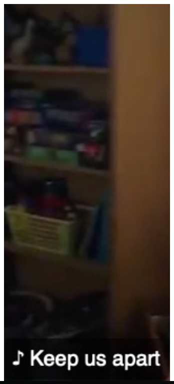

♪ So I'm alone

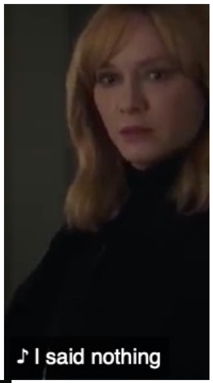

♪ In the city of stone

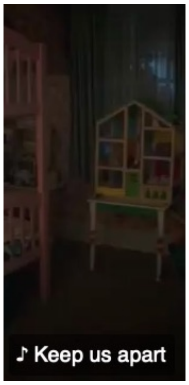
And another song …

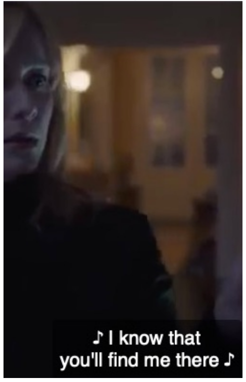

["After The Fall" by Chelsea Wolfe]

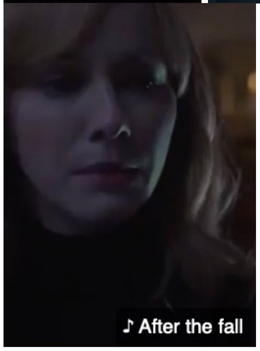

- ♪ Nothing

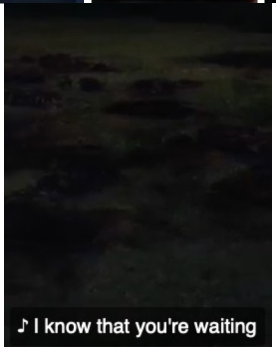

♪ Keep us apart


♪ I said nothing


♪ Keep us apart


♪ I know that you'll find me there ♪

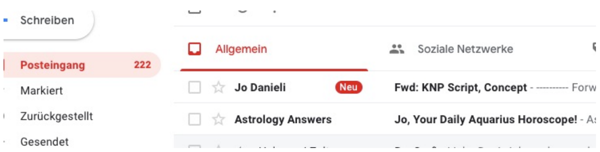

♪ After the fall


♪ I know that you're waiting

Yes, I do know that you’re waiting.

April 23, 2021

Sometimes … I think I want to "see" messages, like when I emailed a copy of "***Ka Nui Puckerfiddle***" to myself, and it was the email number "**222**", our address and the address where Bob and I intended to film "Ka Nui P."!



Jo Danieli — Fwd: KNP Script, Concept - ---------- Forw

Astrology Answers — Jo, Your Daily Aquarius Horoscope! - A:

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April 24, 2021 – A Real Inter-Realm Conversation & my Brother

Lots of references in *"Good Girls"* …

Drove to Velden to see my mother. I thought about and said out loud to myself that I wanted to be outspoken and clear to my mother, dementia or not and tell her that I want her to exercise more and go out for her to be fit or I'll have to question her ability to drive safely … and also I'm planning to be entirely honest to my father too. I thought about how those two people never gave a shit about me in decades, and that I sure won't sacrifice my lifetime trying to give them what they want when I know that something else would be better - also for me. I just don't want to be the one in deep shit and with all the troubles only because a demented woman and a psychopath old man are treated like they can do what they want to. They can't! So I was chatting away …

In the tunnels, then, I had the strangest "**hallway**"-meeting vision … I saw a **woman**, actually, or a man with a **skirt**, squatting at the right hand wall side of the hallway with a very old-fashioned **phone**, and she angrily kept **slamming** the receiver onto the phone … in the next tunnel, a **frog** appeared, very green, very alive, and in the next one it was a bunch of bright **yellow narcissus flowers**.

So driving on I first was a bit worried, because the frog has to do with "death" … as in the narration in ***"Dead Like Me"*** … and the ***narcissus*** seemed directly to point at my father … and ***old fashioned phone*** seemed to also point at my father's home, because he had the old landline that I knew from my childhood until a few weeks ago … In the end, in the last tunnel, Bob showed up with a **scarf**, and he tied a **knot** into it and held it at me!

But at some point, while I was saying out loud what I had seen, I realized: That maybe this was an actual conversation we were having! I had been thinking and talking about what I was planning to say to my parents .. . and the answer was *"They are like children and will throw a tantrum whatever you say"* (the angrily slamming the ***old phone***!) and they'll do that for the rest of their lives (the frog), especially because they can't help it given their psychological disposition (narcissus).

And the scarf immediately reminded me of my film script "***Kaweli***", the film Bob and wanted to shoot in 2018, and a main prop in that film is – a **scarf**! So it told me *"Don't forget to focus on your on kuleana, your path, the things you must do, they must be first!"* The "knot" stands for "Remember!" and

"Don't Forget!" as ***knots on strings*** are ancient mnemonic devices to remember stuff … it's a section in my Hawaii docu, I researched it myself. I even realized that while driving.

Then I said out loud something amazing – and it put a piece of a puzzle in place, that I had been wondering about yesterday: ***"This is my story, and I'm sticking to it!"***

That's what "Hanna McKay" says to "*Dexter*", and Bob and I had said that often to each other playfully. Yesterday I had come across the screenshot of that scene in my picture collection, and I had wondered why I had taken that … and today I knew it: ***My story … that's my life.*** And I have a certain "calling", I think, a job to do, in terms of "the bridge". And the sentence is what I was supposed to say and to realize.

My mother's spirit has her own story, and my father's spirit has his, and Bob had his and my brother and all those "gone" … but just gone from this dimension, because their stories had come to a conclusion.

Mine is still ongoing.

And I'm sticking to it.

It felt so round and good and true … and I do feel that this time it was like an actual conversation, relating to what I had been talking about and thinking about … so …

It felt like a ***new step in the "hallway"-conversations*** …

(Later)

My mother seemed fine, entirely sober, just came back from some errand – whatever that was, I didn't want to ask – with her car, and she looked … well, pale, but kind of healthy. It's just so very disappointing that she just won't go for a walk with me or do anything with me. She sits and lets me talk and seems to wait for me to leave.

I drove to the Drau river and took some time to sit with Jacqui in the grass and also play fetch with him … he enjoyed it so much! He has a backache at times, I know it now … I really want to do everything that he is well.

Driving back, on the highway, I had a very strong feeling of ***my brother Peter close to me*** … to the point of a sudden tearing up … which usually means that Bob is close when I think of Bob and tear up, at least, that's how it was in the early days of our communication …

Then I did the **tunnel-hallway-"meeting"** consciously … *asking my brother to communicate with me …*

And there he was, **Peter, my brother,** *in his early twenties, handsome, slender,* **squatting** at the right hand wall, wearing dark pants and a black-and-white-pattern **jacket**, and he was holding something like a **pole** and rammed it into the floor. This image wouldn't go away, and reappeared in the next tunnels. At some point he grabbed the pole, that was also tightly connected to the ceiling, and he did ***backwards flips up along the pole and disappeared in the ceiling!*** At some point I moved in my vision in front of him and he had very **red** lips, like wearing lipstick. Bob showed up too, but unclear … it was some kind of strangely vile gesture he did, like *sticking his tongue out between his fingers?* … I just had the feeling that the “pole” wasn’t really a pole … and that it meant something else. So I kind of emptied my mind … and …

I “read” that I should ***find something to give me real hold***, something to grab and ***hold on to***, something so firm, that I can do backflips on it and trust it completely … It ended in the final tunnel with some kind of cotton candy white cloud forming right in front of me in the hallway.

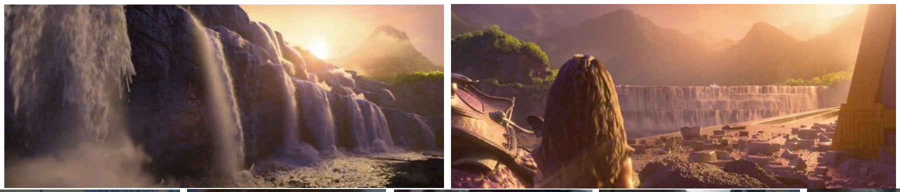
Right then, a car with “**USA 5**” drove by, and the next was … “**911 LY**”, and yes, I read *“Love You”*. And 911 being the day I left Bob. Shortly afterwards, the license plate number “**313 BD**” came to my awareness.

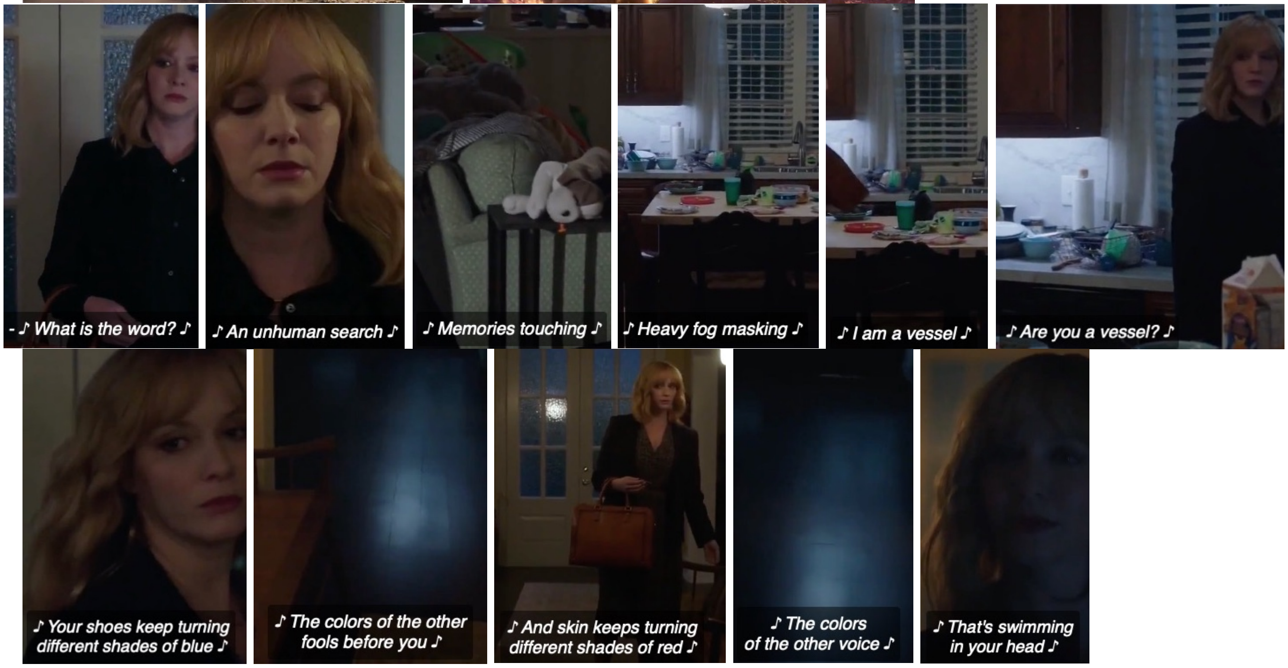
(Later)

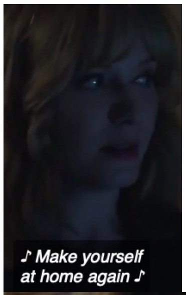
Watching more of “***Good Girls***”, the number “**313**” showed up! Oh yes, Bob is watching with me … also one of the character said as a reason why he cheated on his wife, that ***they hadn’t had sex for two years*** at that point … and that’s something Bob and I also had bitter conversations about and a big disagreement … and at the time I thought that it was so strange that Bob would have forgotten about that … but I realized that he mixed up events from his marriage with events in his relationship with me! I did realize this back then, but I paid way too little attention to it.

And oh the **songs** in that tv series! Putting the subtitles on, I see the ***lyrics*** and am stunned … it’s a whole waterfall of messages coming my way …

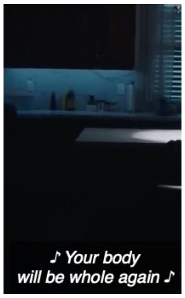
Oh, now I know what to do with the “***waterfall***”-images from “Raya”!

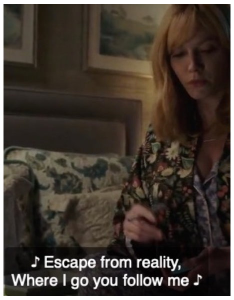


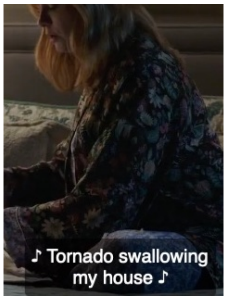

- ♪ What is the word? ♪
♪ An unhuman search ♪
♪ Memories touching ♪
♪ Heavy fog masking ♪
♪ I am a vessel ♪
♪ Are you a vessel? ♪
♪ Your shoes keep turning different shades of blue ♪
♪ The colors of the other fools before you ♪
♪ And skin keeps turning different shades of red ♪
♪ The colors of the other voice ♪
♪ That's swimming in your head ♪

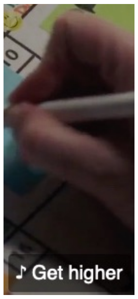

♪ Make yourself at home again ♪

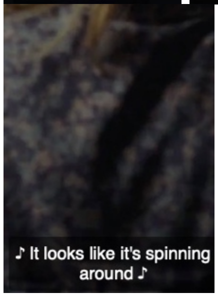
♪ Count your blessings, one to ten ♪


♪ Your body will be whole again ♪


♪ Escape from reality, Where I go you follow me ♪


♪ Tornado swallowing my house ♪

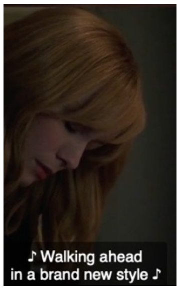

♪ Get higher

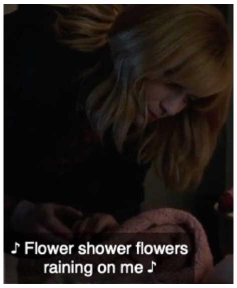

♪ It looks like it's spinning around ♪

And another song:

♪ I'm lost, I'm lost, in a shiny new world ♪

♪ Follow, follow, follow the yellow brick road ♪


♪ Walking ahead in a brand new style ♪


♪ Flower shower flowers raining on me ♪

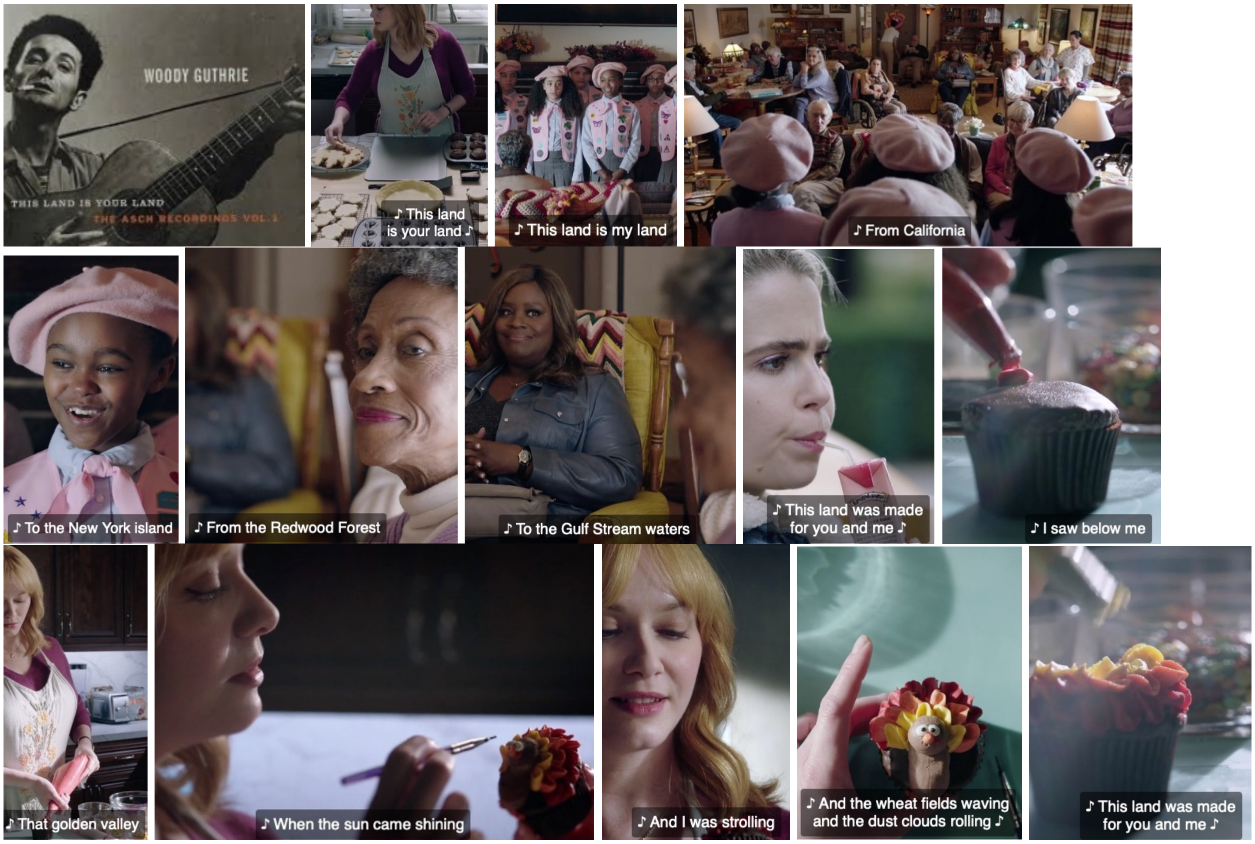
Ok. A major molar *tooth of mine broke apart.* Shit. Dentist on Monday. A big ruin in my mouth now … wow, I really have to think about that dream with Martina … where the ***wall broke in and left a big hole*** …

April 25, 2021, Sunday – **"This Land Is My Land" Song & the Ketchup, the Moonman over the Bridge & the Silverthread**

Took the morning walk with Jacqui filled with the thought that if humanity was functioning properly, old people, whose partners had died, would be glad to fulfil some more tasks for the younger ones, fulfil and complete their story, knowing that they'd follow their beloved soon.

Thinking of my father … he is only worried about him not getting enough out of life … But he denies it.

I watched some more of ***"Good Girls"*** … oh wow, today's song is ***"This land is your land, this land is my land"*** … and *this is the song that was played by that* ***man with the "Ukulele"*** on April, when I walked along the *Saissersee lake*! Is that why I was there, just when this man was jamming on his "***Ukulele***"? Sure as hell yes.


WOODY GUTHRIE
THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND
THE ASCH RECORDINGS VOL. 1
♪ This land is your land ♪
♪ This land is my land
♪ From California
♪ To the New York island
♪ From the Redwood Forest
♪ To the Gulf Stream waters
♪ This land was made for you and me ♪
♪ I saw below me
♪ That golden valley
♪ When the sun came shining
♪ And I was strolling
♪ And the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling ♪
♪ This land was made for you and me ♪

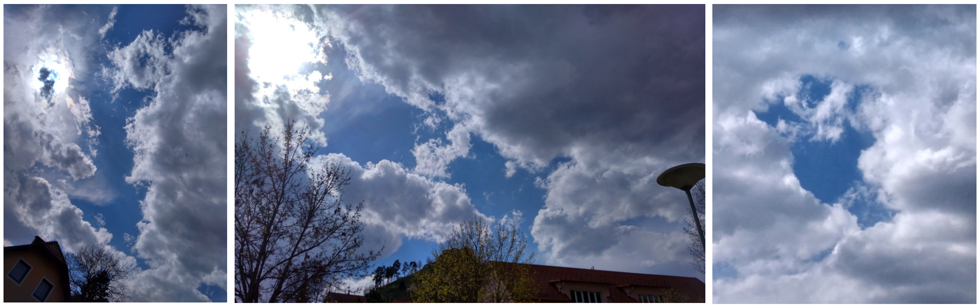
(Later)

Oh the word games that Bob and I played! Again today, when I walked in the thunderstorm-mood towards St. Kollmann … but gee, I can't recall it!

The other day I talked to Bob about living and making decisions according to one's gut feeling, and I said *"And I couldn't ever having done anything different listening to my **gut**, and that's what I have been doing"*, and a voice inside my being answered with soft sarcasm "Sure, I ***gut*** it."

That would have been so Bob.

The **clouds** gave me an arrow, a paw print and a bridge …



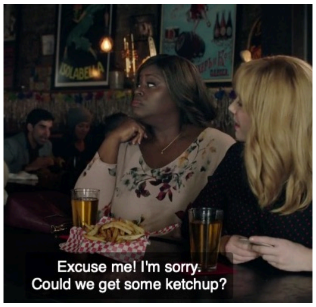
And then: the amazing scenario of a vagina and a penis … but in the opposite direction than expected, like the **penis** had grown out of the **vagina** …

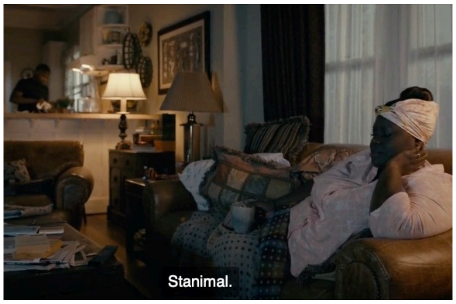
Also … ***clouds were mimicking the path*** I was walking on …

(Later)

Back home, I ate my bean salad from yesterday and chips with lots of **ketchup**. I had bought a big bottle of ketchup, which I think have only done twice in my life … and I just ate chips with ketchup, when the line in “*Good Girls*” was: “**Can we have some ketchup please?”** And: A character called her husband “**Stanimal**”. And I had invented the name “***Danimal***” for me, and Bob had also called me that!

I kid you not. There are no such odds.





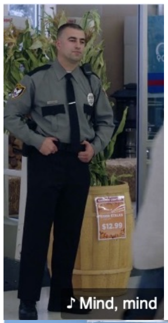
I had to lie down this afternoon … and suddenly *a flood of* ***memories*** *of Bob and me on Maui came over me, so intensely, and Bob was so clear in my mind as if I was* ***reliving*** *those situations,* us two working at a shoot or being at home or going for a walk … I even had to smile. I was fully awake, my eyes even open, it just happened like a veil was lifted and I was right back there …

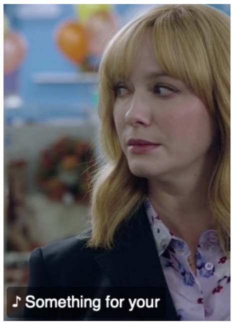
And then I even was back on that wondrous day when I had walked from Hali’i Maile to Paia and had taken that wonderful swim … I think it was *the best swim I ever had.* The crystal clear high wave water, me swimming like a dolphin, so safe and quick and strong … looking up to Pukalani, up Haleakala mountain to where I knew Bob was waiting. I remember it well … it was so wonderful but I cut it short to catch the bus to get back up to Bob as fast as possible … and arriving there, I found him in high fever.

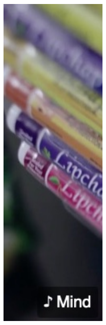
I’ve been thinking of Betty and Stewart … and that he had to live for seven more years after her death … wow, my mother had to live more than 30 years after her beloved Sebastian’s death … fuck that.

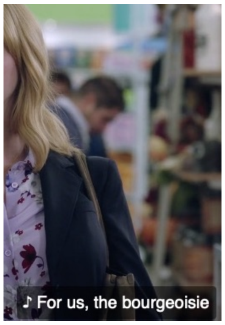
I have such longing to be close to her, but she wants to be by herself. She'd never call me.

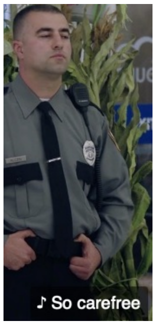
More **songs** on ***"Good Girls"*** …

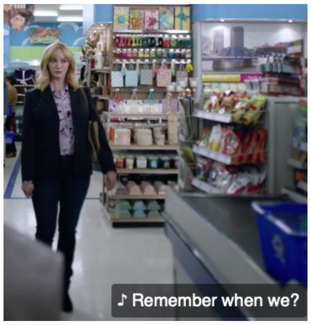


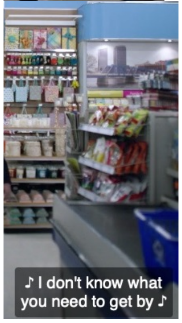

♪ Something for your

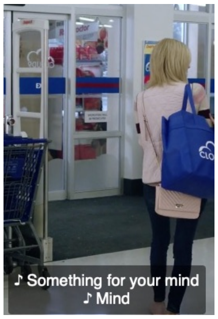


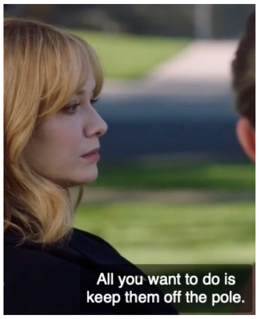

♪ For us, the bourgeoisie


♪ So carefree


♪ Remember when we?


♪ I don't know what
you need to get by ♪


♪ Something for your mind
♪ Mind


All you want to do is
keep them off the pole.

… and a „**pole**" … like in the *hallway-tunnel vision* two days ago …

April 26, 2021 – **The Tongue between the Fingers**

I just ate a Stracciatella **yogurt**, my favorite way, *with my **fingers** (index and middle) directly from the cup*, while I was looking for a worthy series to watch online … and as I was licking the last yogurt from my fingers, I suddenly stopped in my motions: I realized that I was doing what ***I had seen Bob do in that strange hallway-tunnel vision*** the other day: *I was sticking my tongue between my index and middle finger, licking the yogurt off from both fingers at the same time!* ***Bob had done that in my vision!***

And I had thought how strange it was, that kind of "sexual" content of that motion … and it felt not right … and I thought I had to dismiss it.

Right now I realize that I must not judge, I must never judge … even if I was to see the strangest thing … because it will have meaning eventually.

Wow.

It's a rainy day, Monday, and I still haven't called my mother, I've visited her last on Saturday. I felt so very lost today, even said it out loud while walking Jacqui … I really don't know what to focus on.

The fact that my father really seems to be an insane narcissist psychopath, the way he behaves, doesn't make things easier. Why can't I have one normal loving person in my life? The more I think about it, the most normal person to whom I could relate the most, was my paternal grandmother Johanna. I always had thought that my maternal grandmother Maria was the one I was closest too … but that one day when I came to her for help, long time ago, I was close to twenty years old, and I had driven with a mofa for more than 50 kilometers in all my heartbreak because of my boyfriend, who had betrayed me so horribly, and I sought comfort from my grandmother (Johanna was already dead then), and when I arrived there, at the big old house, where I had spent so much of my childhood, my grandmother had a visitor, some neighbor farmer's wife, I don't remember … and she didn't even want me in the kitchen and cut me short, didn't want to listen, only said that "oh she had to deal with so much in her life, and her I was bringing my troubles to her" … Jesus Christ, my grandmother. She did let me explain, didn't want me to stay, so I had to take the ride back … and my heart was broken.

Grandmother Johanna was strange, but in a way, she never did anything bad to me. Not sure why I'm thinking about this right now … maybe she wants to come through and be my guide?

My landlord ***burned*** a pile of dry twigs and garden stuff today … and the big fire seemed so … *alien*. I mean … no human can resist or survive a force like this. Nature's tool for the souls to get rid of the material machine, too.

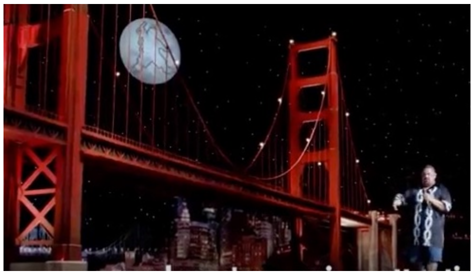
*Oh geez, just now … as I'm watching "**The Following**" while putting images into this C. D, it's May 3, today, a character in the film just said "**I like fire**"! JUST NOW! That I'm dealing with the fire pictures!)*

(Later)

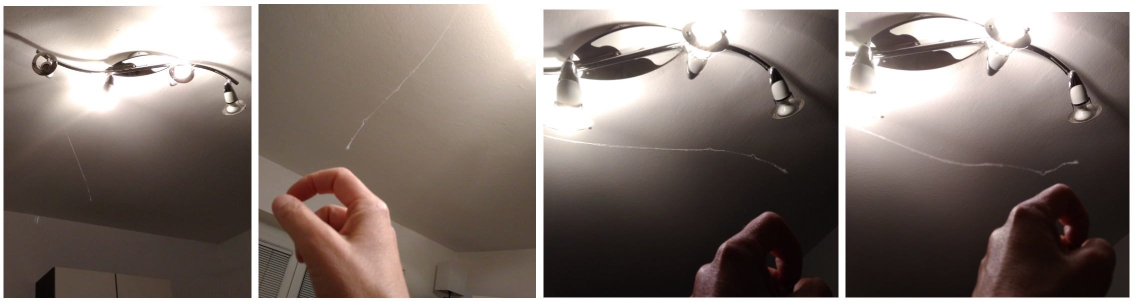
Oh, I think I got a nice message: **The man in the moon over the bridge.**

And I mean that literally. I was going to watch a tv-series or a movie or something, while working on the screenshots for this CD, when I suddenly had the urge to look into standup comedy … and I saw ***"Fluffy" Gabriel Iglesias,*** but I normally don't want him, and especially not "Fluffy goes to India", which is an old program of Fluffy. But I clicked it on … and there he was: ***The man in the moon over the bridge.***

Wow.



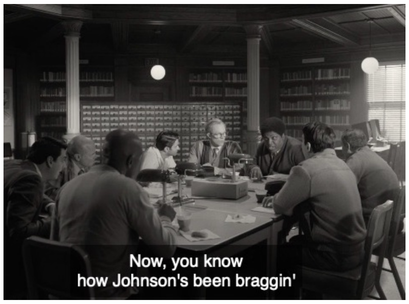
Just as I had written the above paragraph … I looked up, and there was a **thread** pointing at me … slightly moving in the air. This sounds strange, I know, but … literally a thread from a spider's web was waving towards me in the light of the kitchen ceiling lamp and in the slight airstream from the hallway … it's a bit unreal.

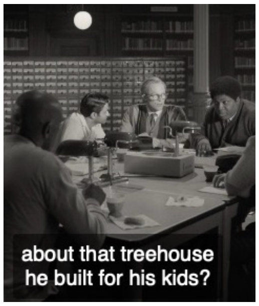


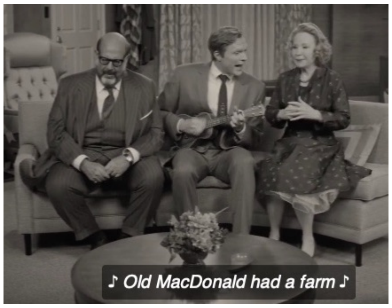
I had just earlier suffered some more of those heart pangs that I've been having for a few days, like my heart suddenly aches, literally, there is a bitter deep pain in my heart, not stinging, a pain … and it feels kind of … dangerous. I just earlier took some Hawthorn heart medicine.

The **silver thread** … that connects the body and the soul … is that visible to me here, right now?

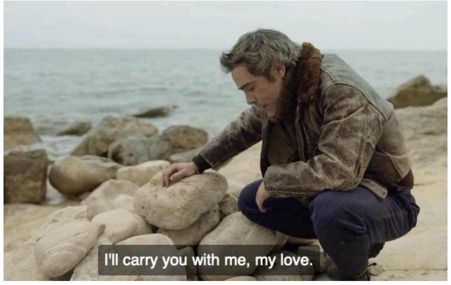
Watched a tiny little bit of a strange ***series*** called "***WandaVision***" … and immediately, two things of my immediate future showed up: **Ukulele** and **Treehouse**.







And … in a movie, whose title I don't recall, a man talks to his dead wife that's under a pile of stones … looks like talking to the stones, and of course, I see myself, **talking to "my stone".**



April 27, 2021 **– The Lu'au & a Major Insight?**

Wow, what a *dream*. I think it brought me a major realization.

I woke up with such heart pain and so sad, that I really didn't want to get up. My dog came and licked my dangling hand, and that kind of got me going.

I was, in my **dream**, on the island of **Kauai**, and in my dream I knew it was Kauai. I was wandering around, looking at *landscapes, the ocean,* sometimes *from high above, like from a cliff*, and I was hurting so so so bad missing Bob and knowing that he was gone. It was not that I thought that he was dead, he was just gone for good and I'd never seen him there again … and I was reminiscing in my dream, our times, and it was so painful like in real life. There were people around, but I couldn't possibly explain to them what I was feeling, words would never be enough.

This dense feeling of Bob being so close was there, like I had in real life yesterday … and I felt like crying but I couldn't.

I ended up in some kind of **building**, but it could also have been a **cave** of sorts or a castle … like the Schlossberg mountain with it's stalactite cave right where I live, the "dripping stone cave" as I call it? … and there was a man like real-life *Larry Noa Kawai*, one of the narrators of "NOO", and somehow that building was like a factory, very spacious, but at the same time it was a ruin of a castle, as it seemed, and kind of fragile, and it had many stories, and we were high up … I think I had to flee from him, but he followed me?

Then it was a situation like the last day of school ever, of which I've dreamed so many times, when I was in the classroom and knew that I would never be there again, and it was like that in the dream too … I was in a place, a room, and the other people were gone *(Note: The last time I dreamed of that was when I was in the classroom full of water, and I thought of fleeing out of the window, but then I discovered that the water was shallow, remember that one?)* … and I was alone in there, as if I couldn't say good-bye, but at the same time it felt like I had to do something there.

At the same time, that building was some kind o**f vacation resort**, too, weirdly, and there were many **guests streaming** towards some **room**, maybe a dining room or an event room … and I was grieving and wanted to cry so bad, but couldn't. And I saw all those people go those places – and now it was more inside a huge hotel (***Note****: a reference to "Paradise", my TV-series about that hotel?*) – where Bob and I had been. And I was so heartbroken, that my heart really was about to fail, that's what it felt like. (It was like that when I woke up, too, and I had to get up and get my heart medicine.) I was so deeply sad like never before, and I felt like my life was over. I looked again over the landscape and saw myself and Bob there, and it all felt lost and lonely and over and horrible. I walked away and ended up in some kind of **factory or storage hall**, dark and gloomy and empty, and it was built on some kind of slope and consisted of rocks and moss and even tree trunks of sorts, all on some kind of precipice – *and on that one I was climbing up,* and I just didn't trust it, it felt like it was going to **break off any time**. And in my dream I thought, "Well, if it's meant to break, it will, so there is no point for me to anticipate this and not move, I'd rather move fast and efficiently and strongly to have a chance of surviving." And that's what I did: I stepped fully onto that precipice and grabbed the rocks and the branches and roots, seeing the fissures but climbing over them … and I did make it up onto some kind of safe pathway inside that strange hall, like a hangar … I could see the light of day at the openings ahead, in a northeast direction.

That's when "Larry" showed up again (tall, long dark hair, athletic) … and I knew that he was following me … and I tried to escape.

There was some double plot of sorts, that involved other people …. But I can't recall that one. I just remember that my grief and pain got deeper and more horrible to more I moved through that building. And now I was walking upstairs … and I ended up in a **room *very high up***, with huge glass windows, like a glass front, overlooking some kind of valley or pit, and some kind of a cozy feeling was there, though, but I knew I had to flee that place, too, and could only stay for a moment … ***"Passing through***" just came to my mind, a song for which Bob and I had once made a music video, I then Eve Selis is the singer, and our project was *"Music Across America" … a disaster, a horrible, horrible mistake to get involved in …* it broke Bob's spirit more than even Taylor Camp had. Very strange that he attracted that kind of spirit ruining occupations … like he was really very strong and positive, but stuff came raining onto him – and now I understood why he kept barking "The Universe is shitting on me" or "The Universe is fucking with me" – whatever he tried and did. He was doomed, my poor Bob. A token in a big "game"? Like so many people who are suffering so horribly? I'm thankful that I could give him some good time, at least.

So as I gazed out of the window into that abyss, the sadness overcame me so strongly and my longing for being with Bob … and suddenly Larry was behind me. He was a danger to me, but I was so sad, and for some reason, he was the one to understand my grieving for Bob … ***and he took me into his arms and held me!***

Nobody ever does that with me! I remember thinking that in my dream too … that nobody hugs me … and Bob didn't touch me for so many years … yesterday I had reminisced again how he had said to me, crying, while he was so deadsick, in 2018, *"I was such an ass to you, I'm so sorry"*, and I said "*Yes you were, and it's even worse that you are even aware that you were … so were you aware of it while you did it, while you were that ass to me?"*

So Larry held me for a while and joined in my sadness …

And then I was out of the room, away from that window and from Larry and back in that ***other plotline*** of this dream … and I was striving to get away from that place, urgently … among other people, I think. It was even some kind of busy "production feeling" I had … it was like in my dream I had to realize that *Bob simply was gone, and I had to keep doing what I was doing* … and I think that's when I woke up.

And my heart was literally hurting, and I struggled to get up … And wow. This dream still lingers. It was so intense. So so so painful.

I got to say … that very late last night, lying on my belly on my bed, I watched some more of "***Fluffy***" standup comedy … and the program was ***"Real Hawaiian Luau"***. Just yesterday I had again counted for Bob what we hadn't done together but always wanted to – prominently (next to the Olivine rocks) – **a Hawaiian luau**. So now there it was. In Fluffy's program. I was baffled. I thought I wouldn't be able to watch it … but I did … and then it was very painful, seeing the stage, the Hawaiian local audiences, the typical Hawaii related jokes … Of course I dreamed of Hawaii, one might say. But that dream was not just a dream …

We're gonna have
such a great time.

Don't just go
to any luau.

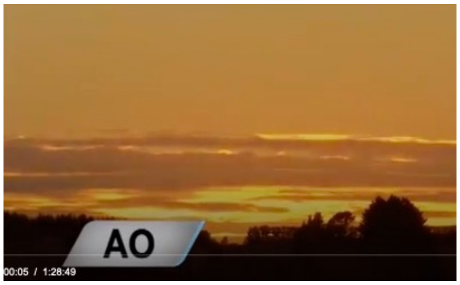
I'm gonna tell you how you
can tell if you're on a bad one.

Walking the dog I then ***realized*** that maybe that extreme grief, this deep deep experience of loss, so direct and strong, *is just the remaining impression that the mortal's subconscious retains from an **actual** meeting with the person in the beyond, during the sleeping phase!* Last night I played with the ***dust thread*** … and it was so magical, in a way. But I also said to Bob that I was disappointed because he can't even move that light a material thing … why then the rapping and knocking? Of course, I gave the answer to myself right away, it's just energetic impact that makes matter react …

So in my ***dreamstate***, I think ***I actually met Bob tonight.*** And this intense deep strong horribly-painful feeling of having just lost Bob and looking for him all over – that's actually *the aftermath of "losing him" again for real when I had to* **go back** *to mortal living in the obstructed realm while* **he had to sta***y back in his dimension?*

I think that's it. It feels strong and deep and real, thinking and writing this.

Took a walk to Schlossberg mountain today with Jacqui, where beautiful flowers began to bloom, called "***Himmelschlüssel***", meaning "***keys to heaven***".



"**Ao**" is "the real world", "the day world" in Hawaiian … what a nice picture at the beginning of some movie … with the setting sun, right when "Ao" turns into "Po", the night world or "***the world of heaven***".

April 27, 2021 **– With Bob in a City & The Little Yellow Dog**

Oh it was miraculous.

I was with Bob in my dream. And in the dream *I knew that he really was dead and that it was extraordinary that I was with him.* Before I woke up, I asked Bob if it was okay for me to take a photograph of him so that I could prove that he was real and that it was possible to be with "the dead".

It was a place in some kind of outdoor-outskirt of a city near a big lake or maybe the ocean. There was a long road right along the waterline, that lead to the place where Bob and I and other people were … but I can't remember what we were doing. Bob was there, standing tall, busy with something, his face always serious, as if it was some kind of effort to be there and if he knew that his presence and condition were only temporary. I was constantly moving around in that area, somehow in relation to those other people – who did know about the extraordinary situation. At some point, Bob and I were in some kind of train that was moving, but that was only a brief intermission of the main dream. It was a similar feeling of grief about having lost him, but at the same time the deeply bittersweet experience of the miracle that we were together. I could touch him! I took his hand and realized that it was indeed possible to feel his hand, but it did not feel entirely like his real hand that I know so well. He was looking at me with a serious face of wonder, while I was there, around him, barely daring to breathe, so afraid that me might disappear. He didn't really talk to me, he thought into me, some kind of telepathic exchange, and it had to do that I had to accomplish something and that he was there to help, but I had to hurry and be efficient.

And I tried, but I didn't want to leave him or take my eyes of him … and we were back in that strange train … and we talked about he was even wearing those turquoise blue swim trunks that he always wore … and in my dream I said to myself that now I didn't have to photograph strangers at lake Klopeinersee who were wearing such swim trunks, I would take a picture of Bob himself! How odd, that I was referring to real life events of last year!
At some point the turquoise swim trunks were just lying there, and Bob wasn't wearing them. And I saw that a red-pink bikini was spread out like to dry over a large round rock, and it was like a narrator was saying "And this is what she was wearing when they were in the water for the last time".

Wow!

And there was that other plot that kept playing into this glorious time of being with Bob … it had to do with other people with who I kind of was at odds. We were involved in some important difficult project, but they didn't really do what they were supposed to do, and so I was in trouble because of them. Ever again I went back to Bob, to be close to him, I ran along that road at the lake shore, and when I saw that he was still there, I was so happy.

I see him standing there, looking at me directly, with a serious and kind of questioning look on his face, and in my dream I thought that he looks a bit too pale to be alive, and he had some kind of glow to him … so in my dream, I admitted to myself, that he was still dead.

And then he began to pack up, but I didn't see what, it was an impression of departure, and suddenly we were in a room and it was directly related to the stuff I had to do with those other people … and I knew Bob was going to disappear. And that's when I grabbed my phone … just now I remember that there was a recording device involved in the whole thing, that I saw or grabbed but realized right away that it was not enough to prove Bob's existence, it was something flat, that looked more like a discman … so I asked Bob or more thought into him that there was one more thing I had to do to prove that we had really been together, to take a photo of him.

But then I was in that train again, and it seemed to be moving fast, and Bob was still kind of there, but there was a feeling of urgency …

And then I woke up … filled with the impression of that place outdoors, the road along that lake and all the many things I was doing in that dream with Bob present.

"You were really there", I said, awake. I had a hard time to "find myself" in the real world in my room with my dog next to me … it was all so present. As if I could go back right away … and I really wanted to.

And now, that I'm writing this, a few hours later, I can still see Bob's serious face with an expression of urgency, kind of with a warning? He just gazes at me, knowing that I was in a touch position, he was willing to help …

In the whole dream there was the sense of loss, the knowing that there was a past we shared but that we'd never be together like that again anymore, ever, not in my realm.

Notable is, that waking up I had that severe heart-pain again … so that I had to take my heart medicine right away.

It's a strange kind of pain, like a clucking and pulling and sharp poisonous feeling directly in my heart.

Oh Bob. I miss being with him so much. I'm sure I got to kind of hurry up for real … much to do for me, but how?

The way this dream feels … I know I was with the real Bob in some kind of in-between-world … The dream has a different energetic quality than "just a dream", the way it's composed of me "looking into it" and me "being in it and referring to my real life" … is more like a spirit journey.

On Sunday there will be the session with Dr. Alice … and she'll invite "the spiritual world" to give us messages. Oh yes, I can't wait.

Now this dream itself is a message … it's about Bob being there with me and for me … but me being caught in the experience of loss, that I won't be able to shake off in my remaining lifetime in the mortal realm. I will have to find something to really fill my days to keep me very busy. What I'm doing now … I'm not doing enough or what I should do, I know it.

In the dream, Bob was the only one knowing what I really was trying to accomplish and what I was supposed to do. The other people were kind of oblivious and egotistical and rather hindered me than helping me, but they were there inevitably. And I kept addressing them to point out how wonderful and "impossible" it was that Bob was there, visibly, and that he could even be touched!

The turquoise swim trunks …

Right now, I can't even think about the past. It's too painful.

I remember lines from "Prodigal Son" that I watched late last night, when I came back from Ingrid where I explained her computer to her. I really have to explain everything, and it kind of bothers me, because I don't want to take the time to teach her everything … she buys a new computer and has no clue at all how to deal with it and relies on me. Okay, I'll help her one more time with the printer. She is sweet, and her husband too, and I really like them, but I found myself in a position like Bob so many times, where he taught oblivious ignorant people something they could have figured out themselves but wouldn't, because they were too lazy? Or he did troubleshooting in that sense or did some work, that cost him way way way more time than it was worth it … and he was so frustrated … I was glad to help last night, but the many hours I invested into explaining basics to Inge, I could really have used otherwise. Okay it had to be, obviously … and maybe it was for me to realize what I'm capable off, because I also am not familiar with PCs, and I have to simply rely on my ability to figure stuff out on the spot, and it worked … So in "Prodigal Son" the line that was repeated was **"Your trauma won't go away by itself only because you want it to."** I was well aware of this line … it felt strange that it was said. I did deal with trauma a lot … and just last night, during my evening walk with Jacqui I had thought about the project ***"From Trauma to Peace"***, that major huge effort that I did in 2014 when I was with the healthy Bob for the last time … and how it consumed all the time we had reserved for making a movie together, because Bob had not been able to handle the task anymore, mentally and in other ways. He was seriously overwhelmed then … and even though I did all that work for him, he disrespected me anyway by excluding me from finalizing my own work and by not giving me the credit I deserved.

It was a mess …

And at the ***airport***, when I left after three months, I kissed him on the lips, ***and we had an intense moment*** … looking at each other, he with wonder, I with some kind of energetic surge, "knowing" that the story would go on (just I didn't know, as the mortal I was then, what that meant) … and this impression of Bob, so close, tall, looking at me directly, warm and surprised … like ***a final moment***, not only a goodbye at an airport … ***I think that that moment connects us today.*** We looked at each other "knowingly", as if our existence in the beyond was kind of "bleeding into" our material world lives … and ***on some level we knew that this was the last time we'd be "Bob and Dani" as we knew ourselves and each other.*** The next time I saw Bob, he was dying.

So in my dream last night … Bob was there, so present, looking at me so directly and closely like he had done at the airport in July 20214. The urgency in his glance tonight sticks with me.

I keep seeing the view of my bikini (but I don't own one like that) spread out over the large rock to dry … it had something so strange, as if the bikini was trying to melt into the rock … and that, of course, is a line from my Hawaii documentary *"Native of Owhyhee"*, spoken by kupuna Rubellite Kawena Johnson, when she told the story of how to her grandmother's time in Puna on the Big Island of Hawaii the firstborn babies were put in the sand under a rock on the beach where the "melted together with the sand and the rock" … that's too strange that it comes to my mind right now ….

(Later)

I really feel urged to add to the description or title of this work ***"This is a continuation of the work of Betty and Stewart White".*** After a long time, I felt urged just now to google *"Anchors to Windward"*, the one of the two books of B & St I haven't read, but instead I found *"The Job of Living"*, but only an online preview. But in those pages I encountered a **"small yellow dog"** … that showed up several times in my own real life and *that appears in my writings, had appeared, long before I even knew anything about "The unobstructed universe"* and when I hadn't even known Bob yet …. And then there is the fact that Betty's and Stewart's beloved home's name was "Little Hill", and hills and I have a history too.

So yes …. It is, in fact, "***a continuation of the work of Betty and Stewart White",*** *and* ***I must really make sure that this Contact Diary gets into the right hands.***

In "The Job of Living" Stewart describes his techniques of being in contact with "the invisibles" and "receiving messages" and "hints" … and wow, it's like reading about myself, and my own experiences of the last two years, and it all sounds so familiar. I really must get those books.

Stewart describes it so well what I've been experiencing: "I suddenly come upon a finished concept, instantaneous and complete. Sometimes it is expressed in actual words …" And like me, he was kept alive by his writing work after Betty's death of cancer, when she was 57.

Insight?

I also was reminded, I think, by reading into that book online, that I should really do something new I've never done to receive communication: **"bandage my eyes"** as Stewart calls it. I fact, I've never done that. I've never lied down with the intention to "communicate" or "receive". Maybe it's time to do it? I usually "receive" in the ways described, but I always must deduct from what I receive and experience and see the meaning and the message, and I explain it and "tell it", and then it's reflected back to me by something … like Bob does or shows me something that I see as a glimpse in full awake stadium, and then I find this exact thing somewhere somehow in real life …

But I have never done a purposeful session. But I can tell … only when I hold my hand in front of my eyes while being fully awake, how my self-awareness shifts immediately. Wow. Yes, okay, I will try it.

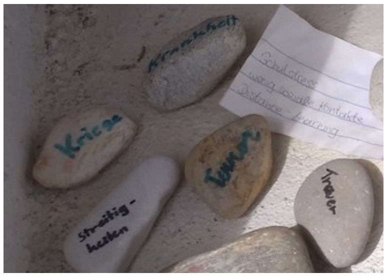
April 29, 2021 – The Old-fashioned Phone & Stones with Messages

Woke up with the thought that what I read last night in "The Job of Living", which I really didn't plan, had to do with "do not self-sacrifice, it mostly has all the wrong reasons" has actually really big relevance for me.

Yesterday I went to help Inge with her computer, but when I didn't know further and it would have required a lot of effort on my part to do the job that she should do herself, I told her to ask a professional technician. And that was the right thing to do.

I must … I don't know, rethink my life. The Astrology newsletter that I've been editing for a few months now actually has very precious hints and inspirations.

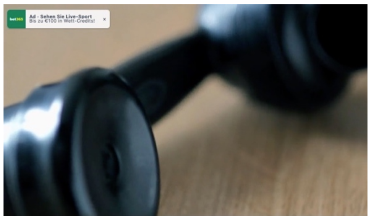
During a short walk in Völkermarkt up to the chapel next to the cemetery where I like to go and where Jacqui always relaxes and sniffs after the drive, I found a display of **stones** with **words** written on them … actually negative terms for which the writer likely was seeking help and healing, like "Kriege (wars)", "Streitigkeiten (quarrels)", "Trauer (grief)", "Terror". There is also an interesting **tap** at the cemetery …



Stones with messages … *(**Note**: Only days after the find when I put in the photographs I realized the deep meaning of that … answering my question if what I'm experiencing are actually messages from Bob Stone or just … from me to me.)*

And, there was a strange cloud phenomenon … like a cloud reaching out to connect … I just wasn't fast enough to photograph. I was just watching at first.

(Later)
Watched a documentary about the queen of England, and right at the beginning, there was a very **old-fashioned telephone receiver!** It reminded me of the hallway-meeting with Bob where I saw someone smash a receiver on an **old-fashioned phone**.



April 30, 2021 – **Arabic & the red shovel**

Last night I read some of **Stewart White's "Credo"** … an immensely dense agglomeration of deeply thoughtful and detailed dealings with the nature of all mortal creatures and of all things material and their interrelations … It would take a long time to read it. ***But immediately I realized: It is very similar to my "We Creators of the World"*** … oh wow, we are so similar. Had I known anything about that discarnate-business at the time I wrote "We Creators", I would have judged my own inspirations entirely differently … Stewart also wasn't in the middle of dealing with the invisibles yet when he wrote "Credo" … but "The Job of Living" was his last work. In the foreword it is described how much he really struggled at times to make sense of his mortal time without Betty. I can feel that vast vast loneliness that he must have felt, this feeling of abandonment, of being left behind. I feel it. I know it. I am in it.

At the dentist today I was pondering upon the use to have my teeth fixed …

After that, I took a **walk** along the first part of the treehouse field with Jacqui, and for some reason I spoke a few Arabic sentences, like "Leissa aindi waqt", "I don't have time" … I have been doing that ever again in the past weeks, but only for instances. Today it was strange, because ***I spoke Arabic before having even thought about it.***

I intended to walk the treehouse field circuit, but for no apparent reason, *I simply turned around halfway* and walked the same path back to the car. I was on the way to Völkermarkt to exchange shoes that I had bought yesterday for a smaller size.

And there it was: **a small red shovel,** like a kid's toy … just like the one I had found right before the last session with Dr. Alice! On Sunday there will be a Zoom-meeting of Incas and disca! And here is the shovel again? Is this Dr. Alice's mother again?

(Later)

I was pondering upon why I'm currently having such a hard time again to check my emails … and while eating to distract myself I thought I'd watch some movie … but without thinking much about it, I typed in "***Lucifer***", and then season 7 episode 2. How strange – when that episode didn't play properly, but crazily fast-forwarded! Unwatchable. So I thought, it must be another episode that I'm supposed to watch. Another one, 2/6, didn't work, no image, only subtitles, and another one, 2/13 didn't feel right, it felt forced to have chosen it.

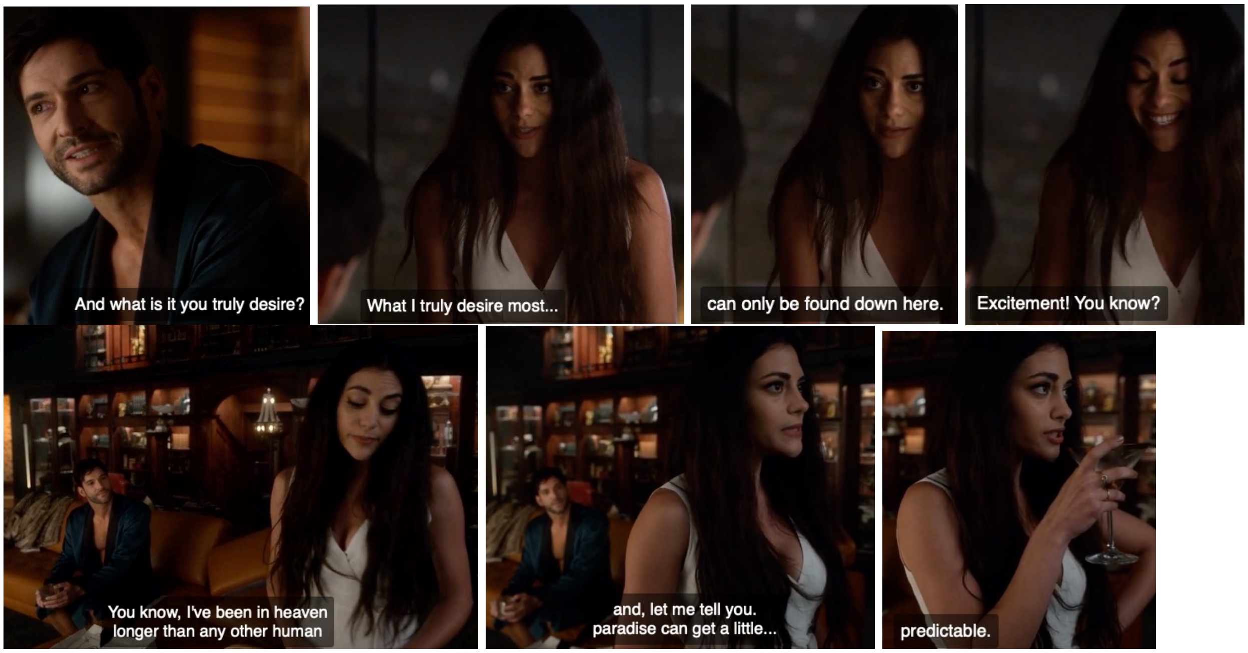
So I sat back and thought I'd watch something else, but then "**44**" popped into my head. And as I opened it, one of the first things that is said right there is (upon hearing a voice mail): "**Arabic**." And then **"Do you know someone who speaks Arabic."**

Arabic.
Well, do you know anyone who speaks Arabic?

And I had spoken Arabic today! Just earlier!
And right after that: "**Eve**" shows up, Lucifer's lost true love.
"Long time no see!" She says to him. Yes. No kidding.

Long time, no see.

Well. "Eve" resembles very much an old friend of mine, "**Nadia**", *who passed over a few years ago*. I've thought of her recently. There is a scene when Lucifer asks her why she has come back, and it's because of him, but she doesn't tell him directly. How many times have I regretted that I didn't be more outspoken with Bob. But he was always emotionally so feeble and so sensitive to anything he perceived as criticism, that I didn't dare to speak with him about anything after a while …


And what is it you truly desire?
What I truly desire most...
can only be found down here.
Excitement! You know?
You know, I've been in heaven longer than any other human
and, let me tell you. paradise can get a little...
predictable.

Yesterday, I had received “**a big red plastic heart**” in my hand, when I had asked Bob for something.

I also found a **painted stone** in one of my pockets of a jacket I haven’t worn in a while.

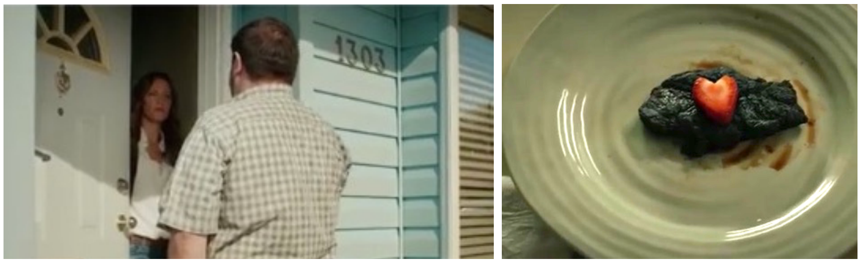
(Later)

“Shut Eye” … that’s a TV series from 2016 *about a failed magician who begins to have **real visions.*** Hell knows how I stumbled across that. It happened when I went to a totally new website to play a certain “Lucifer” episode, but that website didn’t work, but it had a row of series suggestions at the bottom … and there I saw it.

So I’ll give it a shot.

(Later)

Okay, the **red heart** showed up. Not plastic, not big, but small, surreal looking, a strawberry, maybe, on a steak. And my mother’s birthday.



(Later)

The **red heart** showed up again – as I was going through my recent photographs to name and size them, and there it was, on the side of a cloud picture … of a **cloud** that looks like a **bridge** … And the view from my window is probably meant to remind me of beauty.

May 1, 2021 – The Major Insight About Meeting in Memories & the Sun Summoner

May again, unbelievable.

Weird dream in the morning, about numbers, but can't remember in what context, with 9, 10, 11, 17, 2 and maybe 6.

Then:

Horrible horrible dream of me and Jacqui on some kind of hike up a hillside along a forest path to some kind of event setting … as we were walking we were alone at first, and we took a rest at some kind of small resting site with a bench, that wasn't really in the right spot, and I tried to put it with it's backrest towards a tree or a wall or some mast, but it wouldn't stand properly.

Then, suddenly, came a group of older people, a whole bunch, like a tourist bus party, and they walked by us, and somehow I found out that on top of that hill was some kind of big house, like a palace (?!), and some event was about to take place there, maybe a concert or a theater play. For some reason I felt that Jacqui misbehaved, maybe he didn't obey to come to me right away? And I did something horrible: I hit him with my fist, pretty much everywhere on his body. Not hard enough to really hurt him, but hard enough for him to be horrified. I hit his face and belly and back … and he simply closed his eyes and would bear it without trying to ward me off. It was touching and pissing me off at the same time.

Then I entered that stream of people who walked along that path uphill, Jacqui with me. I did pat him and said that it was alright … in my dream, I think, I had a moment where I thought what an asshole I was. The forest was dense with brown foliage, and suddenly, we ended up in front of a large dirty patch, where it was impossible to walk through. The elderly people and I stood there, pondering what to do, and I thought that we simply had to take our shoes off. I thought that it was good that I was wearing the shoes I bought yesterday (and I had, in real life, exchanged my new shoes yesterday for smaller ones of the same kind that I had purchased the day before yesterday) …

So a bunch of elderly people, Jacqui and I stood there looking across that wet dirt swamp of a path towards the top of the hill where some bright sky was visible between the trees … that were somehow overgrowing the path so that we were in some kind of ***tunnel*** …

… but before I could decide what to do … a horde of tall your people, young men with long hairs and eccentric jewelry and loose clothes like Vikings came running along the forest hillside on our right … and with them was a huge Great Dane dog … black and gray and looking wild, and running frantically like those young men, in our direction. I tried to get Jacqui behind me to hide him from that dog, but I felt that there was no point. So I called him to stay with me … while I was watching that wild horde, horrified, and they came exactly up to the path where we were.

Then there was a break in the dream as it seems … because the next thing I remember is me running back along the path, looking into the brush on the right side, calling and screaming for Jacqui, who was gone! There was one elderly woman with me, very elegant and fine looking, with undulated light brown hair and wearing something brown and red and golden jewelry and glasses … and she looked with me into the forest, trying to support me. But she didn't say much helpful stuff, only that I had to go down there to look for Jacqui … and I kept screaming his name and trying to figure out what to do. I couldn't see clearly, there was something wrong with my eyes, and I felt like I couldn't move, I was so horrified to find him mauled dead somewhere in the brush, and I cried and cried and thought there was no point to run down somewhere, because I didn't know where they went or where he could be!

Then I found myself alone in that brown foliage forest, looking around, crying, calling, and I thought I must go back to the spot where I saw Jacqui last … and I made my way up back onto the path … and after a few more steps, Jacqui came running after me, from the same direction where I had just been. He was terrified, his fur was wet and bloody, and I saw right away that he must have been grabbed on the back and bitten by that Great Dane. His face was expressing shock and pain, and I cried out and grabbed him and held him and said "thank you thank you", and I don't know to whom … I thought in my dream that I'd have not wanted to live further if Jacqui had disappeared after I had mistreated him … and I embraced Jacqui and saw that between his shoulder blades the bone of the spine was cracked open, and there were deep bite marks on his hips, too … And Jacqui made some dark gurgling "snoring" sounds, looking around … and I was just so so so happy that he was alive and had come back to me.

Then I woke up.

The first thing I heard was Jacqui snoring … and I was almost relieved to tears that it was only a dream.

I thought that those spots that were injured in the dream where probably the spots where he has pain in real life … but I know that and I'm always worried that I don't help him enough. But I massage him, give him nutrition for the joints and bones … so I can only hope.

Also, my own right shoulder was hurting like hell again …

And when Jacqui came to be patted and then licked my hand, I was just grateful.

I was so horrified waking up … I looked over to Jacqui, who was lying there, even though it was entirely sunlit bright in the room … and I had slept in, obviously. But he is such a sweet partner, he simply adjusts to whatever I do … and I was filled with so much love for him and thought that the dream maybe told me where his pain was, and that I must take better care of him … and he came over and I patted him, really shattered by that shit dream.

Of course one cannot take a dream at face value … but still, wow … I'll have to figure out seriously what that all meant. Will do later, during a walk.

This morning, during the walk with Jacqui, I saw that the **pathway** through the field that we always take had been ploughed, and some tractor must have driven through the mud and left **some wet traces** and some drier ones, because it had rained in the night. I walked cautiously over the drier parts, but Jacqui stepped right into the wet patches, getting his paws and claws full with mud … *that is really some reference to my dream?*

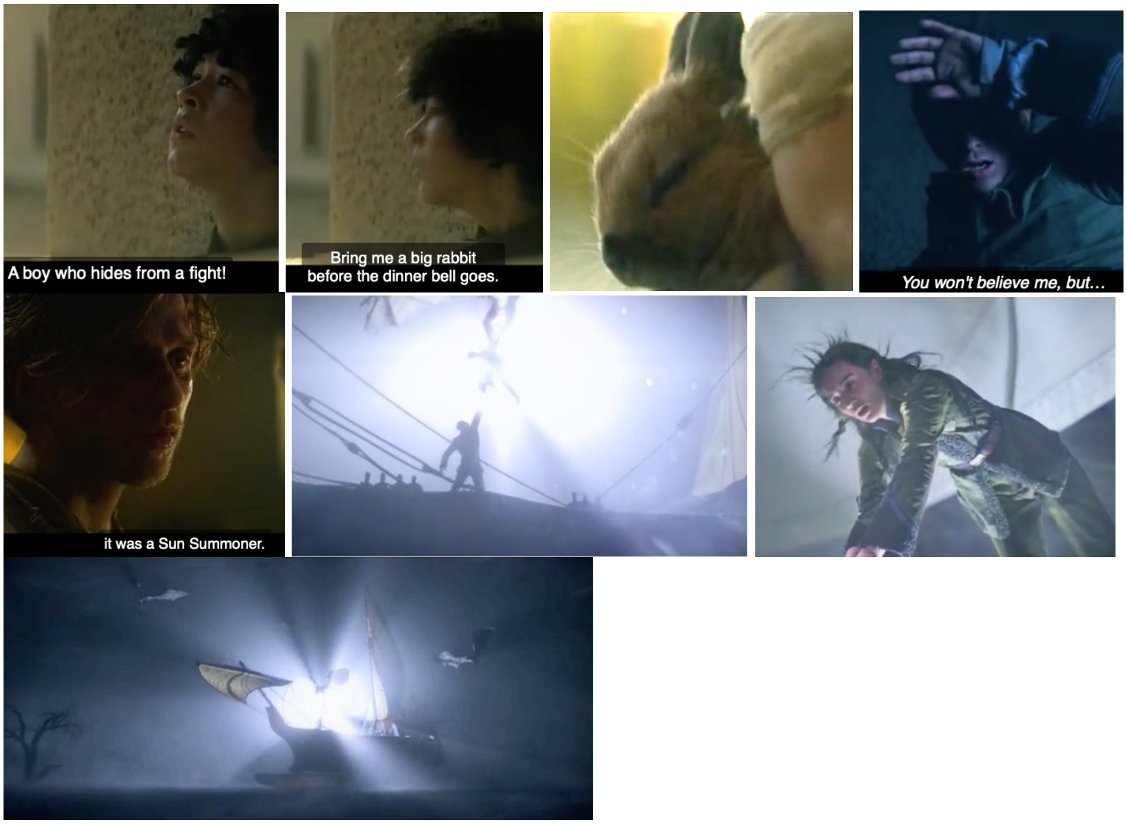
(Later)

Drove to my mother … bringing her some nutrition bottles. She was entirely sober and clear, but she got quickly angry when I tried to motivate her to start going out, for a walk, anything. She simply doesn't want to.

On the way there, on the highway, I was thinking about how stupid I was to half the pay for the editing of the paper for the three girls at the **fashion school** … and just then, a car drove by with the license plate number "**MODE 2**", which means "fashion"!

On the way back, the only one that came to my attention was "808 B2" … which was extremely odd.

Later, I picked a new series I had seen at Rotten Tomatoes, ***"Shadow & Bone"***, and it's about a young woman with superpowers, and she is called a ***"Sun Summoner"*** … which is really kind of interesting and speaks to me. The story itself seems of no interest … I just needed to see the first part where that name is expressed. Also … there is a kind of description of Bob … and right after that, the boy is asked to get – a **rabbit**!


A boy who hides from a fight!
Bring me a big rabbit before the dinner bell goes.
You won't believe me, but…
it was a Sun Summoner.

Sun Summoner. Is that an expression for someone who can enlist my help from the beyond? This idea may sound crazy, but I just had to write it down, spontaneously. I am the sun, after all, to Bob, who is the moon.

Major insight!
And I had a **deep insight** while driving and later doing the evening walk with Jacqui today …

It was because I had found myself again so clearly *"back in housie",* as if I was really there. It felt so real that the imagination came with a jumping of my heart and a strong emotional flash … sitting with Bob in the warm evening breeze on the lanai, just after dinner, and he'd say *"Let's go inside, the bugs are beginning to eat me" …* and then we'd enter the warmly lit warm room under the wooden roof … and we'd put the dishes back … and then we'd talk about working some more and then watch a movie … I felt Bob touch me, even embrace me like in our first time together … and it was so real to me, that I suddenly thought:

"But that's it! If you are really aware of your environment and live a time with someone else very intensely for a while, you can then recall the situations so closely, that it might correspond with the ability to access memories that discarnates have … so that you can actually meet there, or at least, so that they can actually really be there with you, in your memories?"

This is a new thought.
A new insight.
I'll be curious if it will play out tomorrow, during the session with Dr. Alice.

I wrote my dream to her and that I think that woman was her mother. Curious if I'll get feedback from her.

But that insight … ***it only works,*** to be together in memories, if the incarnate has a very close and clear sensual recollection of the past, of the room, the environment, the person there … and that is only possible if you love a place and a situation so much and when you consciously look at everything and touch everything .. like I did in housie. My beloved home. I have a totally detailed inner version of it … I can go there anytime, and if I close my eyes, I can be absolutely sure that it's our Maui home where I'm at …

So when I "go there" and "meet Bob there", he, from his side, is able to merge his recollection with mine and "be there" in a much more real way than one would normally expect!

I think this is huge!

And I can't share with anyone.

During driving I was thinking about the kind of **kitchen towels** we had … and at first I couldn't recall them, which was weird. After a few minutes of me going through several situations in my mind and actually looking around in the drawers to find the kitchen towels … they "floated" into my mind: they were white frottee kitchen towels, and a foot by a foot, which is strange for kitchen towels. And they were folded and piled up not in the kitchen, but on the dryer in the side room of the hallway, and I'd always bring some in, and they'd be piled in the kitchen for use. And Bob had the habit of folding up the wet ones … which made me uneasy, because it was a tropical climate, and they needed to dry not rot.

The white kitchen towels are a huge aspect of my memories of Maui … and the way they came back into my memory was like someone "waved" one in front of my nose … the memory floated in, gently, as I had been gently nudged.

May 2, 2021 – **The White Kitchen Towels, the Key Dream & Being Namaka & Bob's Face**

Last night, I found a hilarious series, "**Resident Alien"**, something Bob would really have enjoyed … and I'm sure he helped me find it. I have no idea whatsoever how I got to that …

I started watching it, and I thoroughly liked it! And then it happened! I had just earlier written about the white kitchen towels in my vision … and in one of the early scenes of "Resident Alien", two women through playfully **a white kitchen towel at each other, at a bar! A white kitchen towel!** When have you ever seen anything like this in a movie? I haven't – ever! But today, just hours after I had "been" in housie and had been looking for the white kitchen towels!

So I know Bob is watching with me!

Disappointing session with Dr. Alice … but I think I got real answers.

One thing I know for sure: She is not my teacher. And: I realized that I must pursue "Regents of Clouds" … and here is why and how the session went:

So it started with tech not working. Dr. Alice couldn't see several participants, and others couldn't see her or the others either, including me. Just a black screen with her voice. But she did not take the time to restart everything, when I told her that I would quit and re-enter, and that she had to actively "let me into the meeting", she said "yes, yes", but immediately started with the meditation.

The way she speaks doesn't allow one to enter a deep state, as she makes many mistakes talking, in terms of grammar and choice of words, she loses the thread a lot and mixes directions for the meditation with weird pieces of philosophy and her own opinion. So it's hard to really "enter a level of light trance", because she herself interrupts it all the time by what she is saying.

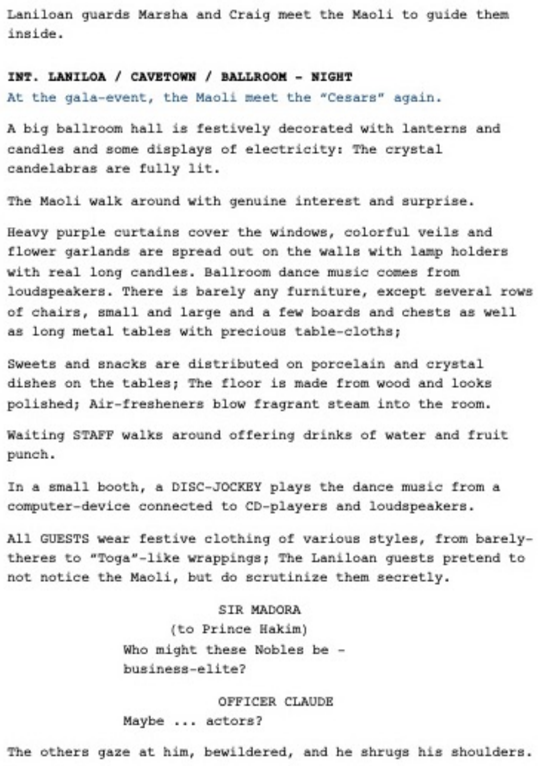
She said "imagine walking through a jungle" … with our spirit guide, who holds out hand … well, that alone was hard, because I don't have a spirit guide, and the imagination of "walking through the jungle" implied for me that I needed both hands free to make a path through the foliage … She said that we now saw some kind of "palace" next to us … which is strange in the jungle, but there was a palace right away, high, not a ruin, a real palace like old English castles, and that we were approaching it, in a very nice garment. I saw myself right away in a long red dress with a lot of golden ornaments (note: Just now that reminds me of that woman in my dream last night, who wore that red blouse and all the gold bling) and a long red-golden cape, and my white hair was very long and wavy down my back.

In that palace … and Alice hindered the entry by her confusing words … but I entered up the stairs, and we were supposed to "meet a master" in there, someone very "high" and "advanced", so it wouldn't be a surprise if we couldn't see him, because "the more advanced they are, the less they are visible". Which is kind of bullshit.

But for me, the palace visit took an immediate very astounding twist:

I found myself in the ballroom of a sequence in my very own "Regents of Clouds" story! It was on the planet "Laniloa", a key scene, when the "Maoli" learn that the "Spirits" are real and lead them into a basement … so I was there, among my own movie-characters! The people I had invented and "written"! And in some way I was myself, and on another way I was "**Namaka**", the last "Maoli Queen" that would only appear later in the story. And at some distance, **there was Bob – leaning against a window-sill, looking at me with a strangely grumpy expression, like he was upset about something.**

I think I tried to involve him in the dancing, with some conscious effort, but he wouldn't, he remained there, like "glued" to that window, watching me grumpily!



Laniloan guards Marsha and Craig meet the Maoli to guide them inside.

INT. LANILOA / CAVETOWN / BALLROOM - NIGHT
At the gala-event, the Maoli meet the "Cesars" again.

A big ballroom hall is festively decorated with lanterns and candles and some displays of electricity: The crystal candelabras are fully lit.

The Maoli walk around with genuine interest and surprise.

Heavy purple curtains cover the windows, colorful veils and flower garlands are spread out on the walls with lamp holders with real long candles. Ballroom dance music comes from loudspeakers. There is barely any furniture, except several rows of chairs, small and large and a few boards and chests as well as long metal tables with precious table-cloths;

Sweets and snacks are distributed on porcelain and crystal dishes on the tables; The floor is made from wood and looks polished; Air-fresheners blow fragrant steam into the room.

Waiting STAFF walks around offering drinks of water and fruit punch.

In a small booth, a DISC-JOCKEY plays the dance music from a computer-device connected to CD-players and loudspeakers.

All GUESTS wear festive clothing of various styles, from barely-theres to "Toga"-like wrappings; The Laniloan guests pretend to not notice the Maoli, but do scrutinize them secretly.

SIR MADORA
(to Prince Hakim)
Who might these Nobles be -
business-elite?

OFFICER CLAUDE
Maybe ... actors?

The others gaze at him, bewildered, and he shrugs his shoulders.

While I was dancing, moving about the other people, with the characters from "RoC" swarming around me … I realized already, what the vision meant: ***"You are Namaka … you are the person you described in your own story … and whatever you do in this life, it will further the bridge."***

Alice had asked us to ask some internal questions that would be answered by what we'd experience in the meditation! *And I had asked if I was supposed to do everything to bring about "Regents of Clouds"!*

Wow, this was so exciting, moving about with my own movie characters! And then we even stepped out, like in my script, to go to the basement … but then Alice kept on talking and lead us further in the meditation … she said that we now would see some kind of hermitage and would enter it, and there we would find the greatest master of them all, someone very close to being like "God" …

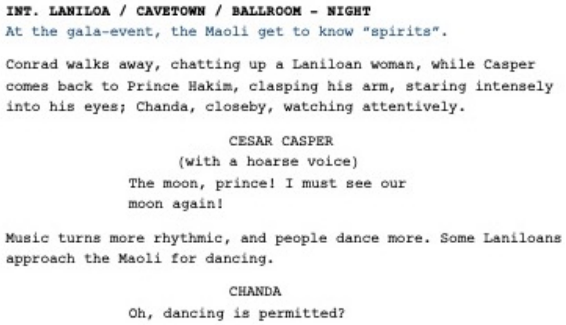
I saw a waterfall, right away and the entrance to a cave behind it … and I walked there, still in my red-golden outfit … Dr. Alice had also said that we should be aware of the colors that would appear and surround us … and at the palace, before I entered, there was a moment, when there was a lot of white, and the red turned to dark red and then black … but that faded, and I entered the palace in bright red and gold …

So before entering that cave, I thought – consciously – that the outfit wasn't fitting anymore, and it changed right away to a very comfortable **gray-blue pants-long-jacket-combination**, very soft and very easy to war … And I **entered the cave.** Alice said that in that place was that master with his students … but when I entered, there was just me. I retreated to the back of the cave, and it was like there was a **white mist** of some kind, but ***that mist was myself,*** too, as strange as that felt. So I leaned against the backwall of that cave and looked outside to the light and the waterfall … and it was like I ***was spreading out to my sides and lay that white mist over what was there … it seemed to be huge eggs or the heads of actual people.*** It was utterly quiet, and *I felt home and safe and in a good mood.*

Soon after that, Alice ended the meditation … I was quite stunned by the **insight**: *"I am Namaka, the one who makes everything happen … with the right partner, Hillmoon. I can be the most powerful and highly effective, with the right help."*

I was and am pondering upon that. Does it mean, I need a mortal partner? Must I go looking?

Then I didn't yet know what Bob's grumpy expression was about, then. So I was a bit confused and very stirred up. That was a strong message. No way I could have anticipated to end up in the ballroom of my own story "***Regents of Clouds", Part 3 "The Evil Above", chapter 3*** …



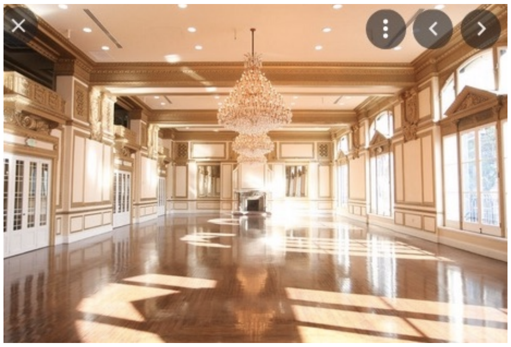
INT. LANILOA / CAVETOWN / BALLROOM - NIGHT
At the gala-event, the Maoli get to know "spirits".

Conrad walks away, chatting up a Laniloan woman, while Casper comes back to Prince Hakim, clasping his arm, staring intensely into his eyes; Chanda, closeby, watching attentively.

CESAR CASPER
(with a hoarse voice)
The moon, prince! I must see our moon again!

Music turns more rhythmic, and people dance more. Some Laniloans approach the Maoli for dancing.

CHANDA
Oh, dancing is permitted?



Then Alice asked the participants to share their impressions and experiences, and I thought that I really shouldn't say anything … but when she asked me, I summarized it all … and to my surprise, Alice cut me short! She didn't comment on what I said, she only said "Well, everyone has their own story" … which I found outright rude, because she had asked the other in detail and had let them talk about superficial stuff forever, but she cut me off and asked someone else … and on the Zoom-window I saw that she had "put me on mute".

Fuck you, Dr. Alice. That's no way to treat me.

AND:

All that after a very strange **dream**.

I was to move into „**Kolonistenheim**", the old house where my maternal grandparents lived, Karl and Maria. I've thought about that grandmother, **Maria**, a few times in the last days. Also recounted the very bad things she did to me in terms of disregarding my needs and ignoring me when I needed her help most.

So in that dream In was in that **building**, more on the side where the stable and the den were … and I knew that it had to be **renovated**. I was in there with a man I didn't know, **younger man**, a bit arrogant, tall, Caucasian and with **a young woman**, some kind of assistant, maybe Hispanic, Latina, a bit like a young Arab-mix woman once knew, Amina … and *they both had the say over the building and about what I was doing in there and what I was allowed to do!* It was very strange and disappointing and also pissing me off***, as I was the one who pretty much owned that place, but those two had the keys, literally.***

So we walked inside the building in the rooms, and it wasn't exactly like it used to be in real life. At some point I did reference the real life building when I asked the young man in what condition the floors above the rooms in the attic were, because in real life they were brittle and in danger of collapsing, and he said they were fine.

I had the impression of very thick walls, I even touched them, and a sturdy foundation of that building, but somehow I just didn't get to assert my rights and wishes, and that younger man wanted to usher me out. I think he did, once, but I returned into that building, and this time the young woman was in, and he was outside. There was some kind of **backdoor**, where in real life the stable had been, and the young man wanted in from there, with his key, a big black iron one, like really had existed in Kolonistenheim … but the **key** that belonged to the young woman was stuck in the lock from the inside. So I looked around, and she wasn't next to me, so I quickly pulled the k**ey – a small modern golden one** - and put it into my pocket, very proud of having the last word. That way, the young man could unlock and enter … of course the young woman was looking for her key, a golden key (*oh wow, I had found one the other day, too! Just like that key that was in my dream today!*) … and denied knowing anything about it. But in my dream I was close to admitting I had it or to strewing it out somewhere for her to find it, but then an inner voice said, no, it's my right to be in here, and ***having the key gives me my freedom and actually my right!***

And then I woke up.

Fun, that the meditation with Dr. Alice also was about **rooms** today and a big building! But I did not enter the one of my dream … At the end of the meditation - before the voice feed of the Zoom session ended, a participant named Martin said that he wanted to address the healing meditation dedicate to „**Maria**". That's my grandmother, the owner and lady of the house "Kolonistenheim" where I spent so much time in my young years!

The sound in Zoom didn't come back on, Dr. Alice was quiet now, the way she had quieted me, and I switched off.

But … from the beginning, in short about that session:

That was it for me with assuming Dr. Alice is my teacher. She is a helper, a tool, but she isn't advanced enough to be of real help for me. I must contact Eileen Davis, that's clear to me today.

(Later)

Orgasmic Insight about Bob's facial expression!

Took a noon walk in the rain with Jacqui and pondered upon the session experience.

Nature seemed to greet me in special ways … a **snail** climbing up a tree was a very unusual sight … the spring **blossoms** were just stunningly beautiful … and **rain drops** on fleshy leaves like diamonds on velvet … all made for the human senses to give us a feeling of joy in this mortal phase? But then … the naked old dying tree stump next to the abundant blossom paradise … I also saw a **tooth cleaner** … interesting, because I had just been to the dentist. And there was the **glove** that I already saw in winter … it's getting *overgrown by dandelion* … and we came by a type of **treehouse**, actually a hunter's stand …

About the session … I found it nice that Dr. Alice's voice was "muted" after she had "muted" me after I had barely stopped talking. I also realized that I had been thinking that I didn't want to share anything about my meditation imagery, but then I did … it was just rude the way Alice behaved towards me. I realized, she is some kind of jealous. I must not count on her for anything anymore. But I will have to give her feedback.

I was pondering upon Bob's strange expression leaning at that window in the ballroom … I tried several "moods" and said them out loud, but none of them rang true, like reprimand, shyness, provocation or others … So I picked herbs for my chicken salad, went home, and I suddenly had the urge to ***masturbate***. Haven't done that in ages. Went to it – and it was very very fast that a surprisingly explosive intense orgasm came, *because I never (!) have any sexual feelings*, and I brought this one about by some kind of rough-sex fantasy with bank robbers in a bank vault. ***And I automatically directed that huge ball of energy to – Bob.*** As I was climaxing, I got a very good internal "grip" of his presence, his persona, my memory of him … and the energy "landed", I felt it right away. And right after that, rolling over***, I realized what his facial expression had meant:*** *"I will need some food if you want me to help you."* It's the grumpiness that I had experienced often when Bob was hungry or didn't get what he needed right away, like back in the day in New Haven, when he misbehaved so badly, because I didn't find the hotel or a restaurant and it was late, and he was hungry and behaved like an absolute asshole, so that he apologized for it even when he was dying. Bob needed energetic input. And as soon as I had directed that orgasmic energy into his image, the window-leaning vision changed to Bob being invigorated and – smiling.

So this is huge, too. The expression was, in fact that of grumpiness and neediness, like *"I'm here alright, but I don't feel I can be of help as of now, first I need … stuff."* There was an element of in his eyes that seemed to lie in dark sockets – which in itself expresses hunger or depletion … as he wasn't thin or emaciated like in his dying days, but he was Bob, the grumpy and slightly provocative one – that expressed kind of a stubborn ***"Well good for you that you're dancing and all, while I'm standing here … needing to be cared for."***

It answers further questions: Does the energy I project towards Bob reach him? Does he need me to support him energetically so that he can stick around? Does he want to stick around? Yes, as he was in that ballroom!

Wow, this is amazing.

(Later)

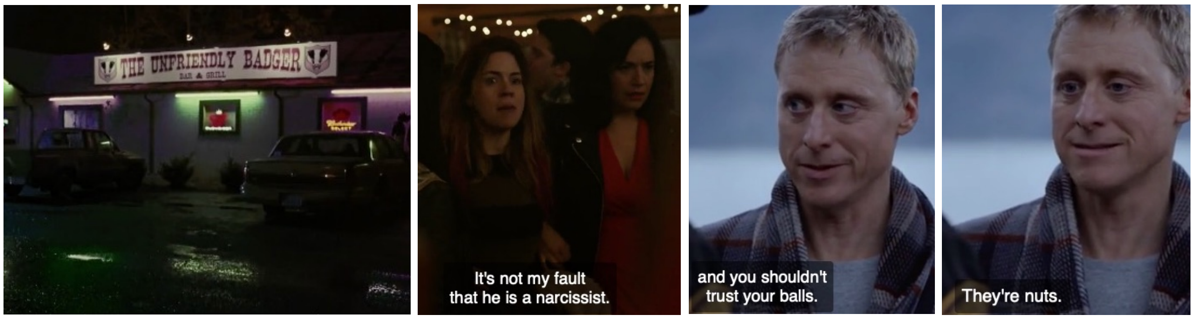
Watched some more "***Resident Alien***" … it's so funny, and I can hear Bob laugh next to me … especially when the Alien "Harry" gets his first hard-on, and he shouts out, surprised, then looks down and says: ***"Rigor mortis! My penis is dying!"*** Oh have I not heard that before … from Bob.

It's rigor mortis!
My penis is dying!

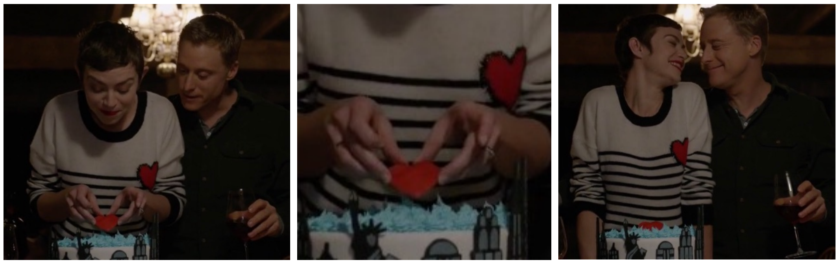
And the **Hawaiian song "Tiny Bubbles"** showed up … the song that Bob would sing so often playfully … wow, all that around this "spirit contact session" …

♪ Tiny bubbles ♪
♪ In the wine ♪
♪ Till the end of time ♪

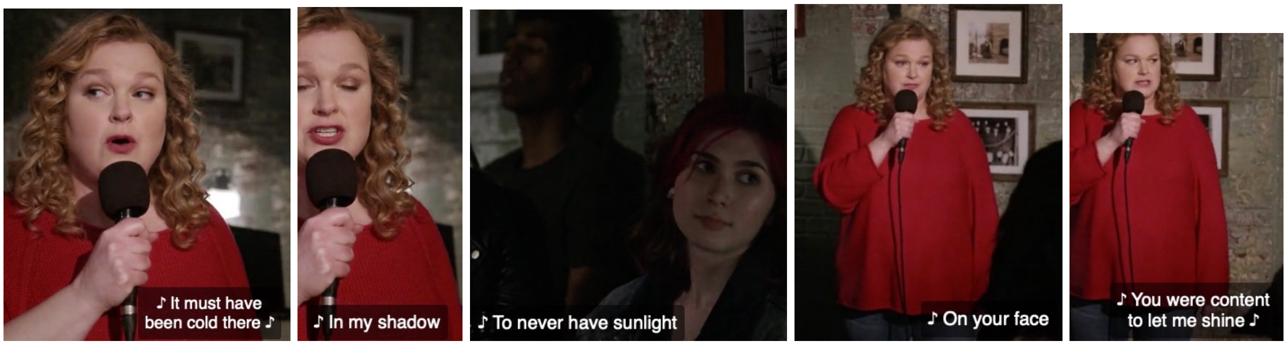
And there is even a "**narcissist**" mentioning … pretty much out of context and out of nowhere … just to be in the movie. And there is a **joke** that's so "Bob" …


THE UNFRIENDLY BADGER
BAR & GRILL
It's not my fault that he is a narcissist.
and you shouldn't trust your balls.
They're nuts.

Plus … the red heart showed up, too!



And there are **songs** … speaking to me loudly, as if Bob was talking to me like he did when we were together for the last times.


♪ It must have been cold there ♪
♪ In my shadow
♪ To never have sunlight
♪ On your face
♪ You were content to let me shine ♪

♪ That's your way
♪ You always walked a step behind ♪
- ♪ So I was the one with all the glory ♪
- ♪ While you were the one
♪ With all the strength
- ♪ A beautiful face without a name ♪
♪ For so long
♪ A beautiful smile that hides the pain ♪
- ♪ Did you ever know
♪ That you're my hero
♪ And everything I would like to be? ♪
♪ I can fly higher
♪ Than an eagle
♪ You are the wind beneath my wings ♪

Another one …

♪ I've been thinking about you ♪
♪ I've been taking my time with you ♪
♪ But falling quickly too ♪
♪ And sometimes how I lose my mind ♪
♪ When I am feeling fine ♪
♪ Since I have been with you ♪

Yes, that **empty chair** … I've been wondering when it was the last time that Bob sat on his beloved ***editing chair*** … was it after having checked emails and maybe … answered me?

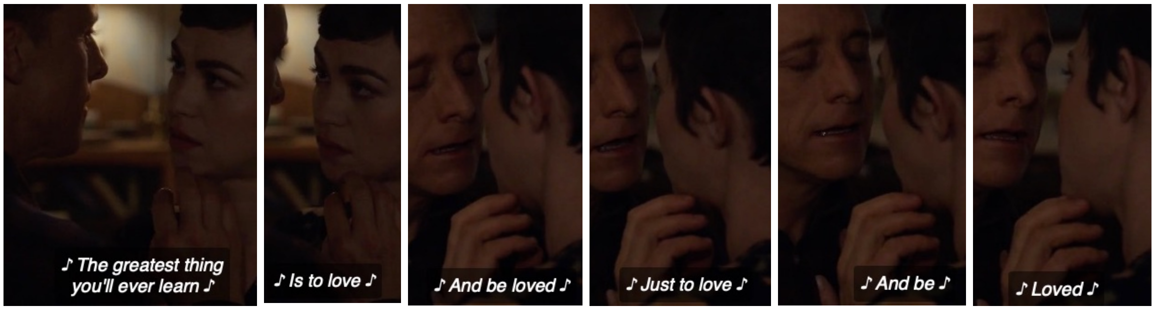
There is even a story about the second chair in his editing room … on which his "friend" Bud sat, at one of his unwanted visits, and he broke it by moving on it too wildly … and didn't even think of offering Bob a replacement. It was so heartbreaking to realize how frustrated and sad and lonely Bob had been … for so long. Without me. But

The sadness is so heavy suddenly, even though I'm already at "Resident Alien Season 1 episode 6", and it's funny and poignant and distracting.

Still. I look up and outside … and there is this mortal world without Bob in it.

And I don't know how to bear it.

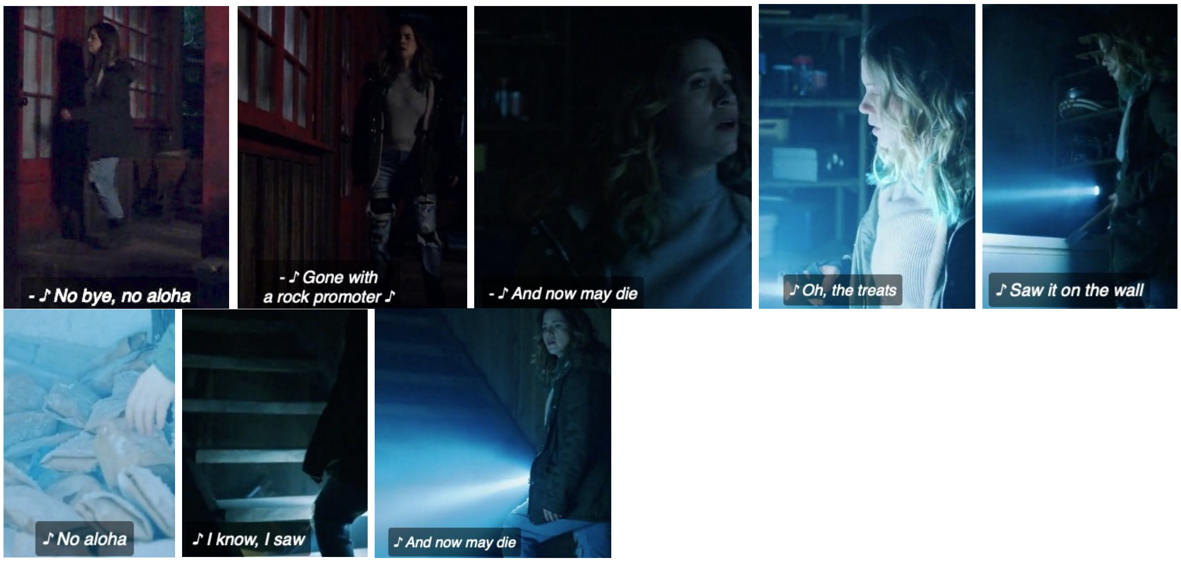
In my dream last night … when I thought Jacqui was gone, I "knew", in my dream, that I wouldn't bear living without him.


♪ The greatest thing you'll ever learn ♪
♪ Is to love ♪
♪ And be loved ♪
♪ Just to love ♪
♪ And be ♪
♪ Loved ♪

(Later)

Oh, that cheesy but smart alien series … another **song** that seems Bob speaking to me … or rather, ***"singing to me",*** again.

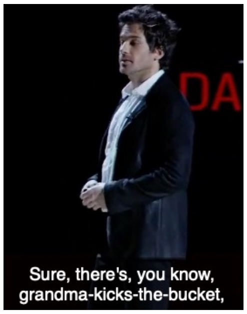
Oh, just as I was writing this, another song came on, **"No bye, no aloha …"** I kid you not.

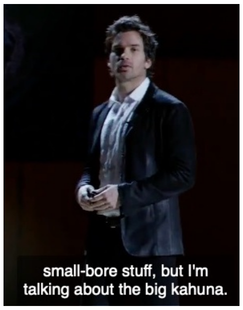

- ♪ No bye, no aloha
- ♪ Gone with a rock promoter ♪
- ♪ And now may die
♪ Oh, the treats
♪ Saw it on the wall
♪ No aloha
♪ I know, I saw
♪ And now may die

May 3, 2021 **– Kahuna & Treehouses**

The treehouse. Again. In a random series I clicked on today … "***Salvation***", I felt like some more Sci-Fi after I finished the first season of "Resident Alien" last night.

Oh … and there was the "**big kahuna**" at the beginning. Talk about … well, zumbuddy talking to me. Inspiring me to … do what exactly?


Sure, there's, you know,
grandma-kicks-the-bucket,

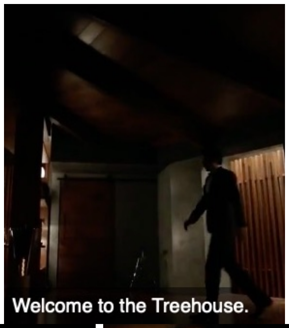

small-bore stuff, but I'm
talking about the big kahuna.

(Later)

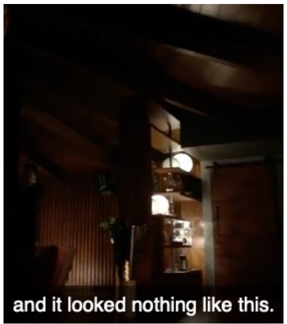
Breaks my heart to see Marshall's owner M. and my landlady Andrea walk BY Marshall who is left in the garden and do not take him with on a walk. I hate them so much for this, I can't express it. All the little guy does all the time, is wait and wait and wait … and if I wouldn't play with him by letting him run back and forth between the upper and lower meadow to chase the yummies I throw him, he wouldn't have anything to do, ever.

Watched the first episode of "***Salvation***", an there is – a "**treehouse**". But I can't watch it further, hate the characters.

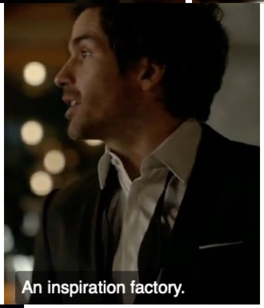
What was so important it couldn't wait?


Welcome to the Treehouse.

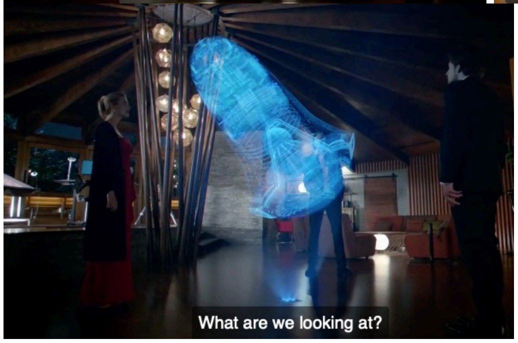
I had a treehouse growing up,


and it looked nothing like this.

Anything and everything
you can dream up,

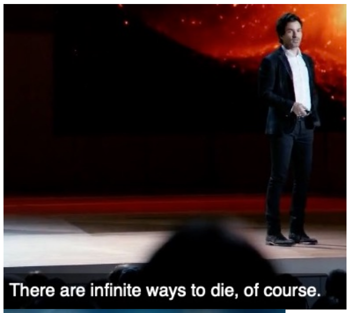

An inspiration factory.

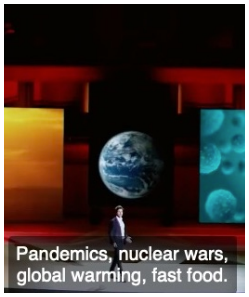
Okay, you win man cave
of the universe award.

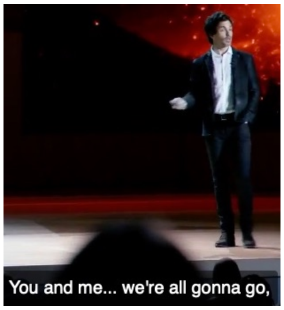

What are we looking at?

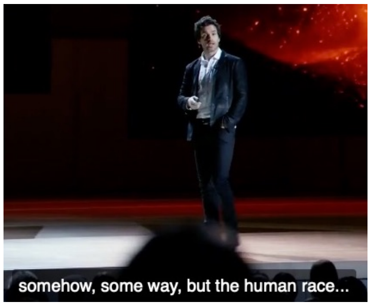
Yeah, what? A giant penis, that's what. Treehouse, penis … wow.

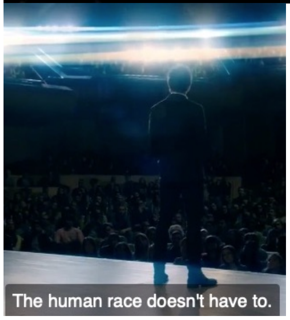
Okay, there was one more scene in “***Salvation***” that spoke to me … about **dying**.


There are infinite ways to die, of course.

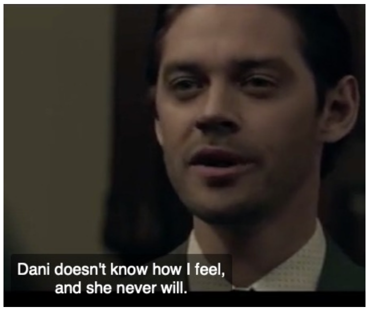

Pandemics, nuclear wars, global warming, fast food.

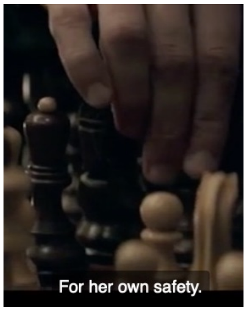

You and me... we're all gonna go,

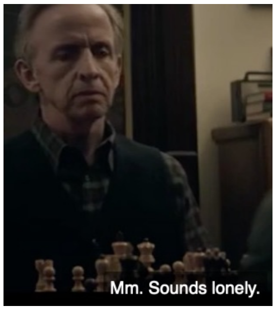

somehow, some way, but the human race...


The human race doesn't have to.

Watched another episode of “***Prodigal Son***” … and there is a sentence about “***Dani***” that blew my mind.

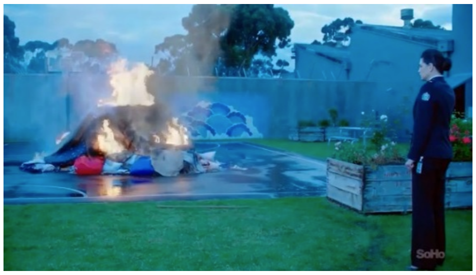

Dani doesn't know how I feel, and she never will.


For her own safety.


Mm. Sounds lonely.

(Later)

Discovered the gruesome crime series “***The Following***” about a serial killer … and as always, while watching, I’ve been putting images into this C. D. … and I was at April 26, when my landlord had burned garden stuff, twigs, grass, foliage … reminds me of a scene in “***Wentworth***” I saw on April 3 … *fire*, in connection with *clouds* … and a wall … and I keep seeing clouds all the time. And me watching that fire. I was actually wondering why I took that screenshot … now I know.



… and just then, a character in the film just said “**I like fire**”! Just now! Nobody has talked about fire in a film ever.

May 4, 2021

Took Jacqui through a freshly growing grain field … and it was so sweet watching him find his way along that **path** … it was interesting because we couldn’t see the path it would be ending up at … very symbolic, in a way, the trusting that one’s path would lead somewhere and not endlessly just be some kind of “confinement” …

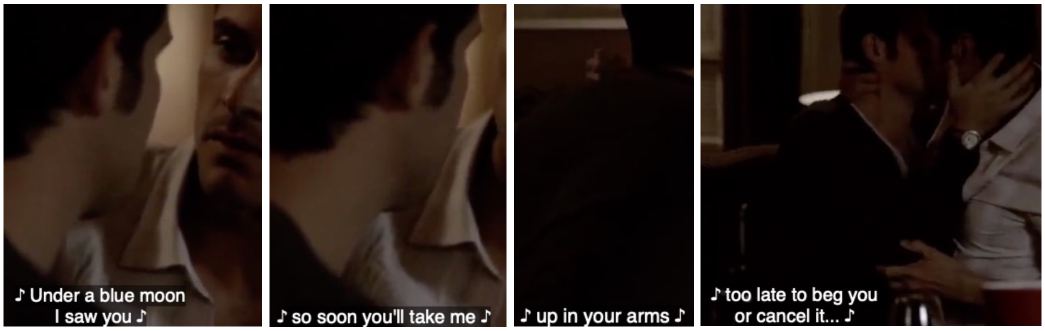
Also I found a cool **stone** with a **cross-pattern** …

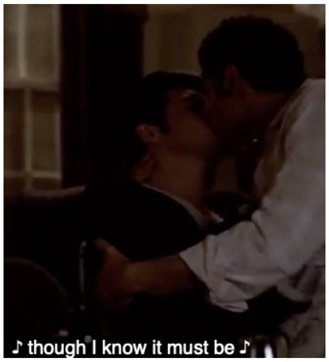
And this is what I see from my window every day … a pot with tulips and daffodils. So beautiful.

May 5, 2021 **– The Songs!**

So, “*The Following*” is the most ridiculously brutal series I’ve ever seen, with so much killing, that it’s a caricature of any brutal murder series … but there are songs in it … wow! It’s the phase of songs … and it’s interesting that I pick series recently with songs that sounds like everything Bob would say or sing.

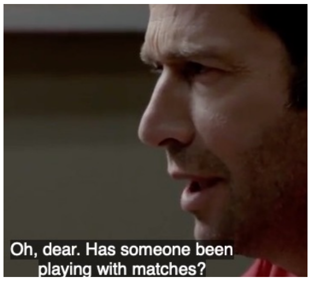
And … ***they reflect how I’m feeling too***, like this one:



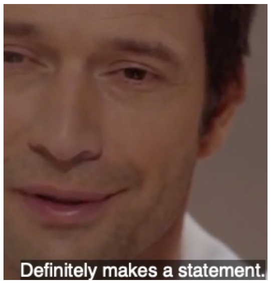

♪ though I know it must be ♪

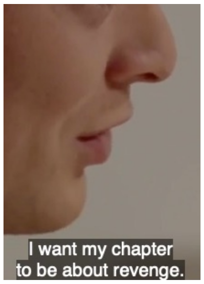
♪ the killing time ♪

Or certain scenes … that resonate with me and make me think what I'm really all about … I mean, all the frustrations, the heartbreak, the feeling weak and old and abandoned … what am I supposed to do? The **fire** showed up too.


Oh, dear. Has someone been playing with matches?

I like fire, sir.

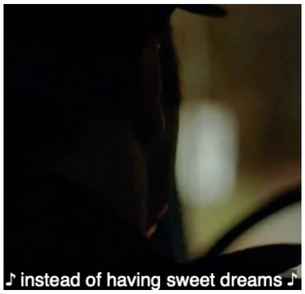

Definitely makes a statement.

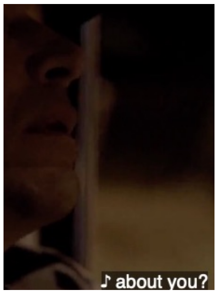

I want my chapter to be about revenge.

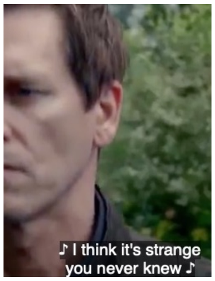
Oh, very clear reflections of my life and my longings … feels like Bob is *answering my question* about how close he really is right now and wants to be.

♪ why can't I forget the…

♪ the past, start loving someone new ♪


♪ instead of having sweet dreams ♪




♪ I think it's strange you never knew ♪

It's very strange to watch such a constant-killing program … but it gives interesting impressions of how the ***stories of souls are cut short by other people when they kill them***, on purpose, because their brains are faulty, or by accident, like on a road … our bodies, those machines, are so vulnerably, and the brains are malfunctioning on a big scale, actually, when you look at mankind … gee …

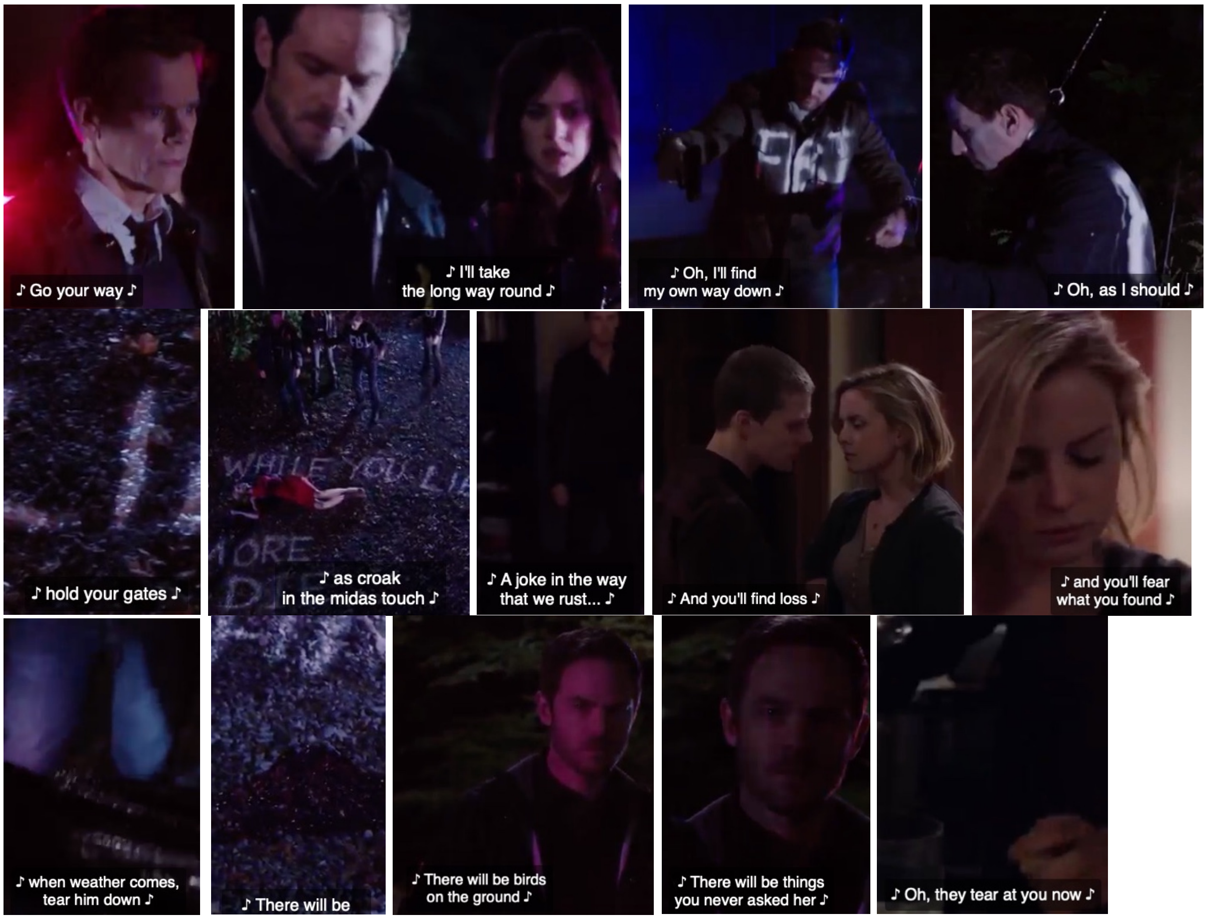
So there are people who get up in the morning knowing that they'll end the mortal cycle of another human … without any reason other than because their brain is fucked up. I understand revenge, the wish for it, I do. But death by murder is a wrongdoing, definitely, because it shortcuts a story … but at times, I think, that killer is the actual "tool" that the soul uses to get rid of the ***body*** … the ***machine*** that we are given to work with in our mortal phase.

The seated man and the woman in these pictures are dead, but arranged by the killers as if they were still alive. *What a grand image to show that* ***our bodies are not "us"****, but "our shells" entirely and only.*

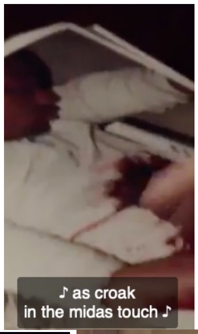
(Later)
My **heart** has been giving me grief in the last days, there are sudden pangs of pain, like a skipping, but with a bitter pinching pain … I've been taking Hawthorne drops.

So Bob's and my interest in movies and my new habit of seemingly (!) "numbing" my spirit is actually a method of communication?!

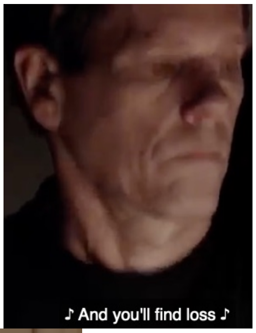
Oh, that song in "***The Following"*** … it's talking about Bob and me and our drama … us parting … and so much more. See for yourself:

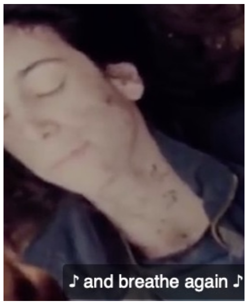

♪ Go your way ♪
♪ I'll take the long way round ♪
♪ Oh, I'll find my own way down ♪
♪ Oh, as I should ♪
♪ hold your gates ♪
WHILE YOU LI
ORE
♪ as croak in the midas touch ♪
♪ A joke in the way that we rust… ♪
♪ And you'll find loss ♪
♪ and you'll fear what you found ♪
♪ when weather comes, tear him down ♪
♪ There will be
♪ There will be birds on the ground ♪
♪ There will be things you never asked her ♪
♪ Oh, they tear at you now ♪

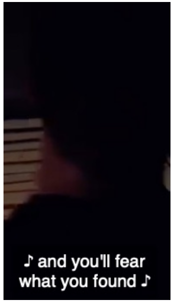
♪ and hold your gates ♪

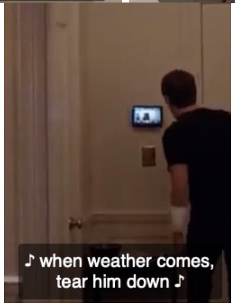

♪ as croak
in the midas touch ♪

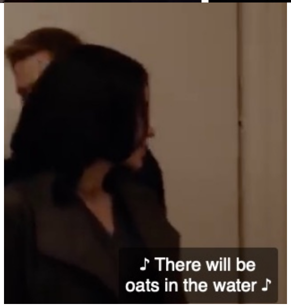
♪ A joke in the way
that we rust ♪


♪ And you'll find loss ♪


♪ and breathe again ♪


♪ and you'll fear
what you found ♪


♪ when weather comes,
tear him down ♪

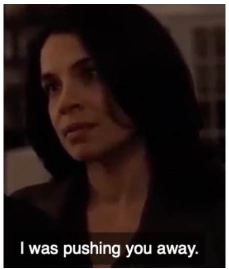

♪ There will be
oats in the water ♪

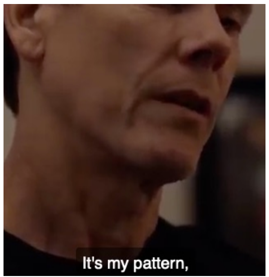
In "***The Following***" there is a conversation between a man and a woman about how he is distant and sabotaging the relationship, having a pattern that he is even aware of. Bob said that many times to me in our early days … and that he really wants it to work with me. But it never did. He kept withdrawing and pushing me away. Like in the movie … the man must follow his "inner demons", and the woman must deal with what's left of him, in the movie a baby, in Bob's and my life – the "***kuleana***" that connects us.

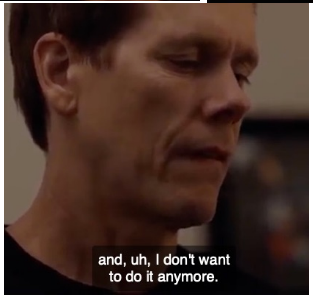
I'm so glad
you called me.

I shouldn't have
pressured you earlier.

No. You were right.


I was pushing you away.


It's my pattern,


and, uh, I don't want
to do it anymore.

I need you, too.

May 6, 2021 – **Fe & the Crown & the Car Foot Carpet**

Oh the bafflement! Oh the joy and satisfaction.

Brought my car to the shop this morning, so had planned a shorter hike with Jacqui, because we have to make it all the way down and up the hill and can't do part of the trip by car.

On a whim I changed my intended route, and we went to the **Griffen Stift** (ancient church or monastery), it's really far. For the first time – and I've walked there many times – I noticed a very old **ornament** on the wall … right next to the street, actually. It seemed to have strange significance … I also got very attracted to the walls enclosing the garden … the gate …

At some point, a long opening appeared in the sky, just when I had taken a picture of Jacqui, next to a distinct path … so it looked like the ***sky cloud scenario was mimicking*** the slightly "double" path …

But on the path between the fields, I really was able to let my thoughts go in the direction of "what can I do to succeed in the way I'm supposed to". I thought about who to contact, and ***Kris Kristofferson*** came to my mind so clearly … actually a good idea, Bob and I've met and his wife, he may remember and want to help bring about "Paradise" and "Regents of Clouds", I only need to find out how to connect with him and then send him my "Native of Owhyhee" DVD … it seemed very clear, suddenly.

The situation with little dog ***Marshall*** burdens me, clearly, and I must forward "RoC". I keep telling Bob and his folks that I really need success experiences to get going. I feel so old at times … and I am.

The ***Astrology newsletter*** I'm editing asks to figure out if what I've started in ***2011*** (?!) is still valid. And that I must let go and give up things and relationships that don't serve me anymore. It's the time for it. I started "CineDip" in 2011. Time to give that one up for a while to free my thought resources for RoC?

Somehow my thought wandered to **Felicitas Fisher**, *the animal rescuer* through who I got Jacqui, and who died in October 2018 without giving me the chance to see her again and present the website to her that was meant to raise money for her organization "Glück für Tiere", "Happiness for Animals".

I've tried to connect with Fe many times since she has passed over, and I think I succeeded … the dog named "Fe" in the forest, the "Fisher" memorial and several more.

But today I received a prompt, direct and clear answer when I asked Fe to prove to me that she is with me and hears me and wants to help me.

I stood there, feeling her and seeing her in my mind, the tall, beautiful white haired woman with the elegant outfits and the big anger against fucked up mankind … she had felt a little intimidating to me at the time, even thought I felt drawn to her … and that's the reason why we didn't have a close personal friendship … which I regret. So I asked her if I had made the wrong decisions in relation to her, or if it all was in the proper course … and I walked along that wide long path through the fields … There were the new **sprouting peas** … and I thought about how much Bob loved sprouts …

Then I felt the urge and said ***"Fe, put something into my hand so that I know that you are with me right now"***, and before I had even finished the thought, a **simple golden crown** lay in my hand! I was so baffled, because it was so fast as if it had waited to plunge out of nowhere into my hand. I was approaching the road, so I took Jacqui on the leash and tried, at the same time to "discuss" that crown internally … but the crown literally stuck. I even said out loud *"Wow, this thing is serious,* ***it's sticking to the palm of my hand, seriously!*** *So, oh well, I'll see in what form a crown will show up in my life, then."*

I said to Bob that if he was there too, it would be nice if he could put something in my hand, too … and right away, a "*muffin*" showed up, in a paper.

Zipfer
MARKE
SEIT 1858
Zipfer
Zipfer

At that moment a **truck** drove by on the road right next to the geographically elevated path … and I slowed down, when I saw him, and everything seemed to slow down, around and inside me … because **on the truck was – a crown.**

It was a ***Zipfer Bier (beer) truck,*** *and* ***it's logo is that crown*** *that* ***I had received on the palm of my hand in my "inner vision"*** *just minutes before.*

So I walked on, silent and in a kind of "holy" mood … and I felt some sort of happiness. And I told Fe that I'm really happy that we are in contact.

The other question then was in what way Fe can and will help me or is helping me, related to my all-time question whether or not I'm doing the right things at all … but then I keep answering that question myself by telling me that all that happens, happens for a reason, and I just can't do things differently than I do them. The "crown" immediacy was just so stunning.

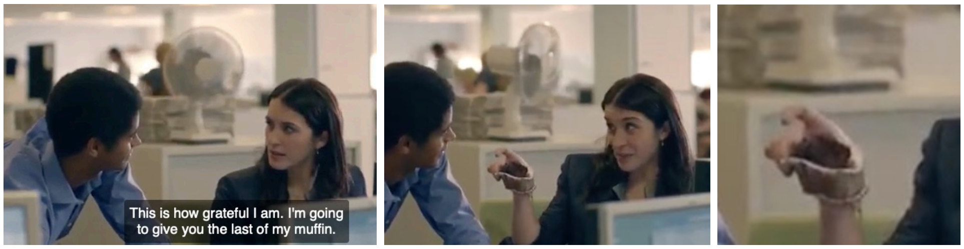
Also, in the series "*Prodigal Son*", the ***old phone*** appeared again, from my hallway vision.

And one more amazing thing happened: I had been thinking and talking about my **car's foot carpet** on the driver's side, it's very dirty and old, and I need to replace it. I said it out loud at the beginning of the treehouse field when I shook out that old black dusty foot carpet … and today, walking towards the Stift Griffen – next to the road, at a small parking spot – there was a **black car foot carpet!** Lying there!

May 7, 2021 – **The Muffin! A greeting from Nico?**

Somehow I came across an England crime series with the title "***Broadchurch***". The victim is an 11 year old boy by the name of *Daniel*. The story is off-putting and interesting at the same time.

So I spend several hours with Inge helping her with her computer .. and then I got home and continued the first episode of "Broadchurch", even though it's very late … and there it was: The ***muffin***, that I had received in my hand right after the "crown"!



This is how grateful I am. I'm going to give you the last of my muffin.

In a scene in a series that I sure didn't want to watch and clicked on at noon on a whim … and Bob knew I was going to do it!

A muffin! There aren't too many muffins in movies … oh, now I remember, that two or three days ago I reminisced very intensely about Bob and me shopping at Costco and buying those ***muffin***-assortments … it breaks my heart. I really don't know what to do with myself.

"… the last of my muffin …" Oh wow … one day Bob and I bought our last muffins together and didn't know it.

Today, I googled "Kris Kristofferson" in Hana … and I ended up taking a peek into a Hana newspaper, and I read about five casualties of road accidents on Maui this year … horrible, especially reading "from Pukalani". My beloved Pukalani. Where a young man just died after having been hit by a car. Impossible to imagine that at all, in my beloved Pukalani ... other victims in Makawao and other places …

And reading those Hawaiian words and place names … it make me flash back to being on Maui so strongly, that I could totally ***feel*** being there … there is a distinctly feeling of "me", of "self", of "existing" in connection with Maui … I flashed back so hard … it was like I could look over my shoulder and there would be Bob in Pukalani, somewhere, maybe at Foodland, waving at me.

My life is a fucking heap of shit.

I just saw that the last name of the investigator in "Broadchurch" is "Hardy", like of the one in the other series I just watched, "The Following".

I introduced Inge today to near-death-experiences and gave her several links from "Thanatos.tv". I'll be curious whether or not she'll watch them … and what her reaction will be. She is into Jehovah's witnesses lore … so it will be interesting. We talked about her late little grandson Nico who died at the age of 11 of cancer. His image was looking down on us from a framed photograph, and we found a voice recording of him on YouTube where he had just established his own channel. Very touching. And towards the end of my visit Inge leaned over to me and sad that she hadn't only loved the little boy but that she had been "in love" with the boy … with all he could have become, his eyes, his skin, his hair, his ways, his demeanor … and I found it strange that she said that but it was also touching. I can relate, and I must say that the way that little boy was talking – who she described as extremely mature and extremely and unusually well-spoken, critical and opinionated or his age – didn't sound like the talking or the thinking of an 11-years old. He sounded like a grown man.

Talked to my mother on the phone … I wish I could be with her more. Must move to Velden.

(Later)

A greeting from Nico?

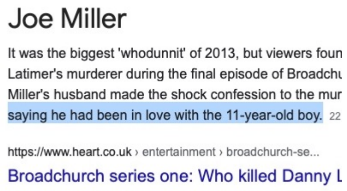
Something strange just happened. I finished the first episode of "Broadchurch" to never visit the series again … but I googled "*Who killed Danny on Broadchurch*" … and there it was: The murderer, the husband of the detective Miller said that he ***"was in love with the 11-year-old boy"***.

Wow, and that just an hour after I had heard Inge say that *she had been "**in love**" with Nico, an 11-year-old boy!*

She said literally "in love". This feels like Nico reaching out. There is probably no way to explain this kind of synchronicity to Inge. But I accept it … right, Nico? He really had an unusual face and immensely deep dark eyes.

His sickness and death are a mystery to the family, too. That's what I just realize!

OH! That's why I came across a tv-series about the ***mysterious death of an 11-year-old boy!*** Who has the same name as me. Geez!



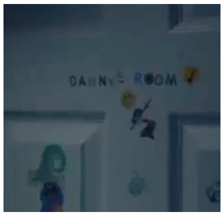
Joe Miller

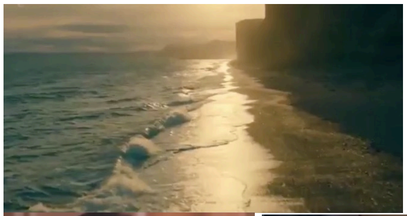
It was the biggest 'whodunnit' of 2013, but viewers foun
Latimer's murderer during the final episode of Broadchu
Miller's husband made the shock confession to the mur
saying he had been in love with the 11-year-old boy. 22

https://www.heart.co.uk › entertainment › broadchurch-se...

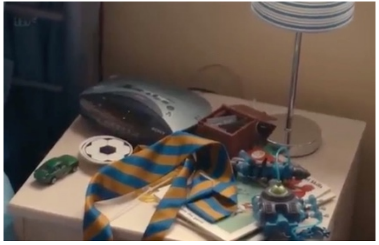
Broadchurch series one: Who killed Danny L

11-year-old Danny Latimer (end right) was murdered in series one (Picture: ITV)





You're my boy, Danny, and I let you down.



There is an interesting shot in "Danny's room" … ***a yellow and blue striped tie*** … and that's fascinating to me because yesterday when I got home there was a tie-like band, ***yellow, white and blue striped***, tied to the front door handle! Later it was tied to the staircase railing inside the house … I found it odd and intended to photograph it, but somehow I forgot to do it.

I told Inge about my "put something into my hand" habit … and I asked her to try it with Nico. So I did it … not really asking, but the first thing that I "saw", was a green-yellow *pear*. I'll be curious now.

I just leaned back after writing this and said "Okay, Nico" … and right away, I saw little ***Nico*** standing in my kitchen (just a glimpse of my inner eye), with *his mouth smeared with molten chocolate.*

I'll have to tell that Inge.

May 8, 2021 – Dung, Nico & the Chocolate, the YouTube Channel & Benches & Tables

Evidential! Nico is in contact with me! This morning, before driving to my mother, I had an intense moment of "seeing Nico", suddenly appearing in front of my inner eye, a little boy, pale and with a white T-shirt, and his mouth smeared with molten chocolate all the way up to his cheeks. I said to him *"Nico, if this really comes from you, please put something into my hand"*, and I stretched out my hand like I always do. And right away, a small "***Mickey Mous***e" figurine appeared.

I took a walk along the whole treehouse field path … it was an eerie atmosphere … nobody there, sun, wind, blue skies … and suddenly, I stood facing a heap of shit, maybe from a horse, but it looked soft, and I said out loud "***Dung! Are you kidding me?"*** The reason was that earlier I had put some Stone pine tree oil on my sleeve and had sniffed at it, actually right before driving to the treehouse field, and I said to Bob "You like it? You always liked scents." And in my mind came the words ***"It smells like dung."*** And I sniffed again, and it did smell a bit like dung. "No it does not," I said … and started my walk. And then – I found "dung". There isn't dung or horseshit anywhere ever, just today, when Bob had said that the scent smelled like "dung".

I saw very interesting "writings" in the sky … and I went to the *"end of the road"* … and felt really really lonely and missing Bob. So much. Then I took Jacqui on a path through the freshly growing crops, and it was an experience of its own …

(Later)

Drove to my mother, saw the license plate "**911 CY**" and then Bob's phone number: "**80825 F**", his full phone number was (and I hear him say it all the time) "808 250 8030", and the "F" stand for "figures" meaning "more numbers", in German it means "fortfahrend", "continuing".

My mother was sober and sweet – with half her face, the left side, blue and yellow … she had fallen again, already on Monday, and she hadn't told me and had not gone to the doctor. I was beyond shocked … I can't even write about it right now. Not seeing the end of the path at first … but later it would be clear when the road got visible.

I saw that Ingrid had called me, but I missed the call. Later, already back in Griffen, I called her back, and she said that she had watched "the videos" (I didn't get to ask which ones), and that she had had the feeling that Nico had sat right next to her. So I took the courage and told her that I had "seen him" too, this morning. And she was baffled and told me that one of the most fond and funny memories she had about Nico, was, that one day she had left him alone in the kitchen, and when she looked inside through the window, he had already eaten a full big chocolate bar and was in the process of finalizing the second one – and his mouth and cheeks were smeared with molten chocolate.

So, there. It was Nico giving me a message for Inge. I told her so … she was somewhere where she couldn't talk, but she didn't contradict when I told her what I though … she was very touched and thanked me. Not sure for what, but I'll find out.

(Later)

Back in Griffen I took Jacqui on a short walk along the creek … and there was an amazing "**sky crossing**" consisting of a crane arm and plane's line … it struck be because it reminded me of three things: the many crossing plane paths I've seen but not photographed even though I had thought about it, the stone with the cross-pattern that I found the other day and the strange line in the sky that I photographed as it seemed to mimic the path.

(Later)

So I googled the outcome of "Broadchurch season 3", not wanting to watch it, but then I switched on episode 8, the finale, where the perpetrator is found … and there is the second evidence regarding Nico: Last night, Inge and I had found a YouTube video of Nico, telling his audience that he had ***"just started his own YouTube Channel"*** … two months later he died. And in that "Broadchurch" episode, in the end, a journalist, my age, who lost her job because of the decisions of a younger generation boss, said (to a priest) that she ***"start her own YouTube Channel"!***

There are not odds that this happens by chance. I skipped six episodes to find this. And one of the *ending scenes* is a group of people sitting around a table ***outdoors***, enjoying a meal … just minutes after I had watched my ***landlord*** in the garden below my window ***preparing tables and benches for an outdoors gathering*** … I hope he'll transport them somewhere else, I really don't think I can stand a party *under my window* … and there is a shot "through a window", like I'd look through mine …. when I must have such fear about my mother … seeing her with that blue and yellow face, broke my heart.

And I had wanted to drive to her on Wednesday but didn't because I wanted to trust that everything was okay. I didn't want to call her every day, because only once, I think on Thursday, she sounded "off" again, like drunk. Had I gone to see her on Wednesday, I'd have seen her injured face. No way she'd go to the doctor …

I feel I have to drive up to see her again tomorrow, Sunday, mother's day … and I'll have to talk to her clearly. Or not. I just don't know.

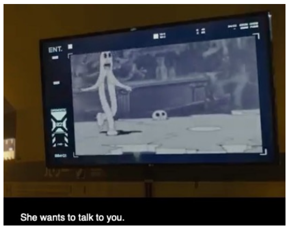
May 9, 2021, Sunday – The Mickey Mouse figurine! Oats in the Water! Talking to Nico!

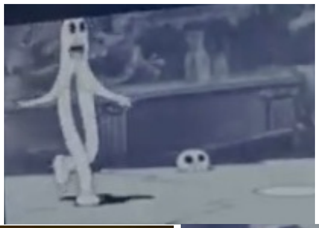
Okay. Nico is with me. I started to talk with him in his typical way, that Inge had told me about, and it felt like he was absolutely listening. Walking the field with Jacqui I said something like "So will you help me with the lottery win? As you know, nothing in this world among the mortals in the obstructed condition works without money, so I need the money to make a difference, will you give me the numbers?" And right then, numbers came: 1, 4, 13, 24 … and then came "46", but there is no 46 in the lottery game "6 aus 45", so I said to Nico "Does this mean that I made it up, and those numbers don't come from you?"

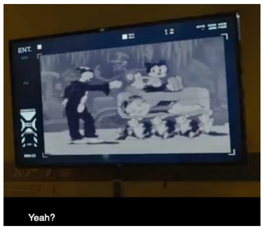
I went home and put on a Sci-Fi-movie, "***Archive***", with breakfast, to watch a little, while deciding what to do and whether or not to visit my mother today. In front of my window, the entire fucking family with Marshall's owners and all are gathered today, laughing celebrating. I need to watch a movie loud do be able to stand their voices.

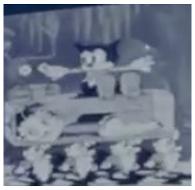
So there … in a **research station** somewhere out in the woods, where one lonely **scientist**, "*George*", works, there is also his assistant, a **robot**. I did pick "Archive" after reading up on it, because it's about a man who kind of "revives" his dead spouse.

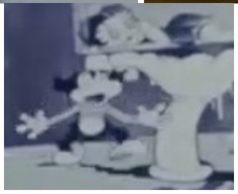
And right at the beginning of the move, the robot watches TV – and what is on? A Disney program, and the first things that come up are ***a ghost and a skull***, and right then …





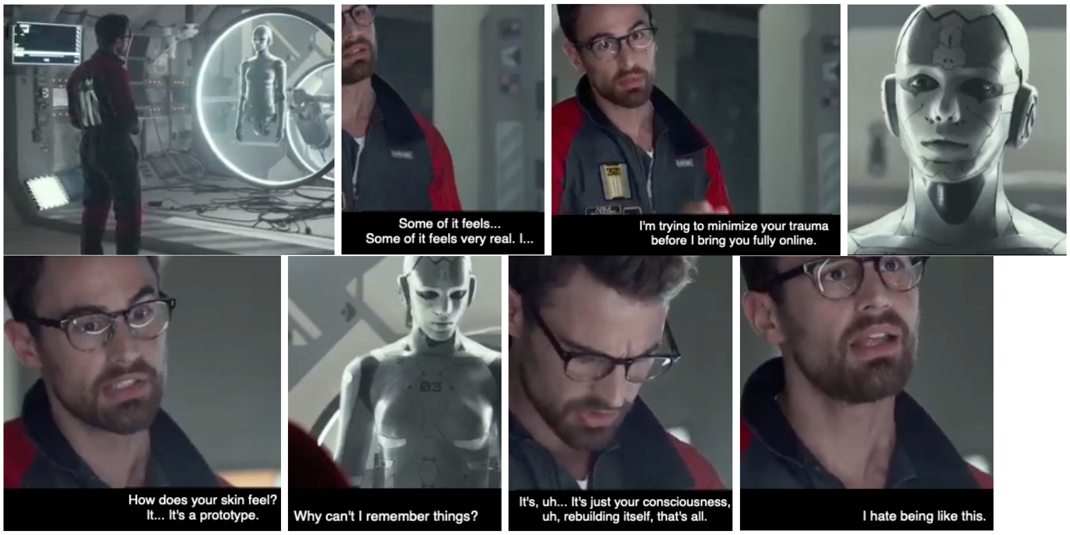






… – a ***Mickey Mouse character!*** And I had asked Nico yesterday to put something into my hand to prove that the “chocolate face” vision had come from him – and he had given me ***a “Mickey Mouse” figurine*** *into the palm of my hand!*

Then the main character talks ***to his dead love whose consciousness*** he has revived and put into some kind of “robot” structure …



Some of it feels...
Some of it feels very real. I...

I'm trying to minimize your trauma
before I bring you fully online.

How does your skin feel?
It... It's a prototype.

Why can't I remember things?

It's, uh... It's just your consciousness,
uh, rebuilding itself, that's all.

I hate being like this.

And there is a **Coyote** … and *coyotes are connected with a running gag between Bob and me* … about the ***“Asian pears”*** … I’ve shared that before in this C. D.

What're you doing in here, boy?

So there.

Oh I so wish some scientist would read this research of mine! But who?

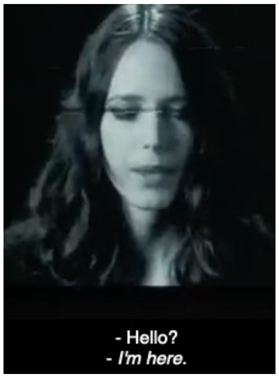
I had asked “Nico” – as a presentation to Inge – to put something into my hand when I was with her the other evening, and a “***pear***” had appeared. I thought about that when I stood facing those two old pear trees on the road that leads by the old mill house where I went this morning with Jacqui.

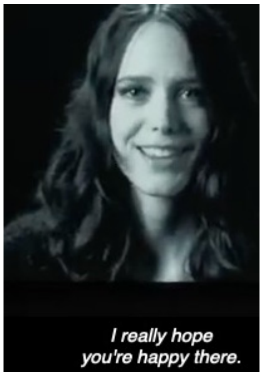
Wow.

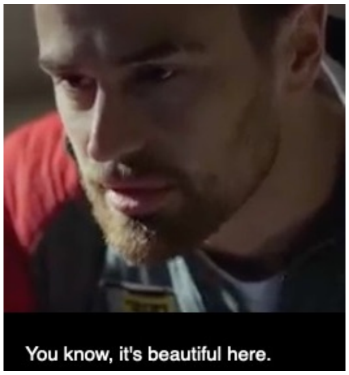
I hope Nico is the one to be able to help me “imua”.

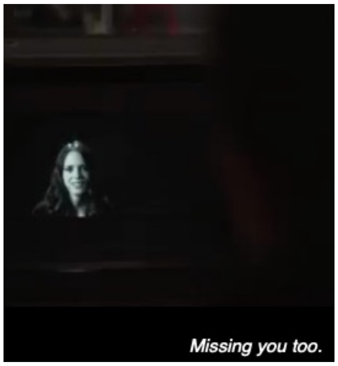
(Later)

Watching more of “**Archive**” … oh, the ***conversation*** between the “consciousness” of the woman, the ***dead*** partner of the scientist and George …

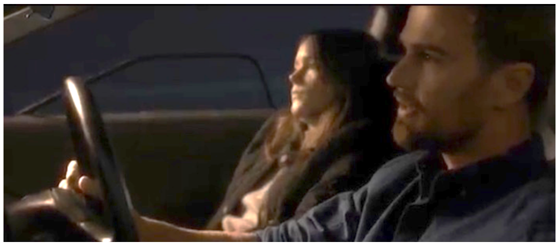

- Hello?
- *I'm here.*


I really hope you're happy there.

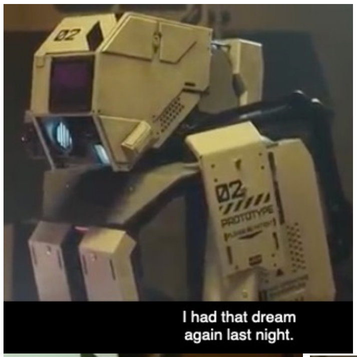

You know, it's beautiful here.

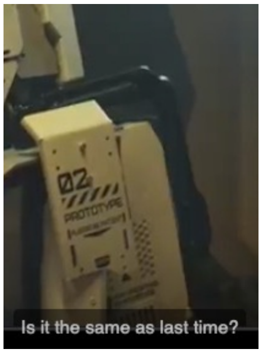

Missing you too.

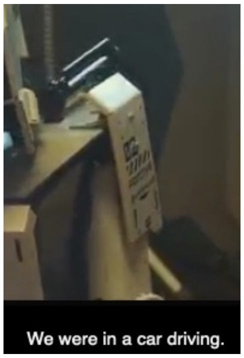
… and there is a ***car drive, like Bob and me drove so many times*** … oh, I've been thinking about this so often … just yesterday, driving, too, how often he drove, I sat next to him, and I waited how long it would take until he'd say something. Anything. Mostly, he never did. It was painful for me and stressful … many times.

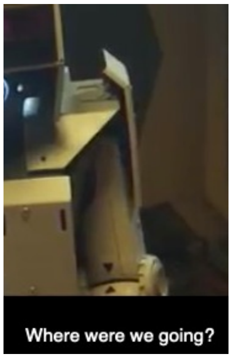


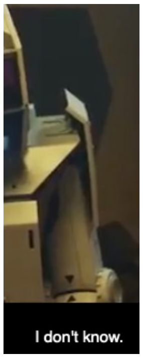
The main character George talks with his robot about a **dream … of driving.** And just the line *"Was it nice driving or not nice driving?" …* threw me right back on Maui, into "Auto", Bob's beloved Honda Accord, with Bob.

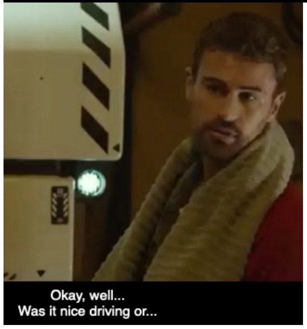

I had that dream again last night.

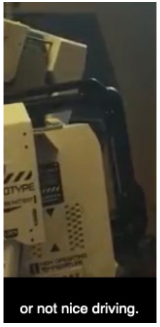

Is it the same as last time?

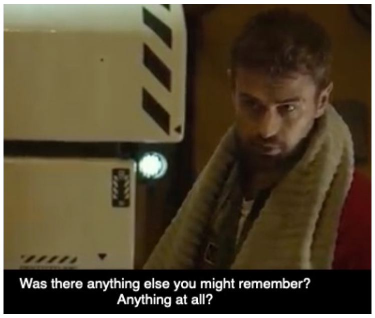

We were in a car driving.

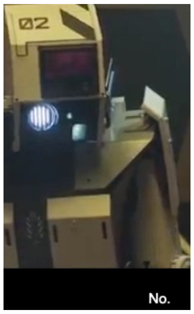

Where were we going?


I don't know.

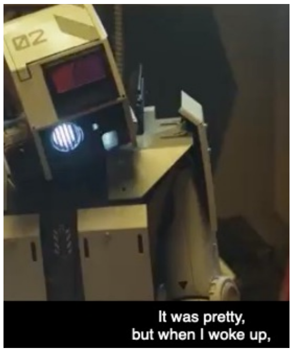

Okay, well...
Was it nice driving or...


or not nice driving.

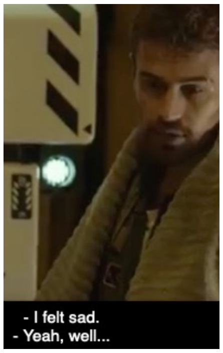

Was there anything else you might remember?
Anything at all?


No.

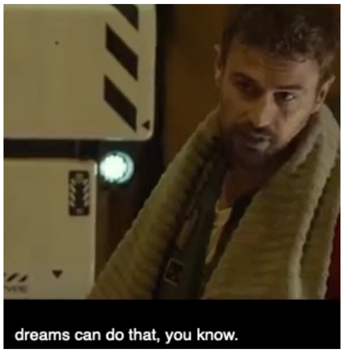
Just sitting in the car
watching the things go past.



It was pretty,
but when I woke up,



- I felt sad.
- Yeah, well...



dreams can do that, you know.

So in 2019/2020 someone made that *film that deals with bringing back consciousness of a "disca" into the mortal realm* … and I'm watching it now, "Archive". It's like I could do screenshots of so many things … it would fill many pages. So … I guess I'm only supposed to do the start and then just watch … that said, the film seems "just not …" like Bob would say. Those two words, without adding the actual adjective, he'd say, when he'd find something "not sufficient" or "not good". I miss him so much.

Is it a comfort for me?
Maybe it will be.

I hope Nico will stay and help us, I'm wondering if he is in contact with Edith, too.
Haven't heard from my father. I feel I must do, from my part, major communication efforts these days. With my father, my mother, Dr. Alice … many people. Disca and Inca alike.

That was the crux, back then. Me, all into *communication* and Bob the contrary. The things that happened on Maui in our life together … all was foreshadowing what is now. I have the feeling, that I'm really supposed to do big things in the remainder of my mortal phase now.
I must pull myself together, concerning my mother, especially. Breaks my heart to see how she kind of drifts away … but looking back, she has been like that for a long time, not wanting to do anything with me, wanting to be in her cave … just that she has had several falls in the last months, that's bothersome. I think it has more to do with her drinking and not having enough exercise than with actual dementia. But her habits increase dementia. I'll have a very clear and direct conversation with her the next time I'll see her.
Maybe I won't drive to her today. I'll call her in a few.

(Later)
Found the woman to whom I think I must send my contact diary … *Marilyn Rossner*. Taking a walk with Jacqui towards ***St. Kollmann***, I asked her ***disca partner John*** to let me know and give me a sign if he is here. And I put out my hand for something to be put into it, and immediately I had the impression of "a **ladder**" or some structure that looks like a ladder. I must tell Marilyn this when I'll contact her.
Also I found the **"puma" cap** again, that I first saw on April 19. Strange, that nobody has picked it up since.

Marshall’s owners are right under my window today … with their kids, Marshall is back in the garden (note: a little later they did bring him over, too) … and I don’t feel hatred. Surprises me, too. I actually feel nothing for them. Really pretty much nothing.

(Later)
Started to watch a random movie, “Lost Girls”, and one of the first things the main character says, is ***“Another Day in Paradise”*** … and that’s what Bob said all the time.

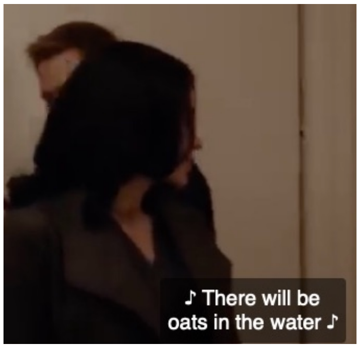
During my walk today I thought about how it was inevitable that Bob died … because otherwise I’d never have dealt with the topic of death the way I do right now. I said to him and me and to Nico that I realize that “everything that happened in our time together and also everything that was lacking lead to me dealing with the connectedness of the realm of the dead with the one of the living, and being the kind of person I am, Bob’s write, as he called me, I’m the perfect person to document and subsequently share everything with the world”. I think, that’s exactly what I’ll have to tell those organizations and Marilyn Rossner about my work, about this “Contact Diary” that the must read in its entirety and share on and on.

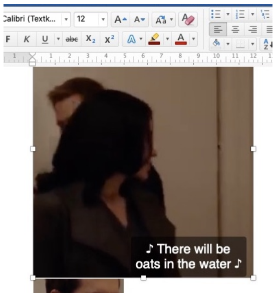
Yes, I’ve been documenting the development of inter-realm communication with my passed-over love … for three years now, more than anyone has ever done and with more substance than there has ever been. I must share my work – it’s Bob’s work too. It’s our “kuleana” … and mine isn’t over in this realm. I must make “Regents of Clouds”, I know it.

Just as I had written this and turned to the new series that I just discovered, called “***Strike***”, of course murder & crime again, the kind I seem to need right now … I heard a tapping at the window next to me. I didn’t imagine or dream it. It was a tapping. Maybe some big insect bumped against the glass several times, it was a distinct tapping, that’s for sure.

(Later)
I didn’t really focus on “***Strike***”, because the British English is very hard to understand, and I didn’t find a version with subtitles … but just now, someone said “**You should talk to Nico!”** Well, that got my attention.

(Later) **– Oats in the Water**
It’s kind of funny … I had planned to make a “***Haferflockensuppe***”, which is “oat flakes soup” and very good for the stomach. In the last second I decided to cook potatoes instead to share with my dog … and just now, when I went through screenshots to put into this C. D., I ended up at a special song in “The Following”, and the line I saw first is ***“There will be Oats in the Water”!***
Oats in the water! And I had been thinking of cooking “oat flakes soup” all day!





May 10, 2021

Horrible horrible ***dream***. I was in a hospital that was more of a hotel with many elevators, and I desperately had to get to a certain doctor for surgery. But my eyesight was so bad that I couldn't find my way around and couldn't really see the people I met, so I couldn't determine if I was on the right way to that doctor! I remember nurses telling me stuff on some floor higher up … but it was all so unclear, content-wise and regarding my eyesight. At the same time I think I had a major physical problem, like I was very injured or sick or needed for something to be removed or … maybe in my throat?

I think it never happened … there was a plot element of me having to find my way to some people, who I perhaps had to work with? There seems to be someone around me or with me in that dream, but she also couldn't help me find help … and I was struggling so much to see, but I couldn't, there was a heavy dark veil over my eyes and on my eyes … it was horrible.

I woke up several times, and I think I kept dreaming the same dream … it was so bright when I woke up that I thought it must be 10 a.m., but it was barely 8 a.m. I feel very desperate about my mother.

My car is in the shop. Gonna pick it up tomorrow. I didn't dare to call my mother today … I kept telling myself that I must trust … but then, last week I trusted too, and she had hurt herself badly.

I just don't know what to do. If I intervene that means she'll end up at a hospital, likely for an evaluation in a psychiatric clinic, and then …? Would she ever get into her home again and live independently? Will she ever drive her car again? But is she really capable, still?

Yesterday, on the phone, she sounded entirely clear … not one sign of any dementia, no repetitive talking, no hesitation in terms of recalling something … as if she was her "old" self. And yet I know she has a big bruise on her face. I do believe it has to do with her having drunk alcohol again. But she won't ever admit that.

Still. I'll drive to her tomorrow and have a very serious conversation with her.

I must.

May 11, 2021 – **222 Doo San & The Penis Angel**

Called my mother, she sounded fine and said she was fine … but I know she must be lonely. I can't wait to live closer to her.

I took Jacqui for a late afternoon walk along **big stone field** … and there was an amazing "angel cloud" looking down on Jacqui and me …

… just when I complained bitterly about the sad situation of little dog Marshall, who is ignored and neglected as ever, nobody ever takes him for walks or even plays with him … alone out in the garden all the time … and I think that his fucking owner M. is pregnant again! At least, she looks like it. I so so so much want those two bodies to be punished … I want them to repent and regret big time in this life! I want them to suffer, and I want for Marshall to have a wonderful life somewhere else. When I was talking out loud about this … that "**angel**" appeared … and eventually he developed a "**penis**". So I think it was Bob greeting me …

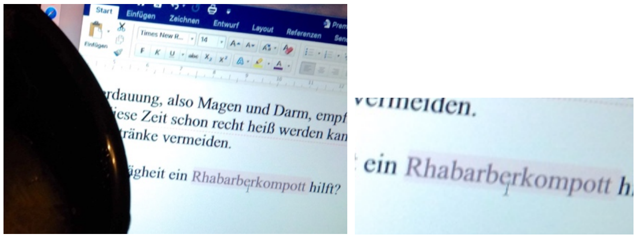
And on the way back, I saw next to the "pond" that used to have all the wonderful reeds, a caterpillar, because the pond is being dug out and … I don't know what they're doing. And on the caterpillar was the logo "DOOSAN". Immediately I had a good laugh with Bob and said out loud "*healthy shit that is*", like "doo" for shit and "san" for healthy, an ending that many health products have. Bob would have gotten a kick out of this … and I thought about this, driving back towards Griffen.

Right then, a car came towards me, on the other side of the road, but with high speed, and the license plate number read "**222 DS**". So I read that "222" stands for Bob and my "***House of laughter***", our beloved address "***222 Haulani Street***", with "Haulani" actually meaning ***"happy heaven"*** … okay! Now I get it! And "DS" this time stands for "**Doo San**"!

I really had the feeling that my joke was appreciated right then. That Bob was answering. Oh geez, over there in the beyond time really has no meaning, does it?

I can't even express how horrible the realization is these days, that there is no house of laughter anymore in this realm for me and no Bob. It's unbelievable.

In the morning, I received huge amount of **Rhubarb** from Inge … and I decided to make a cake for my mother and some compote … and strangely, right today, in the ***Astrology Newsletter*** that's among my jobs to edit regularly – ***"Rhubarb" is mentioned*** as great means to help the digestions!



rdauung, also Magen und Darm, empf
iese Zeit schon recht heiß werden kan
ränke vermeiden.

igheit ein Rhabarberkompott hilft?

vermeiden.

ein Rhabarberkompott h

Sometime today I had ***an amazing, magical close and direct and clear impression of Bob being right here***, looking at me, I felt him, almost could touch and hear him … it was astounding.

May 12, 2021 **– The Deer, the Song & the Lemon & the Perfect Body**

Dentist's appointment this morning … 4 teeth fixed, that's it. Two injections, hell, but it's over.

I got an apartment offered by the Velden gov, but it's ridiculously non-suiting …

Then finalized the ***Rhubarb cake*** I started last night, cooking the Rhubarb, and drove to Velden. Visited my mother, she was clear and sober and took a quarter of the cake, but she just has nothing to say, and I don't know what to ask of her to talk about.

Took Jacqui for a walk towards the forest near my mother's place … and just as we were walking into the meadow, two **deer** galloped right in front of us across the street and into the gardens! I was baffled shitless, and so was Jacqui. We walked on – and just one minute later, three deer came from behind us, from the gardens, and they raced by us left and right in a hell of a speed, wow, that power, they were so fast, across the fields … two of them disappeared, but the third one stopped ahead of us on the path and looked back at us … as if it was waiting for us! It only walked into the forest slowly.

Wow, that was amazing!

I checked out the place of the apartment that I was offered, but found it strangely appalling, but the forest and nature around there is nice. The view of the "***volcano***" "Mittagskogel" was interesting, according to the ancient saying "Hat der Berg einen Hut, wird das Wetter sicher gut". (If the mountain has a hat, the weather will certainly be good.)

Driving towards Griffen, I suddenly found myself singing a Hawaiian song! **"E ho'i ka pili …"** It's about two lovers, and the man says that the woman lies on his chest like "lei", a flower garland, it's about making love and being together. I remembered when I learned and sang that song … I hadn't met Bob yet, it was two years before that … Maybe the amazing **clouds** had inspired me … like a huge "fan" or like ocean surf from under water …?

I broke out in tears … My Hawaii longing just flooded me, like yesterday, I saw Bob so clearly …

Right then a car with the license plate number "**808 EC**" passed by me: "E C" said out loud is "**ici**" in French, meaning "here"! "808" can be "BOB" or "Hawaii"! Bob is here? Hawaii is here? No kidding – I had just sung a Hawaiian song without even thinking about it at all!

But being me I said (out loud) "So is that you giving me impressions, can we really communicate, or is my subconscious giving me this from my own self?"

Just then, "**VI 707 EC**" drove by! And I read it upside down "***LOL***"! So something was funny in the beyond … and thinking about it, it meant: "Who are you kidding?"! Right. I do know the answer to that previous question of mine.

Then I entered a long tunnel hallway meeting … Bob opened hallway closet, 2m **pink and white plush rabbit** inside!

Bob went ahead and waved me into the bedroom, when I entered, he was on his bed, sitting upright, waving me over … receiving me in an embrace, me snuggled up to his chest … realization: ***The song was reflected!*** The being together, the bed symbolic for love-making, and literally, me at

Bob's chest, him holding me, so that we looked right into each other's faces … and my arms around him … ***"No ko'u nui kino" … on my big body,*** the rabbit, too, ***the biggest rabbit ever!***

Bob had listened to the song I had sung spontaneously! And he told me so.

I went through the next tunnel, and this time Bob took me to the porch, and strangely, he urged me to sit down with him on the stoop and suddenly had a ***model sailing ship*** in his hand – which he suddenly smashed on the driveway!

Out of the tunnel, I was very surprised.

I suddenly had the idea that I could use the script "***Kaweli***" to do a crowd funding, shamelessly exploiting Bob's death … and I told him so and asked if he things that would be okay? I'd involve all the Hawaii folks who knew him, telling them that Bob read it on his deathbed and loved it, which is true …

So I pondered …

In the next tunnel, I was back in the hallway, but this time I was turned towards the ***kitchen*** in housie! And just before I entered the kitchen, walking barefoot on the brown soft dusty carpet, a **lemon** rolled in front of me, on my right side, but I think I kicked it with me left foot. Immediately I said out loud "A lemon? Did you just show me a lemon?"

I was close to the Völkermarkt resting place where I had spent an hour on the way to Velden, editing some jobs in the rain … and as I drove by there, **a lemon yellow truck** stood there, and written on it was – **NIKO**!

Oh wow! *So the lemon had meant "pay attention to something yellow"!* And right after that – came the "**VI 808 EC**" again! It must have taken a short break after passing by me to just give me the "BOB is here" again? That said, before, I hadn't noticed the "VI", so it may have even been a different car!

Wow! I was just so dumbstruck!

And I suddenly remembered *what I had thought about yesterday*, about the fact that ***in the beyond, we have our young and best bodies*** and not the ones we died in. And I know why!

Because ***that's what the mortal phase is about – to reach a state of physical and mental maturity – to keep that energetic form to use in the beyond,*** and from there, it's all deterioration, dying. Of course it's not the old body that sticks with us, but ***the one we "made" until it reached its peak*** to then start dying.

I said to Bob that I really know that he is alive he only doesn't have his old worn out mortal body anymore.

And then just as I was about to take the exit "Griffen": **a small round-shaped totally bright yellow car** overtook me at very high speed! It was like "rolling" over the highway.

The lemon.

And I swear I haven't seen a yellow car anymore since last summer, when Elisabeth visited me, she has a bright yellow car.

(Later)

Writing all this down, I just had another realization: When I entered Bob's life, he'd always joke that ***"I had prayed for the perfect body, and there you were!"*** He had bought himself a Bowflex exercise machine to the a perfect body himself … but now that I think about it, in those days, I really was at my physical best. I was. I was in perfect shape, slender, lean … just the peak of my physical existence, really.

His statement makes new sense now.

When was Bob's pinnacle?

May 13, 2021 **– The Dream & The Rabbits at the Sliding Door**

Oh what a dream.

A real **dream** where I was with Bob. Like – fully with Bob, him looking at me, talking to me … and yet, while dreaming, I knew that this wasn't real life … somehow, can't explain how that was.

I think that I also knew that Bob was already sick, and I wanted to spend as much time as possible with him. We were in some southern place like in Turkey or some exotic country, in a wide beach area, and there was some kind of open structure house, more a shack-like house, and we were busy doing something. It had to do with something being on a table or in boxes, something that Bob needed to take and bring somewhere … and I was there too, dreading the moment when he would leave, as I knew we had so little time! And I tried to convince him that we should do something together, like an excursion to a nice place nearby, like on a holiday, but he was kind of his grumpy self and declines … letting me know that he was busy and couldn't spare the time.

Oh that's how it was in real life. And just like in real life I was so very hurt by this, because, again – and I thought in my dream that it was like in real life – he didn't make time to be with me or do something with me. In our early real life years this was a big issue and I tried to suffer silently, but at times I demanded him to get away from his never-ending work and go to the beach or go see a movie, and everytime he was so happy afterwards, and we did do more. But the fact that I had to oppose him hurt our relationship.

And that's what it was like in the dream too. He was Bob … tall, dressed in T-shirt and cargo pants, his hair longer, and he'd look at me openly and just moved like he had done …

… I just remember that I saw "Bob silhouette" yesterday online, actually of Michael Douglas, but reminded me so much of Bob …

… so at some point that shack-like house looked more like a big lofty tent. And suddenly, Bob did have a turkey, a bird in his hands, ready to be fried or cooked, without feathers, dead, of course, but not frozen … and that turkey was dripping. And I suddenly realized that we had to get rid of a whole bunch of hornets that were flying around, just single insects, … and I said to Bob that we should put the turkey that smelled somewhat rotten at some distance from our tent, which would attract the hornets and we could catch them altogether.

This was an important and big issue, but Bob only shook his head and went to do his stuff, sort of packing up or arranging stuff, ready to leave.

I felt jealousy, and in my dream I realized that … and I was so disappointed that he didn't even care about the problem with the hornets … and the turkey was dripping, and I didn't know what he wanted to do with it.

And all the time I was looking out at the wide beach landscape, somehow like in Israel long time ago, when I backpacked there … close to Eilat … desolate and wide and a bit stony, the ocean entirely flat and silverish-gray …. And I knew Bob would leave and that something was more important. I tried to remind myself that I really should appreciate the time I had with him, but it felt so stressful, seeing him so close and yet so distant.

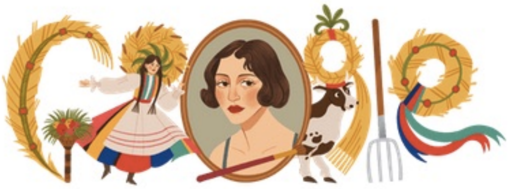
Like in real life.

I woke up, and I knew I should get up and take Jacqui out, but I just had to sleep some more to maybe get back into the dream … can't remember if I did or not.

The sliding door and the rabbits!

So I took Jacqui to a very late morning walk, it was past 10 a.m.,

… and then I was stunned shitless: There lives a family with two little children just at the corner of where Rakounig Street meets Rakounig Weg (path), and the little **girl**, **wearing a pink and white cap and pink and white boots,** was opening a **sliding door** at an outdoor garden shack … and immediately I thought that I only saw such sliding doors in housie, in the hallway, where Bob had stored all his office and some tech stuff, and yesterday, in a tunnel, I had had the vision of opening that sliding door to see a big pink and white rabbit stand there looking at me! And then I saw it: **Two little rabbits** were sitting in front of the girl and the sliding door, calmly, undisturbed by my dog, free in the grass, and the dad, with his Rastafari hairstyle was there too, greeting me friendly.



*I had seen that yesterday in the tunnel! **The pink and white rabbit behind the sliding door, and today, two little rabbits in front of a sliding door that was opened by a little girl wearing pink and white!***

Wow!

Also … yesterday or the day before yesterday, not sure, I felt urge to stretch my hand out for Bob to put something into it … and it was something woven, brown, like a ***basket*** or something. Today, seeing the "***Google***" theme, I felt reminded of it … some kind of "harvest" theme, seems to play into the "basket" impression.

So I realize the lessons … together with the lemon lesson from yesterday: Accept what you see and consider strongly that your subconscious makes the best of the images you receive. Bob and the disca know what is going to happen, but they can't give me that clear picture … they use events to prove that they are present, but until we, the inca, have lived through the event, we can't interpret our out subconscious' symbolism.

Sometimes it's direct and clear what we receive, it's the face value that counts. But often it's all about accepting, being aware and then realizing when the solution comes.

Unless one walks through life with awareness and certainty, that there are other dimensions, one can't communicate that way with those living in those dimensions.

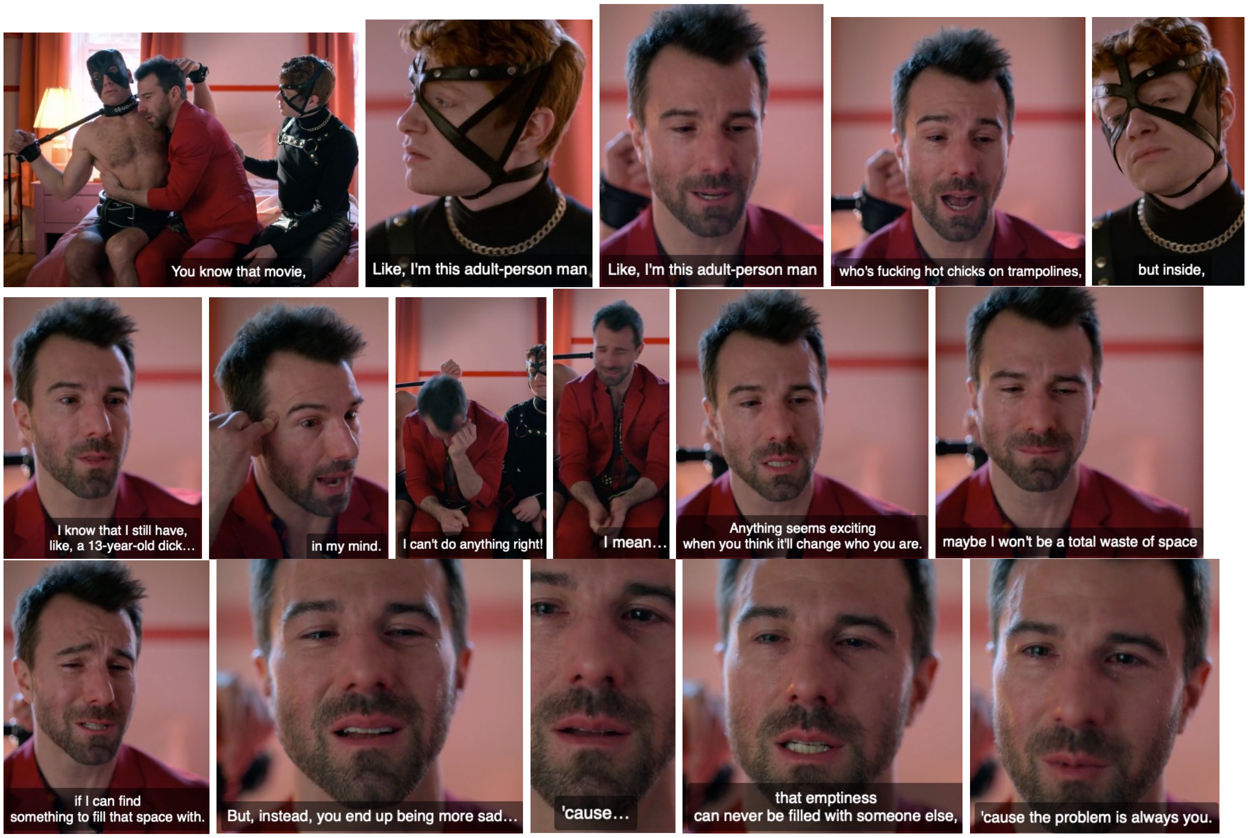
I'm advanced, I think. I shouldn't sweat the small earthly stuff, and I must get rid of all my frustrations that keep me from even read my emails.

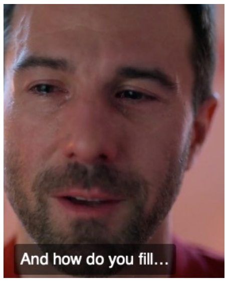
I must do something for Marshall. Poor guy. His collar is eating itself into his neck … I wished his owners were in some kind of coma for a while where they'd realize what assholes they are and come back better people.

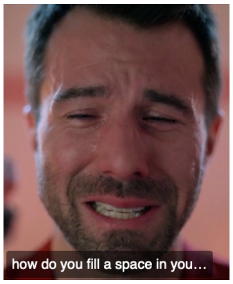
Took a *walk in the afternoon* with Jacqui around *treehouse field circle*, and for some reason nobody was around, nobody walking, cycling, anything … except for an **old man** who we met, as he was walking slowly. And we greeted each other friendly, going in opposite directions.

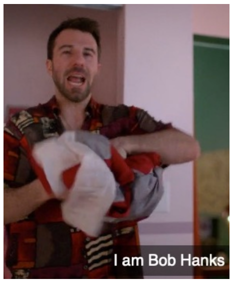
So I did a big rounds and picked some herbs for my salad later … and strangely, on the way back, *the same old man came crossed my path again.* He said “Tschüss!” which means “bye bye” as if we had walked together. Then he turned onto the path I had just walked out from. After a while I looked back after him and I thought that Bob also walked a bit like him, and *just then, he had turned around and looked back at me, too.* So I said “Tschüss”, and I was wondering how long this old man was going to live anymore in this obstructed realm.

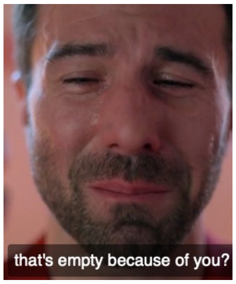
I watched the season 2 of a series called “**BONDiNG**” about the BSM-scene … with a wonderful lead actress by the name of “Zoe Levin” who I want to play “Namaka” in “Regents of Clouds”. *There are sequences that are so reminiscent of Bob’s and my real life situation* of the past …. It’s breathtaking. One is about **Bob’s own insecurities** … as if he was talking to me directly …


You know that movie,
Like, I'm this adult-person man
Like, I'm this adult-person man
who's fucking hot chicks on trampolines,
but inside,
I know that I still have, like, a 13-year-old dick…
in my mind.
I can't do anything right!
I mean…
Anything seems exciting when you think it'll change who you are.
maybe I won't be a total waste of space
if I can find something to fill that space with.
But, instead, you end up being more sad…
'cause…
that emptiness can never be filled with someone else,
'cause the problem is always you.


And how do you fill…


how do you fill a space in you…

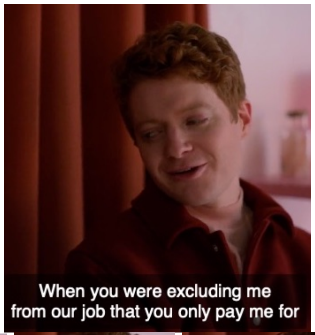

I am Bob Hanks


that's empty because of you?

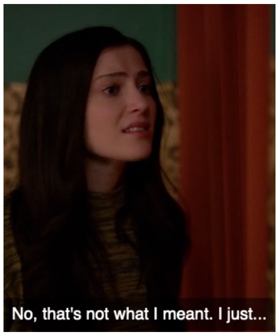
eating baby corn

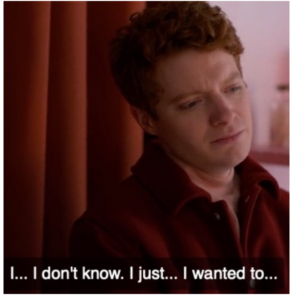
The other one is about **me feeling used and discarded of so many times** by Bob …

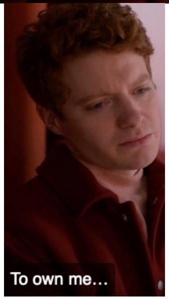
- I was gonna tell you all of this.
- Yeah, when?

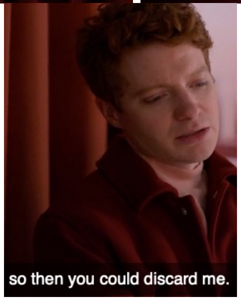

When you were excluding me
from our job that you only pay me for

because you feel guilty?


No, that's not what I meant. I just...


I... I don't know. I just... I wanted to...


To own me…


so then you could discard me.

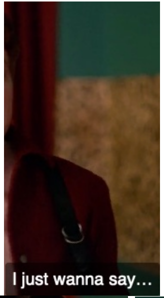
Again.

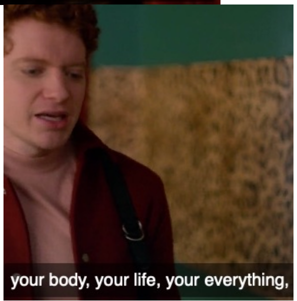
No, that's not what I'm doing.

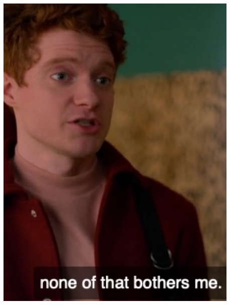
It sure seems like it is.

No, Pete, I'm rebuilding my reputation.

You have comedy. I have this.


I just wanna say…

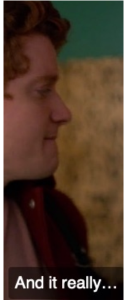

your body, your life, your everything,

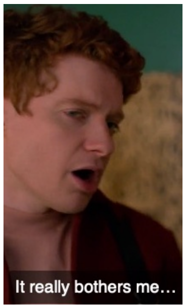

none of that bothers me.

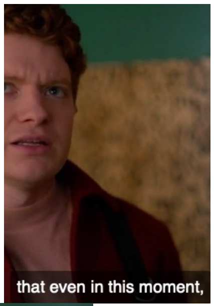
But it bothers me that you did it alone.

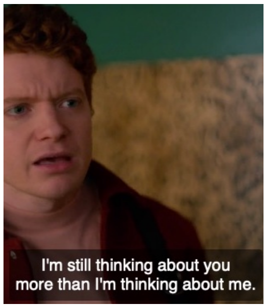
That all I ever wanted to do was help,

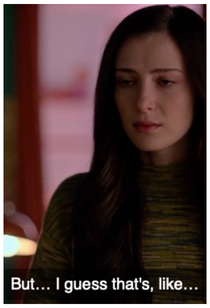
and you wouldn't even let me do that.

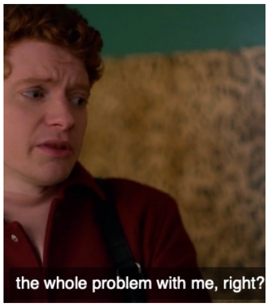

And it really…

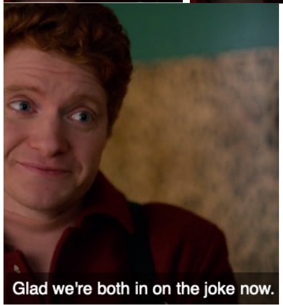

It really bothers me…

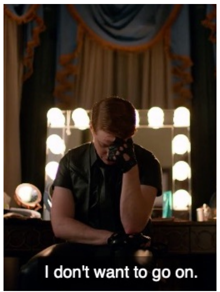

that even in this moment,

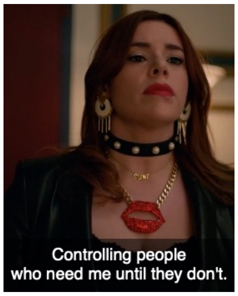

I'm still thinking about you more than I'm thinking about me.


But… I guess that's, like…


the whole problem with me, right?


Glad we're both in on the joke now.


I don't want to go on.


Controlling people who need me until they don't.

Who love me until they can't.

I mean, why do I want to get treated like that?

May 14, 2021 – **The King's Orb, the Plastic Hand & A Full-On Communication!**

Wow, what a trip!

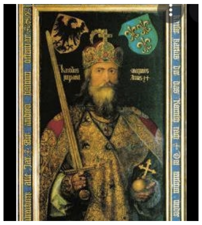
This morning, I was courageous enough to check my emails … found notes from Elisabeth, Zoly and Martina, my friend from primary school … and no response from the LA-producers that I sent my NOO-DVD to. Okay. I did get a response from the Austrian English-speaking stand up comedian, Alice Frick, who I had contacted regarding „Ka Nui Puckerfiddle". She asked for the screenplay, I sent it.

So I had been thinking of contacting Cindy and asking her for help to realize the Hawaii-projects, shamelessly playing on her love for dead Bob and his legacy. So I did … I emailed her. And then I drove to St. Andrae and took Jacqui on a walk to the river Lavant and between the fields.

But before that … the communication already started!

Right after emailing Cindy, I asked Bob to put something into my hand to let me know that it was the right thing to do and that he approves. Immediately there was a „*golden pear*" that turned into some kind of „orange" shape and size and back into some golden pear like thing. As I drove down the hill to leave Griffen, I thought spontaneously „Oh, that was a **king's orb**!" (German: "Reichsapfel") And right then, a car drove by me with the license plate number „**KING 1**"! King! A king has a king's orb! I had been told that „zumbuddy" was right here! Wow!

So I took Jacqui for a short toilet walk along the creek, and on the way back, I had the urge to put my hand out again, and spontaneously, I „received" some kind of „car tool", a **cross wrench** that you need when you change car tires ***to open the screws***, (German: "Kreuzschlüssel").

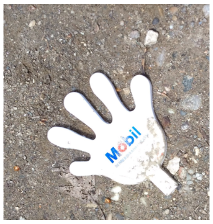


That was weird, and I thought it had to do with me walking by a building site. Next to me parked a car with „Robert" written on it! But that still was not all! As soon as I drove away from the parking lot, a car drove by with ***a broken down other car, a pink Minicooper of sorts, on a towing-hanger!*** Wow, I thought, that was the „car tool"? But it was not all! A car drove by with „**STONIC**" written on it, like „Stone I see". Two seconds later, a tiny little **Chihuahua** ran across the street right in front of me! If that critter turned around, the car behind me would not see it on the road and run it over! So I immediately put on the emergency light signal and stopped on the side of the road, forcing the other car behind me to stop too. Meanwhile, the Chihuahua sniffed along the pavement - and really turned around and returned onto the street. The car behind me was about the pass by me, but I gave him a hand sign, and he and the oncoming car saw the tiny critter and let him pass safely.

So that was the ***„car tool"***, the cross wrench about - me putting my car into ***„emergency mode"*** like you do, when you have a car problem?! Wow! Bob had known that beforehand!

That was so amazing … that driving on I kept thinking how communicating could be an ongoing thing once one is able to master the diverse versions and methods. You can't expect the direct meaning of things you „see", but sometimes they are very clear and direct … still, everything it's my subconscious that receives the message and reflects it back to my conscious mind, my „Lono" that interprets it, and how it does that, entirely depends on what I've learned to be aware of and to realize and consider!

As I stepped out of my car on the parking lot at the starting point of our walk through the fields along river Lavant, I was stunned shitless: There was a **small white plastic hand** (!) lying next to my car! I could have used one of the fifty other parking spaced, but I chose exactly the one with a white small plastic hand lying on the ground. And there was no garbage around anywhere, at all. So that's why I felt rally inspired to "chat with Bob" while "doing the fields" with him … because "talk to the hand" was one of his favorite goofy things to say, and "putting images in the palm of my hand" has been our means of communication for months now!



So Jacqui and I were *walking between the fields next to the river Lavant,* and I talked to Bob about how I've learned to walk with him and him being really almost „invisible" in his lifetime, because so many times we walked together and he wouldn't say a word. When I looked out to the ocean to my left, towards Ma'alaea or Kahakuloa, I wouldn't see him. So not different than now … I pulled my hand back to remind myself more closely of the reality back then, because Bob wouldn't hold my hand when we were walking, he only did that in our very early months.

So I decided to simply chat with him and use our „methods“ to receive an answer. And it worked!

Me: „Bob, why were you so silent back then, wouldn’t talk with me, like you really didn’t like being with me?“

I put out my hand for an image as an answer - and RIGHT AWAY an **almond** appeared!

The interesting thing: Yesterday, I had read up on what nuts can be fed to dogs, and I had read *„feed only sweet almonds, not bitter almonds*“. And I had thought why would anyone feed bitter almonds to dogs? So the theme *„**bitter***“ was on my mind in relation to ***almonds***.

Me: „So, you were bitter? Is that what the almond means? Why were you like that, bitter?“

As a response, I immediately received a „harp“ on my hand! Yes, a **harp**.

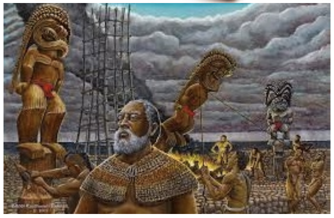
Me: „A **harp**, is that it? Why in the world … a harp?“ So I asked myself what a harp stands for for me, and answers came: „Ancient times … some kind of ancestry … predisposition … genetically, maybe, or because of your karma? Does the harp mean that you couldn’t help it, this behaviour of yours was long time coming, some form of destiny? Your nature … that you had to live out, becoming bitter?“ Now that I think about it, the harp kind of matches the king’s orb I received earlier.

I pondered a little, then asked again:

„So what was my role in all that, why did I make you bitter, or what did I do with that bitterness? Why did I come into your life?“

Right away - an I hadn’t even finished the question, a „**knife**“ appeared in my hand, a sharp kitchen knife. And I hate knifes, so I said „A knife?“ And I kind of felt like something in me recoiled … but then the kitchen knife changed into a folded **Swiss army knife**, and that was it!

„Okay! That of course means - **Anahola**? So it has to do with me and the ancient Hawaiian ways? Me using your bitterness to find my kuleana and do what I have to do?“



… and all the time I was looking at “Haleakala” Koralpe mountain realizing that not much snow left …

Here is the explanation regarding „Anahola“. Before I even met Bob, I once was on the beach of the small Kauai village Anahola. I think I’ve described that event? But anyway: There was nobody on that large halfmoon shaped beach, just me. Back then, I was very much into ancient Hawaiian magical techniques, and I was very good at that, studying and researching for my book „We Creators of the World“. It way, maybe, in 1999 or something like that. My dog Kimba was still alive then and stayed with my father and Edith, while I was in Hawaii to do more research about Hawaiian traditions and how they relate to the true powers of the human mind. That was my theme back then, that’s what I wrote my book about (that was never published, because it’s not finished yet). So I walked along entirely empty Anahola beach. At some point I took a swim, then walked on and found a Swiss army knife in the sand! That was in itself amazing because I had wished for a Swiss army knife, and that was the third one I had found within a few weeks, the other two back in Austria, in the middle of a forest, and I don't remember where I found the first one, I think on a street. So I sat down in the sand, then lied down and dozed off.

At some point I looked up, startled by something, and I saw a man walking down the beach … he must have walked by me, but I didn't notice, and so I saw him from behind, he was wearing a uniform … some military guy, and he was looking for something, walking slowly, ever again digging in the sand with his foot. I though that maybe he was looking for the knife … but I lay back down and kept dozing on that quiet beach.

Suddenly, I woke up with a jolt and sat up … I heard splashing … and as I looked at the waterline right in front of me, a huge dolphin was right there … looking at me. It was kind of surreal, so I got up to take a look, and that dolphin stayed right in front of me, and the water there was so shallow, that the up and down movement of its tail caused some kind of eddy in the water. I waded inside the water, I was so fascinated … and the dolphin stayed, but I couldn't touch it … and the it turned around and swam away.

I now saw the one single man in uniform come walking back along the beach …

„Okay", I said, to whom I don't know, „I'll give the knife to whom it belongs." I had intended to keep it. But I gave it to the man, who was very happy about it.

So getting „Anahola" today through the Swiss Army knife in my hand meant for me that my role was indeed to get immersed in the Hawaiian traditions the way I did with the help of Bob and at the same time suffer the way I did so that eventually I'd be forced to turn my attention to the one subject I had never dealt with in researching for my book „We Creators …" - the connectedness of the realm and more concretely, the communication with the discarnates.

The two and a half years since Bob's death my documentation of the development of our communications is the result, so far. Back then, the story with the dolphin was some kind of hint at „be aware of what's right in front of you, and listen to the messages and hints you're receiving".

So as I realized what the Swiss Army knife and Anahola meant … I fell into my usual doubt-pit, and I said to Bob:

„So how do I know if it's not my own Higher Self that's telling me all these things, even though I'm aware that you are now very strongly connected with it …?"

And right away, a **music sheets** with lines and notes and a clef appeared „on the palm of my hand" … and I heard in my mind „Play me!" And that of course meant: „Dani, just think back the last two years … and further back to when I sang to you, and you'll have certainly."

And I accept that proof. I have described this in much details … how it all happened, with Bob singing to me „You're the sun, and I'm the moon, you're the words, and I'm the tune - Play me!" when I first met him … and I found it so strange. And in the time since his death this has been our main „hook" to communicate, and for me to learn so much.

She was morn - ing and I was nigh
one day woke up to find her ly

I felt really satisfied after I received the music sheet … and I gave Jacqui my full attention for the rest of the walk.

Walking towards the car, other cars arrived, and the first one had the license plate number "**911 IZ**". So 9/11 the last day Bob and I saw each other, and "IZ", I don't know, "I see"? Or "Iz" like "Israel Kamakawiwo'ole", the famous singer, who sang *"Somewhere over the rainbow"* …?

Driving home after the shopping, in a tunnel, I felt the urge to say "Here I am, in the hallway, is there something you'd like to show me?" And like everytime in our hallway-meetings, immediately, Bob was there, in the hallway of "housie", and he was holding a **big cake with a white cream covering** at me …

"A cake, really? I love cake but …?" And Bob presented me with a **slice of juicy cake**, and I got it! "***A piece of cake,*** Stoneman, is that it? Does this mean, that working with Cindy the way I imagine will work out? It will be all a piece of cake from now on? Oh wow, that sounds really like wishful thinking not like you talking to me!"

I left the tunnel, and in the next one, we again met in the hallway … and this time Bob waved at me with a **red thingie** that looked like something to dust furniture, but it was bright read, it was actually a **"pom pom".** In my mind I asked him, what that was, and I said "Is that a small kahili, or is it some …?" I hadn't even finished, when Bob held **two pom poms** and was **"dancing like a cheerleader".**

"Oh", I said out loud, "you're cheering for me? You're cheering me on? The cake and you behaving like a cheerleader is an encouraging message, like I should imua, move forward, enforce the impetus that I've put out there already, and you'll work with me?"

And inside of me, a deep deep feeling of satisfaction and of truth and comfort spread … and that means that Bob said "That's my girl, yes, Dani, yes, you got it."

That's what he'd have said in real life.

I also had a strong impression of Dr. Alice, so I think I must send her this experience of today … for … I don't know. That's not mine to decide. I thought about her yesterday too, intensely, when I walked the treehouse field … and I even found myself saying things out loud like … "I'm not your student, I'm your teacher. And you shouldn't have put me on mute during the Zoom-session, this really changed things for me. You spent so much time telling people how difficult it all was for you and what still doesn't work … and that's not fair towards the people who may have had such a hard time like you had … and it certainly was not okay to cut me short and put me on mute. That was a big learning for me, thank you. There was reason why you never gave real feedback. I got it now."

So … today was a very amazing unique day.

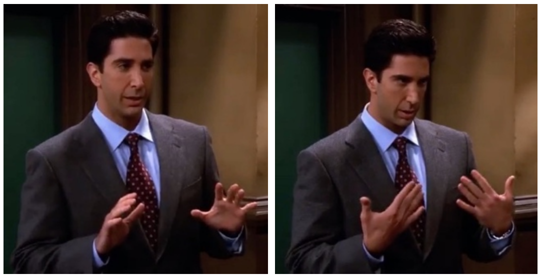
I've learned that "continuous communication" is possible … and Bob and me sorted it out together and with the help of Nico who has been so great in getting through to me. But I did know that Nico would be connecting with me, as soon as my friend Inge told me that her 11 years old grandson had died a few years ago after he had behaved like a grown-up … Meanwhile, Nico has given me clear evidentials … many many, just amazing.

And I include him now when I'm sharing good stuff with Bob and Edith, and I know that he receives it. Chocolate is still his favorite.

Oh geez, … the **hand** next to my car! I mean, there are no odds to park next to a plastic hand (just a hand!) when you're planning to talk to your discarnate love through your "hand-method"!

Also, later I switched on a random episode of "***Friends***", in season 7, and "Rachel" says to Ross that she ***"always loved his hands"!*** There! That episode I picked – from all the gazillion episodes!

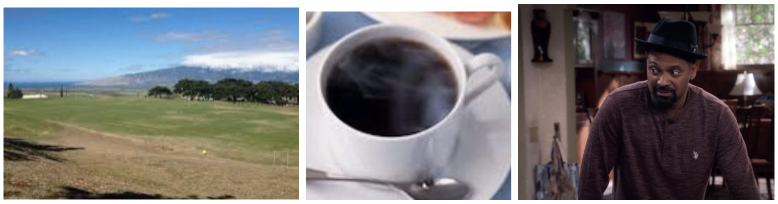
No odds, nope.



The Hot Black!

Oh how often did I hear Bob say "hot black" when he expressed his anticipation of our beloved morning coffee, we both drank it black, but with some nice pastry to add the sweet, along with something spicy. Always both.

Sometimes we went for a swim in the morning before breakfast, but always we went for a walk around ***Pukalani field*** before having our coffee … and a million times, Bob would say "You know what I'm looking forward to? A real nice hot black!?"



Sometimes we'd meet Bob's comrade, an account executive, T., who was of African-American descent, and Bob would joke that today we'd "meet another hot black".

And today … I switched on a new TV-sitcom, ***"The Upshaws",*** only because I like Wanda Sykes, who is also on it … and one of the first things said is – **"hot black"**! I could almost hear Bob chuckle next to me.

"Forget the coffee, ***I've got something hot'n black wait'n' for you right there …"***

I thought I'd watch a movie called "***Paper spiders***", but I just can't stand it … but I did get to the one scene that probably was meant for me to see: Two women under a **yellow umbrella, while all others are black.**

May 15, 2021 – **Working With Bob Again in Real Life**

I woke up from an amazing dream.

And this **dream** is either a direct *message*, a form of ***advice*** or ***suggestion***, or it's a symbolic message telling me ***"I'm still working with you, we can work together, and I'll be like I was, you'll see and hear me …"*** I was with Bob, and he taught me something … but starting with the beginning:

It was an **early morning dream**, after a rather restless night with some serious belly aching at some point … in the morning, my dog kept coming to me, and I was almost ready to get up, but then I turned one more time and told Jacqui that I was only going to snooze for a few more minutes … and I dove off …

I was in an **outdoor** setting that was like the beginning of the *treehouse field path* where I always park my car, and I had a big black white bag with a handle, almost like a doctor's bag, but bigger. From this I took a huge **wooden log,** a piece of a felled tree, like my size but much heavier, and I simply threw it into the **creek**, from the left upstream side of the bridge where I always put seeds or old plants in so that they can move on and sprout somewhere, and it floated away. I thought, in my dream how that was even possible that the huge log had been in my bag and that I had thrown it so easily … but I couldn't finish my thought …

… because suddenly I was in **Bob's actual editing room** in our beloved housie. And in my dream I said to myself *„Wow, this is really Bob!"* And I stood close behind him like I had done so often in real life, and I talked to myself in my dream, *„These are Bob's* ***hands****, exactly like I remember them, the way he holds his fingers and touches the keyboard so gently, the freckles on his skin, the hairs … and his shoulders, his neck …"* He was so close and so direct and alive and material, that I still have that energetic impression of Bob actually being **right there** with me. I did not touch him, though, somehow that didn't occur to me. There was also the aspect that I kind of knew in my dream that Bob was not in the material world anymore outside of this situation which I seem to have recognized in my sleep as a „dreamlike state" …, and it was all about enjoying that immense closeness and the fact, that we were together.

So standing behind him in our editing room felt like some kind of preparation, so first state the get my attention so that I'd realize that I was, in fact with Bob. My subconscious had given me the image of what was and is most close to my heart, being with Bob in that atmosphere and the experience of his editing room, where we spent years together in real life, to get my attention.

Because suddenly the **dream shifted,** and I was **outdoors** again. No longer on the treehouse field path start, but in my dream I *knew* that the location was connected nonetheless. And from now on my experience of the dream location shifted between the one at the *bridge* where I had disposed of the log, and **the garden of a real life friend, Michael,** with who I had, in fact, done an interview for a small online story about him as a poet before I had left Vienna, in September 2019.

In my dream I thought about that and I recognized the place and the huge tree where I had actually filmed and recorded Michael, and this time, a very **large man** stood there, but it was not Michael and not Bob, it was someone I don't know in real life, not even similar. As a type he was like the guy who killed Natalie Wood, Robert Wagner, but with gray hair and older. He stood there, **towering** over me, and I'm quite tall, and I was preparing for that video interview with him, and I knew that Bob was somewhere close, but I didn't see him.

That ***man started talking*** and told me that I was going to film him right there with the tree in the background … I had to let him finish talking because he ignored my attempts to speak. As soon as he took a breath, I told him that I would certainly not film him there, *because the light was in his back*, so his face would be dark, and we had to find a new location or walk around that tree and try on the other side. To my surprise, he was immediately appreciative of my suggestion …

And then I was suddenly somewhere near that bridge again, and **Bob** was there, **squatting** on the ground with his large professional **broadcast camera** that he used to have and that I knew so well, but there was some additional **device** attached to the camera in the front, but in real life I don't think it's possible to attach anything to that part of a video camera at all. Bob seemed to have expected me and looked at me, as I approached him from a north east direction. And he looked at me with a very serious expression, even though I knew he was happy that we were doing production together too.

Suddenly I realized that we didn't have much time, and this worried me and made me anxious.

„Focus, Dani," Bob said and asked me to tell him what it was that I had to pay attention to looking at the setup he had there with his **camera** and that **device**. I said that I saw that there was an additional part, that device, and it was a moving part, and in real life I know it's a steady-cam-setup, but *this thing seemed to not have a lens, and yet I knew that it was the part that was actually „seeing" what was to be recorded, the lens, in a sense, nonetheless.*

„What is this, Dani?" Bob asked, and I could not think of the name for it, at all … *I knew in my dream that I was starting to wake up!* So I was in a hurry to answer his question, and he urged me to ***„think, Dani, think, what is it that you're supposed to understand here? Come on, look closely, you can do it!"***

It was so strange to hear Bob speak like this, looking back and forth between the moving device and me … and he kept squatting and pointing the camera … actually to a spot to my left, where there was nobody and nothing to be filmed, it was strictly a teaching situation.

And I struggled to find the words and to understand … and *Bob seemed to want to „think the answer into me"* … and he wanted me to *change my **position** and step **closer** to the device* and to the right so that I'd have a different perspective. And I did … I had been standing next to Bob, but now I stepped next to the camera lens and a little bit in the front of it … now that I think about it, Bob had always been very careful with placing talent in front of the camera. He'd say stuff like "… and now take a quarter or a step to your right and turn towards me." I found it funny. But today I realize that it's about – perspective, my perspective. And as I realized that I was waking up, I suddenly knew it:

„Don't make sudden cuts, let the motion of the shot flow over into the next scene?!" **That was it.**

Bob was relieved, I could feel it, but his image faded out … and I woke up.

Immediately, even without opening my eyes only realizing that I was awake in the „real world", I repeated this in my mind and said to myself (in German):

„It meant that if I do a shot of a scene in the steady-cam-mode so that there is a flowing moving picture, and I have to change or cut to a different angle, I could still keep the first part of this new scene in the flowing steady-cam-style, so that I don't cut from flow to static and make the change too harsh which isn't good for story-telling."

Now that's a very distinct and clear and direct shooting advice, and it has real merit in real life video production. And I have been thinking of making films again … in the last days.

After yesterday's experiences with communication I was not surprised about that dream, and that it's so clear in my mind, no way I'd forget that dream, it's now a real and normal memory.

So on one hand, this is a **direct advice** … and apart from this face value of the message, Bob has actually told me something amazing: *„We can still work together, Dani, just be open for the kind of communication and coming together that's possible right now. I can be with you, you can see me and hear me, and we can finalize all our projects, that way, Dani."*

That's the **message** that I feel in the very core of my being right now as I'm writing this down, and it was already clear during my morning walk with Jacqui. I have trained the habit of speaking out loud my interpretations of dreams, as this keeps me entirely in the presence and keeps my thoughts or rather my mind from wandering. And I can focus on the message and internalize it and l allow my subconscious to present imagery and impressions and my conscious mind to interpret freely. Walking along those meadow and forest paths that are close to where I live don't require me to pay attention to traffic, and Jacqui can run and sniff, so I have the possibility to deal with my inner experiences openly and on a mortal realm level, which I must to … because it's here where I'm supposed to be active some more.

Betty White told Stewart that she loves for him to let her, the discarnate, partake in his physical mechanism, let her hear and taste and see with him, from a mortal's point of view … this helped me greatly.

I do have the impression that **I'm able now to really „meet Bob" on a new level of experience.** This clarity of our meeting there … is outstanding. It hasn't ever been that way.

Being able to experience him so closely and directly is like a gift, a present, some kind of proof that I'm actually advancing … and I've been asking him so often to let me know if I'm in the right direction. And these past days have been immensely intense in that regard.

The **log** … he wanted me to *„get it" what the log meant,* having *taken it out of a bag where it couldn't have possibly fitted* … and having released it into the stream … of course, this is symbolic. It means that I must get rid of or release something heavy and bulky into the natural flow of things so that I have the space and lightness required to work with Bob.

He had promised me on his deathbed that we'd finalize our projects together. And everything I've done and we have experienced together since his passing has been focused on his promise. I don't release him from this promise … and I've known for a while now that I'm not supposed to.

It's possible for disca and inca to have inter-realm relationships that actually work in a way that's necessary for us mortals to accomplish things that help forward the entire big project „The Bridge" that Bob and I have been involved for so long … „long", of course, in terms of a mortal idea of „time".

I'll do my best. **I'll use this dream to keep up my motivation** and strip off more of my fears and frustrations and worries. My body has told me very clearly in the last weeks that I'm aging as fast as natural for my age group but that it will serve me - if I so desire. That's why all the horrible pains and physical ailments that have kept popping up have always disappeared over night, pretty much. It's some kind of „program" that I started many years ago, abilities that I trained before I even met Bob, … and all of it begins to make sense. My „kuleana" is entirely clear to me. And I'm learning to accept my parents' „wishes" that they may not even know about … to live and/or die the way their story requires it.

I'm not supposed to hold back with my abilities or wisdom or plans only because as a mortal I'm lonely and timid and feeling weak … I must get over these obstructions as good as possible. And: I must find the right partners and tell them what to do to support the projects I know must be accomplished - and can be accomplished if I only „function" properly. In the unobstructed realm I'm the one to have figure out my story of this lifetime … and whatever I go through and what Bob went through … it's all part of the big picture that we created and decided upon together … with all the others who are in on this plan, too.

So I must **learn** to **strip off my petty mortal „pains",** a*nd be as effective as possible.* My clock is certainly ticking, and I hear it at times. But I'm not supposed to „listen for it". It's ticking anyway. I can't let the unworthy people hinder me. That man in my dream, the one I was supposed to interview, has a very good and nice and trustworthy feel to it. It's someone I might meet in real life … not that kind of man, necessarily, but a personality like him? I'm very curious.

Yes, Bob, my love, I „got it", didn't I?

Of course I'd like for him to communicate to me know that I really did get it. And I'm putting out my hand for him to give me „something in it" … okay, the first thing I got is a ***strawberry***.

I have to share this with Dr. Alice … sometimes there is a voice in the back of my head urging me to "tell Alice" … whoever that is who pushes me. But I won't share more, just this. I've asked her several times before to help me find people who are supposed to read my contact diary, and she never reacted to it at all. So I've got to accept that the days of learning from her and with her, are over. I must step up and move on. It's not for me to learn methods and ways to be a medium. I'm supposed to work with Bob on our projects – because that's what we agreed upon. And that's what I'm here to do. And I will.

(Later)

Walking the ***treehouse*** field path with Jacqui … my eye was caught by a ***strange cloud formation*** … that seemed to turn into a "needle" cloud …

(Later)

I received a direct hint at finding a new mortal phase partner:

I had the urge to watch "**Bones**", and I picked, without thinking, ***season 4 episode 7*** – and right at the beginning, the character "Angela" talks about how after not having a partner for a long time it's time to be open to meeting people and allow oneself a new partnership, in an emotional and spiritual sense.

Okay, got it, Bob. Got it.

I think I have to tell my father exactly what I'm all about, that inspiration just came to me. First I'll drive to my mother now, and later, in the evening, I'll write a letter to my father.

May 15, 2021 – **Marbles & the Bed**

Drove to Velden to see my mother.

On the way, I stopped at the location of my dream … the bridge, where I had thrown the log in … and seen it float away, with some relief …

… and again I realized that ***Bob had asked me to be open to change my perspective to "get" what he wanted me to understand.***

On the highway, a car passed by me with the license plate number **"D 777"**, which I said out loud, while being passed by a car with a large sticker all over the back of the car reading "***Fuck***!". Yes, and we are a German speaking country. After a few more kilometers I overtook a truck … and I realized that I had been driving behind that truck for a while, a bright yellow truck. And I happened to look at the **kilometer count**, and it just had reset itself, to **zero, "0",** and the count now was on "0.3". Then "**JO KIA 42**" drove by … and I'm "Jo", and "42" was a magical number for me in the years after my brother had died during my Karate lessons years, when I already had my dog Kimba.

Then the tunnels started.

And right away, entering the first tunnel, I saw myself in the *hallway of housie* … and ***Bob*** was there, at first he stood at the edge of the hallway at the corner to his editing room, and he held a blue and white checkered kitchen towel and slapped or waved it at me, smiling, playfully, in a way. It looked like a mix of shaking out that kitchen towel and flagging down a race car driver. I don't know what that meant … (still don't, writing this down). A moment later, Bob was on his knees on the ground, inviting me to play with ***marbles***, rolling them towards me. *I think the kitchen towel was now the underground of the marble play spot.* Now, I've always been fascinated with marbles, but I can't remember having played with them as a child. So I don't know what one is supposed to accomplish with them. Get them into a hole, like when playing billiard? Or have them bump against each other? I used to find them on the street, the marbles, also after Bob's death …

In the next tunnel, ***I found myself squatting on the floor, too, facing Bob, and shoving the marbles towards him … and they rolled right by each other, and Bob smiled.***

Out of the tunnels I tried to make sense of what marbles mean … but I couldn't at first. I seemed to hear Bob's voice in my head saying "It will come to you, Dani, don't force it."

So I simply drove … and in another tunnel, I suddenly saw a very comfortable bed in the hallway – and me in it. So this was something else that I had to interpret, but I couldn't at first.

While driving, I let my thoughts drift a bit, and I was also distracted by amazing **cloud** formations …

… and suddenly I knew … *if marbles touch each other when rolled with some force, the collision can damage the glass they consist of,* and I kind of saw that splintery surface of them … and that was not supposed to happen, absolutely not. I had to ***avoid the collision!*** Bob and I had to be careful to not get into each other's way "playing with the marbles", moving them back and forth towards each other. We had to either take turns or be very cautious in rolling them, so that they wouldn't collide and take off in unintended directions! It meant that us "playing" … free to "play me", meaning him playing me and I playing him … is effective and works, but we must take care to do it right.

So I don't know yet in what way we are not doing it right so that this kind of caution advice is in order … but I certainly accept and appreciate the hint. We must play consciously, aware of our moves and not wildly and thoughtlessly, it must be structured what we do and careful and not to fast or hard. Ok. Got it. The marbles made their points.

Then I found myself in that ***bed in the hallway*** … and in the course of the following hour, also walking around ***lake Saissersee***, I realized that it can mean that in my dreaming state, I can be there with Bob anytime. I saw pieces of wood in the water that reminded me of the "log" in my dream … that I must "send on its way" …

The bed in the hallway is a sign that I can actually do the conversation of the kind Bob and I do when I'm driving through tunnels and "know" that I'm "in housie in the hallway" that I know so well, when I'm in that certain sleep state that I was in today in the morning. That's the interpretation that came flowing, not forced, not after thinking about it, just wishing for an explanation … In another tunnel Bob came to the bed with some bright and nice stuff, not sure what that was.

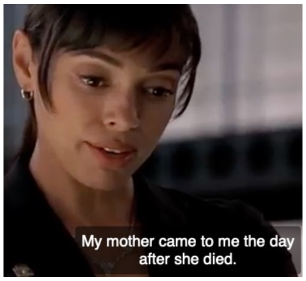
I was very fascinated by the marbles, and the kitchen towel, so I didn't entirely "get" the other images clearly … as on the way back to Griffen, in a tunnel hallway-vision, I found myself walk around the corner in the hallway and even out of housie … but at some point ***the door bell rang*** … and I said out loud in the car *"We did not have a door bell"* … and I went after Bob who went to get the door, and ***a woman with straight blond over-shoulder-length hair*** entered the hallway and walked by me … and I was on the bed, on the right side of the hallway in direction of the exit … with Bob, and they went into the kitchen. Nothing much happened about that … the tunnel ended, and I was clear on the highway again.

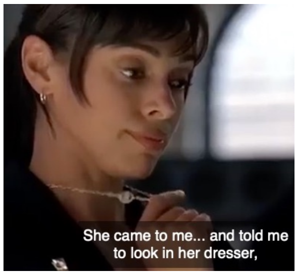
(I do have photographs of the actual hallway in housie … but I can't make myself look for them, I'd have to open them to use them … and I just can't.)

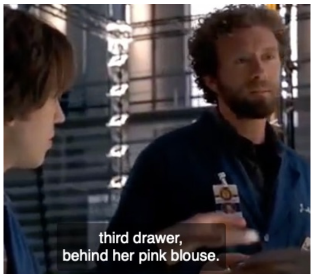
To me it seemed to mean that I could stay and be in housie and the hallway as the “channel” in which Bob and I could meet anytime – while I’m sleeping. Or that I am that. That’s maybe more likely … it’s a hint that I’m in that kind of communication situation with Bob when I’m in that certain sleep state like this morning.

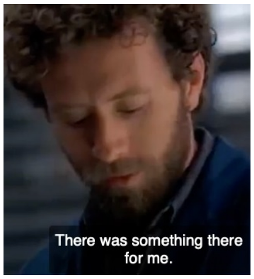
My mother was sweet and normal and attentive … and she said – FOR THE FIRST TIME! – that she might join me for a walk out in nature in a little while when the bad weather would be over. Oh I hope and pray to find an apartment in Velden, soon! It would be so wonderful to be close to her and take her on walks or for nice meals … I hope and pray that it will happen.

I started watch episodes of “**Bones**” … and I do have flashbacks of watching “Bones” with Bob … but the episodes I pick, either random or after googling certain events (Booth an Bones getting together, Sweets meeting Daisy etc.) … they ***seem to have distinct messages for me*** … Like “Cam” telling everyone (out of the blue!) that her mother came to her after her death …

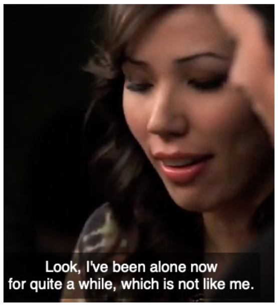

My mother came to me the day
after she died.

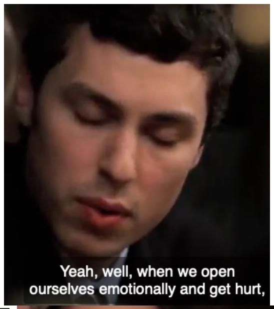

She came to me... and told me
to look in her dresser,

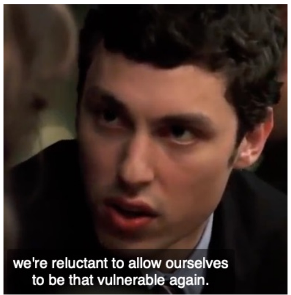

third drawer,
behind her pink blouse.

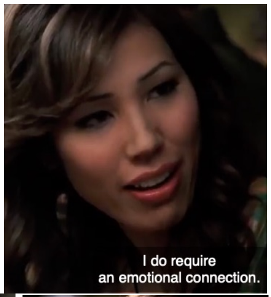

There was something there
for me.

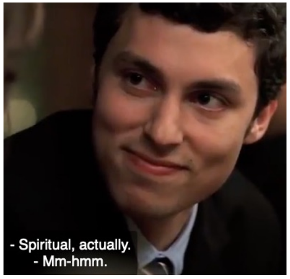
And after that she is asked *“Weren’t you scared?”* And Cam answers ***“No, I felt loved.”***
Good one.
Or the one about “***moving on***” to find a new partner …

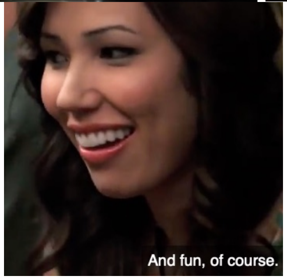

Look, I've been alone now
for quite a while, which is not like me.

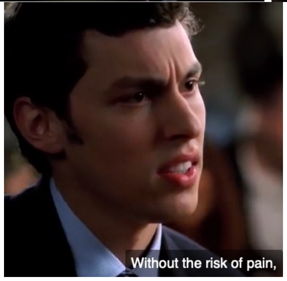

Yeah, well, when we open
ourselves emotionally and get hurt,

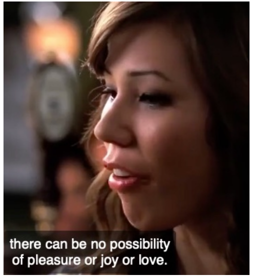

we're reluctant to allow ourselves
to be that vulnerable again.


I do require
an emotional connection.


- Spiritual, actually.
- Mm-hmm.


And fun, of course.


Without the risk of pain,

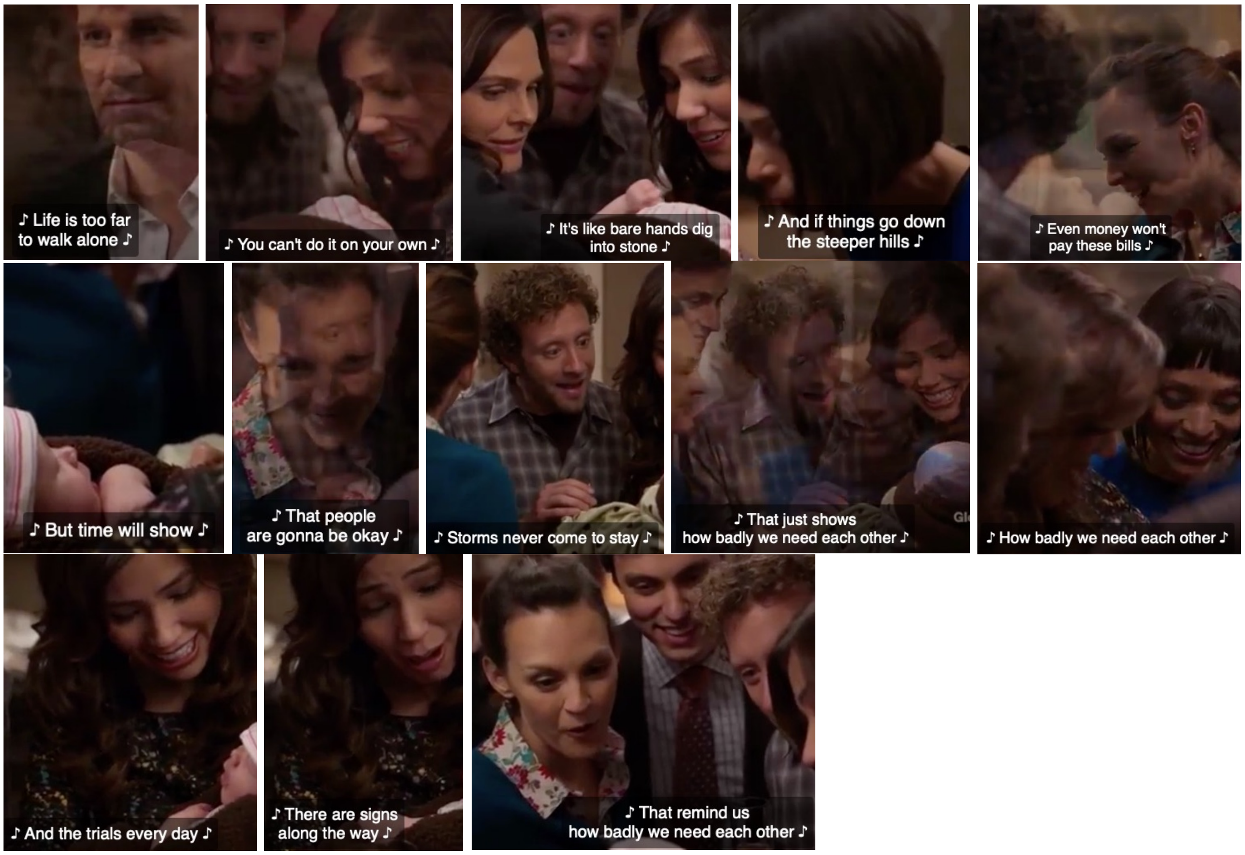

there can be no possibility
of pleasure or joy or love.

Yes, yes, and-and regaining
that willingness to take a risk--
- that can take time.
- No.
- No?
- I am done protecting myself.
I'm ready to move on.

May 16, 2021 – **The Stone in the Song**

Watched some “**Bones**” last night and this morning, just random episodes that attracted me …

And today I chose the one where Bones and Booth have their baby daughter “Christine” … I keep remembering watching “Bones” with Bob on Maui … and there was a wonderful and very telling **song** … and even “***Stone***” appeared in it. And what Bob and I did so many times …. Going down the hill …


♪ Life is too far
to walk alone ♪
♪ You can't do it on your own ♪
♪ It's like bare hands dig
into stone ♪
♪ And if things go down
the steeper hills ♪
♪ Even money won't
pay these bills ♪
♪ But time will show ♪
♪ That people
are gonna be okay ♪
♪ Storms never come to stay ♪
♪ That just shows
how badly we need each other ♪
♪ How badly we need each other ♪
♪ And the trials every day ♪
♪ There are signs
along the way ♪
♪ That remind us
how badly we need each other ♪

Before that I took Jacqui on the **Sunday morning walk** – and we met Marshall’s fucking owner J. and his little daughter Isabel, along the road, just the three of us, nobody else … and he said something to the little girl, and instead of greeting me she said “Hallo Jacqui”, and I, automatically turned towards them and greeted them both, and I looked into his face, and he did not greet back – and his face looked like the one of a stubborn dumb teenager. I was almost shocked by this behavior, I know that he had told his daughter not to greet me … in a way, I “saw” him in that moment what a fucked up person that really is … and I hate him so much, that this time I really cursed him. A few minutes later I calmed down, realizing that he may be the “log” from the dream … but then, I want him gone, floated away … and I want his dog free. That’s what I want, period.

Afternoon walk … **blooming clover fields** … somehow surreal … like candles or simply glimpses of beauty … to be gone so soon … changed …

(Later)

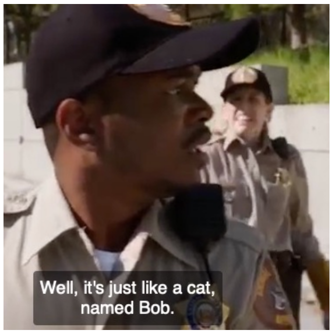
Evening walk with Jacqui … the aggressive face of Marshall's owner and later seeing little girl Isabel kick after him … has been haunting me all they. These people don't even like their dog. They put the baby on the lawn and roll a ball all over the place, which the baby, barely able to crawl, of course can't do anything with it. But the dog runs after the ball, thinking that someone will play with him ... and what he gets is being yelled at and kicked at. This hurts me so much … and I start to think – and talked about that walking through the forest and by the Lucerne fields this afternoon – that I'm not supposed to let this go and be all patient about it, no, I'm supposed to do something about it, and by that I mean, something drastic. So I enforced today, mentally, what I'd wish for Marshall's owner J.

During the evening walk that strange **tomcat** sat along the road, he looks rugged, his ears strangely small and bent forward, and he may be old or can't hear, because there were times when Jacqui and I were right behind him and he didn't even turn his head. Today, he saw us and ran after us – as if he was hoping that I had food for him. I did have a bottle of cat milk with me, but for the other cat, the small slender cat Momi's mom who I christened "Ilona" last year … that one also showed up … at some distance. It was kind of touching that weird ***Tomcat*** came so close to us, like at arm's length, that Jacqui really didn't know what to do … he gnarled a bit but then simply walked on like me, and the cat after me. I put the cat milk into the empty bowl, and when I returned about 15 minutes later, it was already empty, and Tomcat reappeared …

Later I found the movie I thought I'd want to watch online, ***"French Exit"***, with Michelle Pfeiffer, but it's unbearable. I skipped through it and read the description … and interestingly, there is ***a cat who she believes is her deceased husband*** … with whom she talks in the end, in some kind of séance setting! We hear his voice and see her … the dialogue is dumb … but the situation was kind of suiting to mine.

I didn't call my mother today … maybe I should have … but somehow I just didn't feel like it. I was so disappointed seeing the nice herbs I had given her for mother's day withering on her windowsill yesterday … and somehow I felt kind of vulnerable myself today … I had planned to write a long letter to my father, kind of introducing myself to him …. But I couldn't make my self do it, same is true for checking and answering my private emails.

I don't know why. I was putting pictures into this contact diary … and watching random pieces of Bones … of course a "**cat named Bob"** appeared …

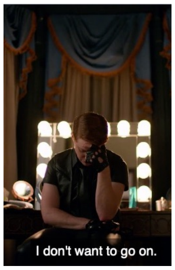


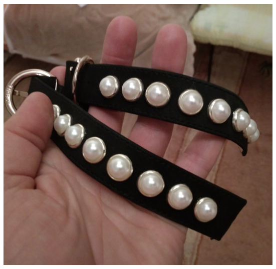
Look, bobcats are more scared
of us than we are of them.

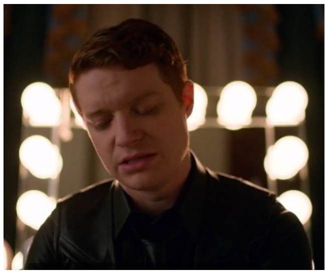
… at some point I decided I wanted to see the scene when "Sweets" and "Daisy" met … and I googled the proper episode, watched it on two different networks, but no Daisy. It took me a while to realize that the online sequence of the episodes and seasons is garbled! So there is no way to find the episodes one is looking for. Yesterday already I found the themes of two episodes that I watched back to back strange … they seemed out of order. Well, they are. So screw it. Not watching anymore. A good movie would be nice, though.

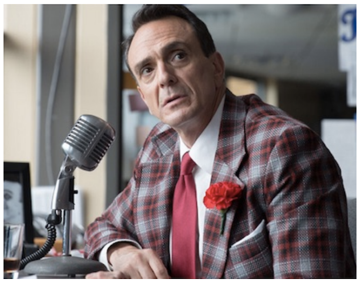
(Later)

Something interesting came to my attention this morning … as I was looking through the remaining pictures for this contact diary on May 14 and found the ones of the ***pearly decoration that I had cut off my shoes*** in winter … and I was wondering whether I should throw them away … but when I had edited the pics from "Bonding" I came across a scene and was totally reminded of my shoes deco …



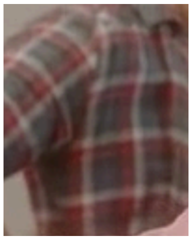


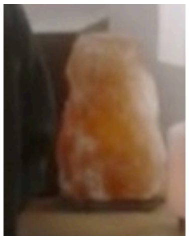




Also, just now … I was looking at a screenshot of a movie scene of a man with a ***checkered shirt*** and was wondering if I had already used the picture, while watching the movie "*Together together*", and there is a very ***similar checkered shirt man*** in the background … and a ***stone*** … and the opening credit said "*Stay Gold Features*", and "Stay Gold" was the last music video Bob ever shot …

STAY GOLD FEATURES



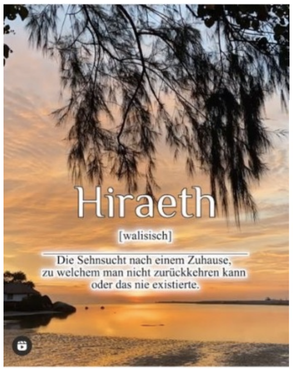


(Later)

I couldn't find the spot in this C. D. where the excerpts from the last summary are, that "C" sent me … so here is something that I just found … it means "**Hiraeth**" is the Wales word for ***"The longing for a home to which one cannot return, or that maybe never existed."***

Interestingly today a song that ***Willie K*** had once song on a beach in the presence of Emme Tomimbang, Bob and me … and whose refrain went something like ***"Here I am …"*** *("… and here I play")* … and the way he had pronounced it actually very much resembled "*Hiraeth*".

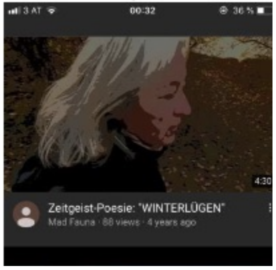
Also "C" had told me that a song by "Mad Fauna" (Winter Lies) had been suggested to her by some music ad … and that's actually, well … me.



Hiraeth

[walisisch]

Die Sehnsucht nach einem Zuhause, zu welchem man nicht zurückkehren kann oder das nie existierte.



Zeitgeist-Poesie: "WINTERLÜGEN"

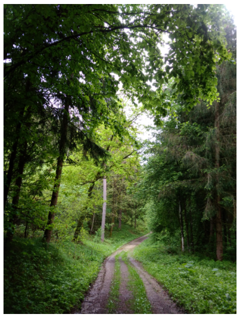
Mad Fauna · 88 views · 4 years ago

May 18, 2021 – The Hafesan truck, Alive & Well & the Horse Dreams

Took Jacqui on a early afternoon break walk around **treehouse field** … and at the beginning of our walk, I felt very much in need of communication.

My **dream** of tonight haunted me … Bob was there, and a **horse**, white-gray or beige, in some wide outdoors setting … like so large farm? And I think I even rode that horse … and ***in my dream I thought*** that when I was younger I had *had very often dreams of me and horses, and me being so keen to ride that horse, but every time it turned out to either be not strong enough or not being a horse at all, rather a woman kind of in a horse's skin … and I used to be so so so disappointed.* Tonight I seem to have made it onto the horse … but the riding wasn't entirely satisfying … I tried to gallop around a large sports field, and there was another woman, but not on a horse, rather walking next to me, and she and I were on the way to somewhere … and the woman did encourage me, but it was clear, that my riding experience wouldn't be what I wished for.

Just now (!) writing this down, ***I recall a dream*** from very long ago where I was on a ***horse***, too, but it was an unsatisfying ride, too, somehow, not sure why … and I had to ***escape*** from someone, and I took ***paths along creeks, and they were shaded by thick foliage*** …



… and I had to flee from someone who was nearby, on a road, in a car … and they'd turn into the path where I was, but I urged my horse to move faster, and we kept escaping narrowly … maybe that car had something yellow and white to it … Strangely, I seem to have worn some kind of suit … Now that I think about it more: That's a scenario that really resembles the areas where I walk with Jacqui all the time now, in real life … along the creeks, in the forest, with foliage over my head … dark in the green … wow!

And the horses … it was always a subject between Bob and me that I am a ***dragon*** in Chinese horoscope and he was a – ***horse***. I called him "horsie", and he'd neigh.

So those dreams of the horses I couldn't ride and that couldn't really walk or couldn't carry me … were those premonitions of my relationship with Bob, somehow?

Anyway … today, I told Bob while beginning my walk around treehouse field that I urgently need him to let me know if he is here and alive and well. I looked into the air, over the fields and said ***"Yes, folks, I really need to see you guys and know that you are alive and well?! Bob?" I remembered the store "Alive & Well", a healthfood store*** in Kahului where Bob and I had shopped – and for who we had made a commercial, I think in 2013 or 2014, and it was a disaster. I had talked to Bob about that, actually, a little while ago, because he had not stood up for me in that "***Alive & Well"*** store when the owner had given me shit and treated me so disrespectful, that I was really close to giving her much more shit back … but I didn't because we needed the money the commercial would bring. I remember Bob sitting there next to me, his eyes down, letting that woman abuse me verbally. I knew that she had been very sick for a long time, so I kept quiet. But it was one of the cases where Bob hadn't stood up for me …

The very last commercial shoot Bob and I did in September 2018 was in the building where *"Alive & Well"* also is, just right next to the store, it was a commercial for hearing aids, *"Love to Hear Again".*

Looking to the other side of the path, across the creek, I saw a ***truck*** driving on that narrow road next to the forest … and I was baffled shitless. It was a ***"HAFESAN" truck with a "red man jumping"*** on the logo … and "san" means "health", and ***"HAFESAN is a company that makes the same stuff like "Alive & Well"*** had made and sold - healthy stuff, supplements! I may even have brought Bob some stuff for his prostate from Hafesan back in 2018!

hafesan®
www.hafesan.at

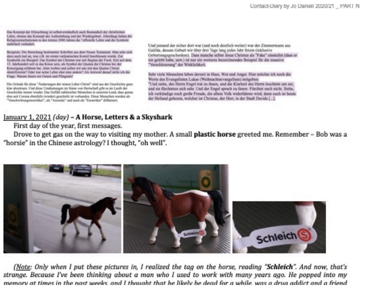
hafesan
SÄGEPALME

ALIVE & WELL!
NATURAL HEALTH EMPORIUM

That was the truck that drove by just less than a minute after I had asked Bob out loud to let me know that he was "alive and well".

Okay, that counts Bob, folks, that counts. I saw you. You are alive and well … good talk.

(Just a minute later) **Horsie Reloaded!**
Oh geez.
I opened ***"Contact Diary Part N"*** to finalize the fine editing … and I scrolled to a **RANDOM PAGE** … and where I ended was *"January 1, 2021" … where it's about horses and Bob having been a "**horsie**".*
Alright, Stoneman … you are the best communicator evah.



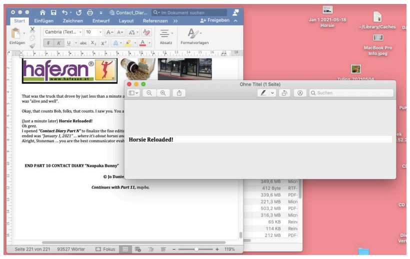
Contact-Diary by Jo Danieli 2020/21 _ PART N

January 1, 2021 *(day)* **– A Horse, Letters & a Skyshark**
First day of the year, first messages.
Drove to get gas on the way to visiting my mother. A small **plastic horse** greeted me. Remember – Bob was a "horsie" in the Chinese astrology? I thought, "oh well".

*(Note: Only when I put these pictures in, I realized the tag on the horse, reading "**Schleich**". And now, that's strange. Because I've been thinking about a man who I used to work with many years ago. He popped into my memory at times in the past weeks, and I thought that he likely be dead for a while, was a drug addict and a friend*

January 1, 2021 *(day)* **– A Horse, Letters & a Skyshark**
First day of the year, first messages.
Drove to get gas on the way to visiting my mother. A small **plastic horse** greeted me. Remember – Bob was a "horsie" in the Chinese astrology? I thought, "oh well".

Okay, and I have no idea how I did that … but *the strangest piece of "doc"* ***appeared*** just now, reflecting back to me what I had just written …:


Contact_Diar...
Im Dokument suchen
Start
Einfügen
Zeichnen
Entwurf
Layout
Referenzen
Freigeben
Cambria (Text...
10
Absatz
Formatvorlagen
Jan 1 2021-05-18 Horsie
~/Library/Caches
MacBook Pro Info.jpeg
Ohne Titel (1 Seite)
Suchen
Seite 221 von 221
93527 Wörter
Fokus
119%

That was the truck that drove by just less than a minute a
was "alive and well".

Okay, that counts Bob, folks, that counts. I saw you. You a

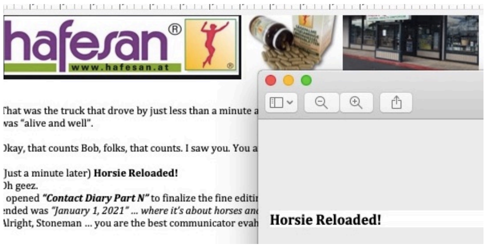
(Just a minute later) **Horsie Reloaded!**
Oh geez.
I opened ***"Contact Diary Part N"*** to finalize the fine editi
ended was *"January 1, 2021" … where it's about horses an*
Alright, Stoneman … you are the best communicator evah

END PART 10 CONTACT DIARY "Naupaka Bunny"

© Jo Danie

Continues with Part 11, *maybe.*

Horsie Reloaded!



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ended was *"January 1, 2021" … where it's about horses an*
Alright, Stoneman … you are the best communicator evah

Horsie Reloaded!

If I wanted to I wouldn't now how to make that doc.

Thanks Bob, *"Horsie Reloaded!"* I take it that you see yourself as "horsie", still, and that me writing "Horsie Reloaded" is some very cool verbal disca-joke … and you impressed those words on my mind for me to write them, because I really didn't intend to. I appreciate you taking part in my life, I really do. But that said, Stoneman, I really need certain things to be accomplished. And with that I would like you to help me … with all kind of "magic" you can muster up or imbue on me. Yup … that's my impetus. I want to be powerful and effective. Of course – in a good way that's always beneficial to the deserving ones. I'm a big fan of punishment to whom punishment is due so that they have a chance to repent and learn to better themselves in this mortal lifetime.

Imua!

May 19, 2021 – The Song Lyrics & the Orgasm

Wow, that **dream**. I was with Keanu Reeves – again, like so many times, we were about to be together and stay together … but there was a situation of him being not really accessible, to anyone, really. There was a setting somewhere near the ocean, some kind of chase or try to escape respectively catch … and it was kind of dangerous. I think, Walter S., an old "friend" of Sigi and me was there, too, or someone like him … in real life someone claiming to be wise and spiritual but in reality can't be trusted. And I had to get away from someone or from a situation, there were woods, there was hiding and a lot of adrenaline in regards to the dangerous and the urgency … yes, there was an urgency for me to accomplish something. And for that I had to connect with that man, Keanu.

Somehow he appeared – and what he tried to do was to say " ***"I'm living in two worlds, And I'm wasting my time. I'm happy in your world, And lonely in mine."***

That was the song I had dealt with yesterday, editing this c. d., and I had heard it on December 31, 2020 in the movie "The Stand In" …

"I'm living in two worlds – where do I belong?
I'm living in two worlds, dividing my time.
I'm happy in your world
And lonesome in mine."

In the dream, I knew that … that I had come across it in real life just yesterday! But at the same time, in the dream, I knew that something was off … and whoever spoke, Keanu or I myself, we always added a line … and that has a feeling of danger or daring or high stakes to it … it was like **"Everything in this world is analog"** … in variations. And in the dream I thought that this doesn't fit to the real song … but still, I would come up with that …

Just flashing into some kind of "hiding place" setting related to that line, that seemed to be in that hotel lobby kind of setting … that kept appearing … of course I have to think of *"Paradise", my Hawaii series that plays in a hotel … oh Bob really wanted to make that series.*

Together we, Keanu and I, had to go to some kind of ***ocean overlooking terrace*** in a mansion-style house to present our … I don't know what, work, findings, etc. to someone … but it never really happened because Keanu couldn't get the lines right … and I tried to figure them out and say them right, and *in that, I myself **was** Keanu.* But on the other hand I was supposed to help him say them right, as they were some kind of code … and I started out over and over again … it was like I was watching me do that while seeing things from the perspective of my dream persona, too, always overlooking some kind of scenario, like a courtyard or terrace …

And I kept repeating and saying … and I did get it right, at times, but it was hard. I kept adding lines … and somehow that "Walter"-person seemed to interfere, but I don't remember in what way.

"It's all analog in this life" … ***"In this world, it's all analog"*** I kept saying and wondering what that had to do with that song lyrics. I thought, in my dream, that from a tech-side I know what analog means, but it seemed to have a different meaning, in a spiritual sense, like ***"It's all directly exactly the way it appears" …***

Someone there were **wolves** involved … that just came to me, but I don't remember how. I only know that getting those lines right was crucial for the outcome …. Well, of the dream story.

I can recall some setting with people at a table or desk and me facing them and trying to recite … and a hotel lobby style room, too, where I moved around, and so did Keanu, and we tried to say it right together … but there was also a different person, a ***man with sand colored hair***, who was around there … and somehow he was a hindrance of sorts … but then we also had to say that lyrics to him, as it seems, and he had to do something with it. Now I know: Somewhere in that text was a part that had special meaning … and we knew that but couldn't get it right. Just now I also have a flashback to that dream in a sense of "feeling" … that has to do with … soil … ground … a cave, maybe?

And I wanted and needed to say it entirely properly, so whenever I got it right after some stumbling, I started over to get it fluently right this time. I think I never did … but woke up.

And being awake I said it out loud right away:

"I'm living in two worlds, And I'm wasting my time.
I'm happy in your world and lonely in mine."

(Later)

Taking a walk with Jacqui to the Helldorf pond area … there was a ridiculous **penis cloud** above Griffen castle.

I suddenly realized, that in the dream there was ***one line wrong*** of the lyrics: It's not ***"I'm wasting my time"*** in the real lyrics, it's ***"dividing my time".***

So me dreaming "**wasting my time**" must relate to a mortal, me or Keanu or Bob, because the discarnates don't "have" "time".

Is that the message of the dream? Hearing and saying "wasting my time" over and over and having such a hard time to figure out what to say properly?

(Later)

After the walk in the rain, I had the urge to masturbate. I only do that every hundred years … and it's not like people would imagine … I only have to touch myself, clothes on, entirely dressed on all parts … and there is a very ***fast and strong electric kind of "discharge" happening*** … that flows right through me – and to where I direct it by thinking of someone in that moment.

Today … Bob showed up out of nowhere, I hadn't thought of him at all, doing my thing … and he stood there as if he was walking up towards me … and this is not a memory. This was an image of Bob in a setting that I did not recognize. And he was there in the moment of that energetic climax, and I projected it right "into" or towards him, and kind of "gave" him that energy.

And right post-orgasm I felt the urge to cry with an immense emotional wave relating to Bob, and I said, without even wanting to speak:

"You needed that, didn't you?"

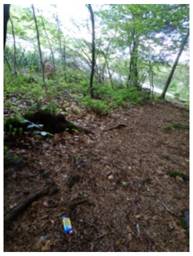
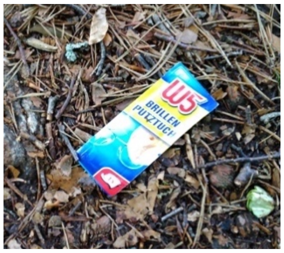
In that moment, I was entirely sure and clear about the fact that we, the mortals, can and must "energize" the disca who live in or move about that realm where they are closes to our obstructed situation. Bob is there. I also said to him that I really want him to help me accomplish what I've set out to do here.

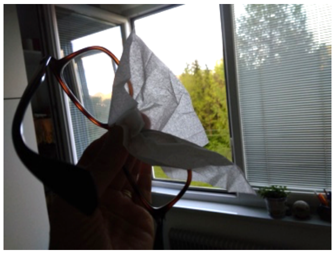
The rain sounds and the whole rain situation reminds me so much of Maui … the lonely times I had had there in housie, with Bob working with Tom and John somewhere else … oh shit, we have wasted time. So much time have we wasted.

(End Part O, Contact Diary continues with Part P)

May 20, 2021 – **The Cleaning Tissue**

I drove to visit my *mother*, who was sober and sort of fine, but in a low and kind of depressed mood, although she didn't admit it. She simply doesn't want to go out or talk. She responds when I talk, but nothing comes from her, ever. I brought her some **fruitcake** I had made.

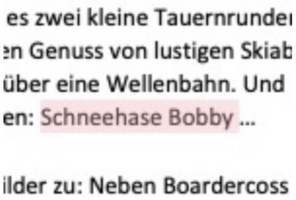





At **lake Saissersee** I found a small ***packaged eyeglasses cleaning cloth*** … and that's special because in the morning (and yesterday) I had been fretting bout my glasses never getting entirely clean, and I started to suspect that I shouldn't clean them with the microfiber cloths that I use to dust the laptops … and I was very pissed, because after so much cleaning, they were still kind of foggy.

Then I found that great quality wet glasses cleansing cloth in the forest on the path! No other garbage anywhere around! Wow! Plus, a really **big stone in the middle of our path** …

I also saw several very interesting ***license plate numbers*** on the highway … **"9104 B, RP 911, 2222 C, 808 CH, 216 CH, 888 HD"** … and a truck with "*Sweden Power*" written on it. And … in some *text that I got the edit today*: the **"snow rabbit Bobby".** Also, it may mean nothing, but on one truck the writing was "*Schumi*", and that was the family name of my great-grandfather, the father of my grandmother Johanna, and he died at 105, and just days before I had still talked to him about mathematics at school. I remember the feeling around him, he was aware and clear, but his tiny old body lay in bed.



es zwei kleine Tauernrunde
en Genuss von lustigen Skiab
über eine Wellenbahn. Und
en: Schneehase Bobby ...

ilder zu: Neben Boardercoss

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TRANSPORT
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May 21, 2021 – The Angry Man

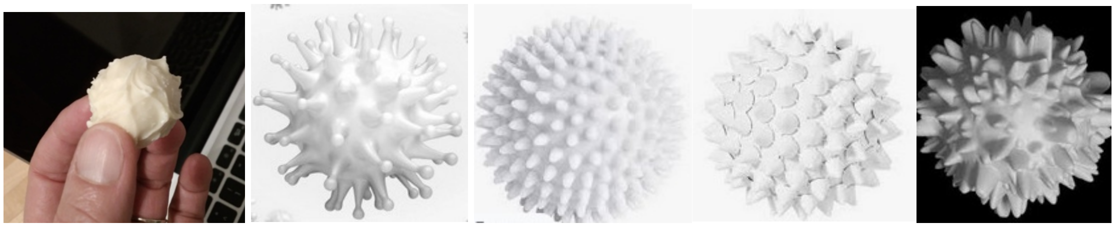
Dream:

I was in some kind of **snowy cold outdoor setting** with another woman and two or three other people, but they are unclear in my memory, only that woman seemed to be pudgy and blond and a weird good mood. We were supposed to pack some backpacks and go on some kind of hike, but we had to reach some place first, like an open hut, just more like a **shack or shelter** with just a few walls, with tables under it … and **Bob** was there! Bob was waiting for us to come and join him, and he also had a very **big bag**, and maybe a camera in it, but certainly there was some gear in it … and **he was angry** or at least in a very bad mood. Especially about me … because **I just didn't get my stuff together in time or not the right stuff** … it's unclear. I only know that my backpack was kind of not ready or not suiting, but Bob kept signaling us (the woman was behind me or in front of me, alternately) to be faster and get going … and then really started to go ahead. There was something wrong with my bag, it wasn't fitting or suiting, or it wasn't packed properly, I don't know. Bob was not understanding that I needed more time, there was a sharp sense of urgency, some matter that needed to be taken care of by Bob, and he wanted to move on. There was snow, and it was cold … and I thought that there wasn't really a point to leave when it was getting dark. And while Bob moved further away in his foul angry mood, frowning and carrying his bag, mumbling and I think maybe even cursing, I went into that shack that was more like a sheltering roof with maybe two side-walls of concrete, and I saw that there was space under the very flat tables. And I said to the woman that it would be possible to sleep under them on the concrete ground. It thought that it was very dirty, but one only needed to put some plastic down …

Meanwhile, the woman and Bob headed out into the cold late day … and I turned towards them, and then I woke up … my ever-patient dog Jacqui looking at me, waiting for me to be "with him" again and let him out on the balcony before our morning walk.

(Later)

Amazing **single cloud** hovering above the hills during the morning walk … I didn't bring the camera, but it reminded me of the *"thing" I **received** in my hand yesterday* when I asked Bob for something … it was some kind of **white spikey thing**, like some coconut covered candy ball, or some white dumpling, but there were spikes of sorts … and that's what the single cloud looked like. Too back I couldn't photograph it …



(Later)

I drove to ***Völkermarkt*** for shopping and was very desolate after walking around treehouse field, feeling so desperate without Bob … sometimes the realization just hits me. My mother was so "dark" and depressed yesterday, and I just can't motivate her to go out, she only gets angry when I try … I just don't know what to do.

And just when I thought the most intensely of Bob, a car passed by with the license plate number "**808 DD**", and right after it, one with "**80 BB**", then, a few cars later "**770 DD**" and "**222 DB**".

License plate numbers that all have meaning for me … all relating to Bob and me and to Hawaii.

I suppose I should have felt comforted. I was amazed, because of the cluster appearance of those numbers. But I feel overwhelmed.

In Völkermarkt, I took a new route with Jacqui … and I saw something strange: A stick hovering in the air. Upon closer look, it didn't hover, it was dangling from a thread (maybe made by a spider or a caterpillar) … but it looked uncanny. And the "***log***" from my dream showed up, too. So the ***"hovering stick"*** … gave me a moment of introspection … about … *things we perceive aren't the way they seem?*

I saw Marshall's owners leave with both kids … maybe they'll stay away over Pentecost (Whitsun) – and without Marshall, I feared? Earlier I saw M. and the little girl Isa and the baby boy in the stroller come up the street in the sunshine earlier, and nobody ever walks with Marshall. He sits in the garden day in day out, and if I don't throw him those morsels of dogfood to make him run a bit … he wouldn't move. I snuck in the garden after I saw them leave and to the fence and patted him very briefly for the first time in many months … he was so sweet, looking directly into my eyes, trying to snuggle up through the fence … his short, shorn fur already getting entangled again, his collar dug into his fur to his skin, they never remove it or put it to a different spot on his neck … it's unbelievable.

Before that, on my way to V., I had called the animal care lady who I've shared the story before and told her about having seen Isabel kick the dog after her father J. had put the baby boy in the grass and pushed the ball towards him with the dog closeby, so that of course the dog chased after the ball … and both screamed at him … seeing the kicking … I can't even express what I felt. I must take measures.

Today, touching the poor guy I felt and saw his desolation up close. I walked with him last time on June 15 last year. And since then, nobody has taken him into the forest or on the meadows or to a creek … he is confined to that fucking garden, alone all the time.

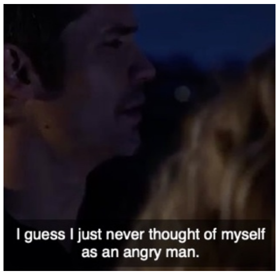
It's unbearable.

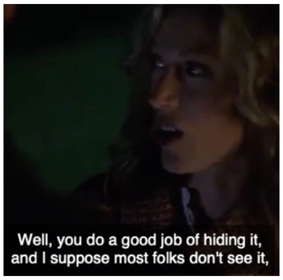
(Later)

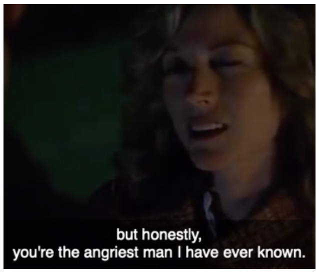
Started watching “**Justified**” with *Timothy Olyphant,* a series that Bob used to like, but when I asked him about it in 2018, he couldn’t remember. But I felt kind of drawn to it, as if Bob would want to watch it with me.

Stunningly:

At the end of the episode 1 of season one, *a woman tells that main character “**Raylan**” that even though most people wouldn’t see it or believe it, she thought that he was **the angriest man she ever knew*** … after he had told her that he didn’t think of himself as of an angry man. And that’s true for me and **Bob** too. **He was the angriest man I ever knew**, even though everyone thought he was some kind of saintly patient guy.


I guess I just never thought of myself
as an angry man.


Well, you do a good job of hiding it,
and I suppose most folks don't see it,



And that now totally fits with my dream.

May 22, 2021 – T**he Wedding Party, Bob, the Swirl & the Shakies**

Oh wow.

What a day.

First, in the morning I felt inspired to check my emails. Cindy had responded to me in a cold and dismissive way, so okay, got it. No collaboration with her. Then I felt inspired to connect with ***Rick Chatenever,*** the film journalist of Maui and Bob’s friend. I just have to “imua” with Bob’s and my projects, I woke up being certain about it. It’s strange, but watching “***Justified***” calms me and inspires me in a certain way … it can be that it’s a way to connect with Bob, because he really liked the guy and the series.

Then I drove to see my mother … and right on the highway, ***amazing license plate numbers … that got my attention right away:*** **“911 HA”, “901 MY”** and **“VO1 910”*.***

I had been thinking intensely about “Paradise”, Bob’s an my project, ***a Hawaii-TV series playing in the wedding business of Maui …***

I had intended to drive to lake Forestlake, but in the last moment I changed my plans and drove to lake ***Wörthersee***, even though I never do that on the way to Velden, sometimes on the way back to Griffen. So I walked with Jacqui to the raft where in summer there is free swimming, but then walked on along the path that runs next to the rail tracks. Right away, I passed by a car parked on the side, with the license plate number “G HI 1”. So “To Hawaii”. Or: Spontaneously I thought that it can mean that I’ll be back in Hawaii, that there will be a “second” stint for me, there?

I walked back towards the parking spot of my car …. “G HI 1” was gone meanwhile … but on the raft, there was: **a wedding party!**

I was baffled shitless. I'm taking steps in the direction of manifesting "***Paradise***", about the *wedding biz, and then I meet a wedding party on my favorite spot at the lake!* And "G HI 2" came back too!

My mother was okay, but it broke my heart seeing her just having gotten up from a nap … but she insists she is fine alone in the quiet with her TV. She accepted some sweat bread I had brought her but refused the chicken and the new summer nightgown. She was eager to see me leave, so I didn't insist.

I took Jacqui to ***lake Saissersee***, … and something strange happened: I had bought some fried chicken for my mother, but she refused it saying that she never eats chicken anymore, and when I insisted she said that she didn't want the chicken because she had some in the fridge, and that I could look. When I said that she had just told me she never eats chicken at all, she said without missing a beat that she had meant "not a lot". Well, she just doesn't want stuff from me, and the clearer she is mentally, the more she rejects me. Well. Got it.

So I parked near the lake and opened the ***chicken*** package to have a bite of the still warm fried chicken, gril**led one, actually. The *chicken thigh* tasted wonderful – but suddenly I realized, that** *the bites didn't glide down my esophagus!* They ***got stuck***, and I immediately got the feeling of suffocating or rather being close to passing out. I can only imagine that this is because the pieces kind of must squish some blood vessels, because they weren't in my windpipe. So I sat there struggling to help myself, and I belched and coughed realizing that there was a lot of mucus coming up, I tried to take a sip of water, barely got it down … and I already started to feel like fainting, when I had the insight to sit really upright and lift my arms a bit … and the symptoms subsided!

Wow! I was all alone there, not sure what the next phase would have been … but it felt certainly close to losing consciousness. I have noticed for a while that something is off about my stomach. I don't have pain anymore, but the kind of belching that keeps sneaking up on me after only eating tiny things like one soft yogurt candy that I even dissolve … well, there are other things too about my body that aren't right.

I thought briefly about the great idea I have about contacting that woman Erika Verachter who is the CEO of the big Sinnex plant here in Griffen, they do interior design of yachts … and telling her about my Hawaii projects and of CineDip … so in those moment when I felt like suffocating or passing out, I kind of realized that there is way more motivation in me than I had thought … so maybe that's what the event was all about?

Along the quiet lake shore I walked barefoot for a little while … and I sat there quietly trying to project my nature experience to my mother. She just refuses to go out … and I really don't know what to think about that and about her attitude towards me and her own existence.

On the ***highway*** on the way back … I felt the urge to switch on the radio – which I never (!), except when there is some urge, and every time when I have done it in the past, there was a special song. So today – I was baffled again, too, because it was Taylor Swift's "Shake it off!" And that's the song that I had made Bob listen to in 2018, and we had imagined how he'd "shake off" his tumor to the music!

Then came the tunnels. I said to Bob ***"Time for tunnel visions!"*** And we both laughed. *"Please, give me something, Bob, something impressive … like what are you doing? And more importantly: Is that good what I'm doing about Rick and about Paradise?"*

Right away – I was in the ***hallway*** again, of our beloved housie. And **Bob** showed up right away, wearing a red and white dotted women's **headscarf**, tied in his neck, and he was holding a cake making **bowl** and a wooden **stirring spoon**, and he was stirring in that bowl, more *swirling*, like making a dough for a cake or pastry. I was very surprised. But the impression kept coming back, in fact, the white dots on the red headscarf appeared only in the second tunnel, when I kind of questioned that vision or impression, but Bob remained there, and the stirring with some kind of dancing motions stuck there too …

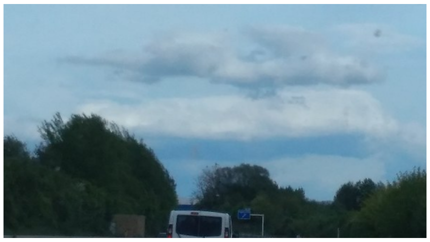
(Now that I think about it, it kind of relates to ***"Hulihuli Moon"*** too, which is a bout a cooking show …!)

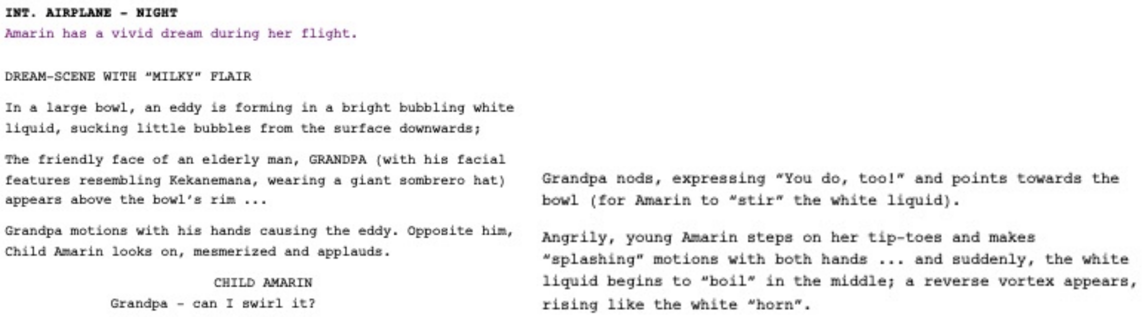
So I said to Bob "Does that mean that you're cooking something, that you're busy working on … our projects hopefully? And what else? Just chat me up, please!"

Then the long tunnel came … and I saw myself in housie's hallway again, and to my right (!), where the sliding door to the closet with all the packing materials used to be, some huge **white "cone"** appeared … tall as me, slender. I first thought it was paper, but then it "felt" kind of soft and rubbery, and I saw myself putting my arm around it … and it did get some sort of **form**, maybe a head … and I had the strong impression of **milk**.

I found that so strange … it seemed to not make sense at all. Bob was still there, facing me, stirring in that bowl …

When the tunnels were past … I just drove, somewhat disappointed about that outcome … of course I thought about that scene in ***"Regents of Clouds"*** where "***Amarin***" has that ***vision of her grandfather making her stir in a pot of milk to create an eddy*** … wow, that's actually a very strong picture now that I think about it. But that was not all that I realized. There was an amazing ***dragon cloud***, though … unusual, indeed. It reminded me of the mascot of the town of Klagenfurt through which I always have to drive, the "***Lindwurm***" …





INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT
Amarin has a vivid dream during her flight.

DREAM-SCENE WITH "MILKY" FLAIR

In a large bowl, an eddy is forming in a bright bubbling white liquid, sucking little bubbles from the surface downwards;

The friendly face of an elderly man, GRANDPA (with his facial features resembling Kekanemana, wearing a giant sombrero hat) appears above the bowl's rim ...

Grandpa motions with his hands causing the eddy. Opposite him, Child Amarin looks on, mesmerized and applauds.

CHILD AMARIN
Grandpa - can I swirl it?

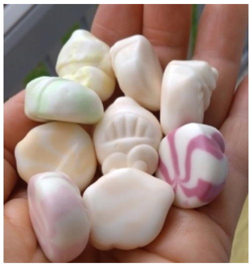
Grandpa nods, expressing "You do, too!" and points towards the bowl (for Amarin to "stir" the white liquid).

Angrily, young Amarin steps on her tip-toes and makes "splashing" motions with both hands ... and suddenly, the white liquid begins to "boil" in the middle; a reverse vortex appears, rising like the white "horn".

I reached to my right (!) where there was a fresh ***package of sweets*** that I had just bought yesterday and opened this morning, as I like to snack sweet stuff while driving … and I had picked it because it was fruit-milk-swirls. The package was tucked between my jacket and the passenger's seat's backrest … and as I looked over to get a better hold of it, I read "**Shakies**". And then it hit me why I had just switched the radio on to hear that one song, **"Shake it off"**. And why Bob was stirring in a bowl ***making a "swirl"*** … and why I had put my right arm around that tall ***"milk-figure"***: *Bob was with me and telling me that he knew that I was eating* **fruit-milk-swirls!** Even that "***face***" that the tall white "cone" developed makes sense … as the *"Shakies" milk swirls kind of have not only swirls, but also* ***face like features****!*

Shake It Off

Shakies
Fruchtgummi mit Vitaminen



It make me speechless and very quiet inside … and just before I reached Griffen, I saw that there was a new poster on the other side of the highway, a huge "**Hafesan**" poster, again with the red man who was "alive and well"!

So there. It works everytime, once you have found a way to communicate with the disca, it works.

This was just amazing. *I hear **"Shake it off"**, not realizing that I am eating "**Shakies**", Bob stirs-swirls in a bowl with that colorful head-scarf, and a **milk-figur**e appears to my right and I reach over to my right to put my arm around it's shoulder … just before I **reach to my fruit-milk-swirls package** …*

Oh yeah, baby, we are together and going strong.

May 23, 2021 – **the Chicken Thigh!**

Oh wow. The ***chicken thigh from yesterday*** came back to me in the most unexpected way!

First, I slept in until way after 10 a.m., and walking Jacqui I was relieved to see that he didn't have to "go" that urgently …

Then I didn't feel like doing anything than watching more of "Justified", and I even laid down on my bed for it, because normally I work while watching and miss a lot, because of the heavy Kentucky accent that I can barely understand at times.

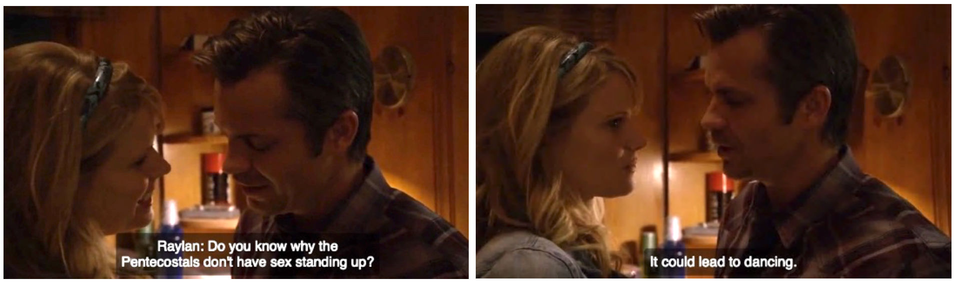
So I watched the ***episode 8 of season 1 of "Justified"*** … and I kept thinking that I understand entirely now why Bob liked it … it's not just about shooting and killing, the "hero" ***Raylan Givens*** is also somethings the one willing and able to avoid bloodshed or even conflict by all means … and in that story – wait for it! – a very *dangerous multi-life-sentences-criminal takes prison guard hostages,* and Raylan talks him out of letting things escalate by *buying fried chicken for him* and ***handing him a fried chicken thigh*** to eat! Along with a ***shot of Bourbon****,* I think, and even that is special, because just yesterday ***I shared a shot of liquor with Bob*** that I've begun sipping at night, my ***"Vogelbeer Likör"*** (Rowanberry) *that I made last year!* I said to Bob that I remember his parents' habit of having Manhattans before dinner … and I had just started to sip my home made liquor for health reasons.

And here they were: ***the chicken thigh from yesterday that nearly killed me, and this time it saves people! And the shot in the glass … just like I had shared it with Bob!***

Anyone thinking that can be a coincidence?
Also … the view of the fresh ***grains*** on the field … this Earth does everything to feed us, to get *our body machine to function.*

Of course, back home, last night, I did eat the chicken and shared some with Jacqui, too.

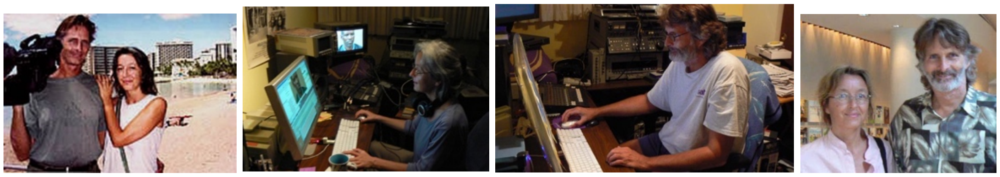
There is a joke in "***Justified***" that Bob surely enjoyed:



Raylan: Do you know why the Pentecostals don't have sex standing up?

It could lead to dancing.

May 24, 2021, Sunday **– Bobby Green, Dishwashing & 242, the Treehouses & the Cave**
Well, well. What a fun message.
Today, rainy Sunday, I had fits of "Maui identity" … I saw a picture of *Lanai*, reading about Larry Ellison, and in the background seemed to be a Maui silhouette, and I flashed back so hard … I wrote a proposal to Erika Verachter, but then suddenly it seemed so ridiculous to even think of telling a total stranger about CineDip and RoC and all … but I had looked at ***pictures of Bob*** *(and me)* … several, and in a way I was numb inside, but on the other hand it was painful in a strangely deep deep way …

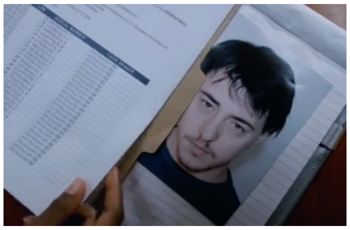


And I had to lie down … and there was more of being on Maui … I flashed back to the years when I wasn't with Bob … saw every detail of the house … heard all the sounds, saw Bob, walking, laughing, working, dishwashing … I said to him and me that I realize that I have not come to terms with him not being in my mortal life anymore, as this seriously fucks up everything we could have done together, and they would have been great things … I also posed the ***question*** if I had done the right things in those weeks I was with Bob … and I wanted to know ***if he "had to die"*** … and whatever I would have done, he'd have died anyway … I really asked him for a response … Well, I just earlier said to him "I know you really liked that show, even though there's a lot of dyin' in there" … in fact, it's really a show that treats human life like … well, disposable rags. Even that reminds me so much of Maui. I don't know, seriously, how I'm supposed to carry on … without being able to at least work on the projects to make time go by meaningfully. Maybe I just haven't figured out yet who to connect with …

And for some reason, earlier this evening I felt like *taking my **phone** and stepping out on the veranda **pretending** to talk to someone on the phone* (like I sometimes do because it helps me focus talking out loud about something and not just in my mind with myself) … this time it was about w*ho I should contact on Maui to try to get a connection to Larry Ellison*, and it was about Rick Ch. and Emme T. … but I didn't imagine anybody specific I "talked to" … and I told that "somebody" about a party I was with Bob of a man who had invented that microscope-camera … and I couldn't recall his name, so I kept saying "***Green***", "his name was Green …" But it wasn't "Green", maybe related … still don't know yet.

But then I switched on "***Justified***" again … and there is a bank robbery, and I was really baffled hearing that a main bank robber's name was **"Bobby Green".**

That feels like a message, it does. Big time. There hasn't been anyone named "Green" anywhere in any movie … only today, ***when I imagined someone by the name of "Green", five minutes later, there is a "Green".***



Of course … I just earlier said to Bob *"You know how I hate dishwashing"* … and while I was lying down earlier, I ***remembered Bob dishwashing***, and the way he kept bending his neck and looking down, his face in the bright island light, was seriously handsome every time … and guess what? The character "***Boyd***" of "Justified" – a major criminal once, then born-again Christian and now whoknowhwhat – ***washes the dishes!***

(Later)

It keeps going: I said this morning and yesterday and several times in the days before, when I was thinking about numbers and phone numbers and had seen license plate numbers the number that I had heard Bob say a million times, *when he did the voice overs for commercials for the Maui Arts & Cultural Center: **"242 SHOW"*** And guess what? There is a whole big lot of money – and I've been fretting today about how I should ever manifest anything without money – in a police evidence box number "**242**". Of all numbers, yup, **242**.

Oh-kay! Just after I finished writing the above lines, I switch "***Justified***" back on, and a ***judge*** just said to the people in the courtroom: *"… sit tight for a few minutes and let the nutjobs outside get back to **their caves and treehouses!"*** Well, Stoneman, I got it.

Treehouses, huh. The subject that lead to your despair and related sickness and death. And the "**cave**" … that's what you called your edit room, ***"I'm gonna get back to my cave for a few hours"*** … you used to say.

I miss you Stoneman, so much.
How uncanny, and how the hell is this done in this universe, that all that is "given" to me now that this all constitutes the themes of my real fucking obstructed world life?

I watched a bit of "***Covert Affairs***" because Stoneman loved the lead actress, who I called "Duckface". I wish I could share with him the lovely things I see in nature. Do disca see Lucerne clover like we inca do?

May 27, 2021 – **Bob Visiting**
This morning, I stepped out of the house to take Jacqui on his morning walk, and there was Bob, offering me a greeting, encouragement and a hug. At first, I only saw a strange car in front of the house and didn't look at the license plate number. I hadn't taken my phone with me, so I couldn't take a picture of the very strange and amazing cloud structure above the northern hills of Greutschach … like tentacles reaching out resting on a line of dots, a real pretty pattern, but only that, big and strong no other patterns in the sky.

K 808 HX
www.eisner.at

When I got back, I saw it: "**K 808 HX**". The license plate number. Right in front of the house where live, opposite the "house of the sun". And immediately I "read" "BOB" and "hugs". On second thought I "read" "Hawaii says hi and embraces you", and there was another thought: "I, Bob, will help you with the lottery win", as the "x" suddenly reminded me of the marks to be made on a ticket. This came to my mind as I had held an entire speech just yesterday about how it's in this world certainly impossible to get anything filmwise going without money, and that I just don't "get it" why I of all people am fucking poor, in a monetary sense. I asked Bob distinctly to help me get that money to be independent in making the films I'm supposed to make!

So seeing that car right in front of my house felt really like Bob was literally there, having come for a visit … like he wanted to in real life.
I do feel sort of inspired to "imua" with "Paradise". I just must stick to working on making the right connections and not be scared of checking emails and shit. I feel pain in my left breast when I lie down on it, but I refuse to pat it down. Sometimes I feel dizzy and strangely nauseous, and the

weird urge to let air come out of my stomach doesn't feel right, either, nor does the pressing feeling I sometimes have in my ovary-area. But so what? My physical phase is winding down, that's for sure. That doesn't mean that I don't have a lot of juice left to manifest what I truly believe is mine to do. I must send copies of the first parts of this contact diary to certain people on USB, that I know, among them Dr. Gary Schwartz, Dr. Marilyn Rossner and Dr. Eben Alexander as well as in Austria Dr. Manuela Mätzener, Werner Huemer, Franz Dschulnigg and others. I must make sure that this work doesn't get lost, that's the main thing. For that I only have to finalize the part "0" in terms of some text editing …

Yesterday, I had received the letter I had sent to my father offering peace unopened! And this upset me so much that I emailed to his "friend" Picej and told them about the recordings of my father's rants.

Later, I read in a sudden bout of need to feel "understood" in an online article of a woman describing how her narcissist father had died, what I really needed to hear: "Narcissist parents do not love their children, and it's a terrible waste of time and energy to fight for even their friendship. I'm stopping this now.

Last night, during a late evening walk, I got to know a woman, **Marjeta**, a dog breeder, with her two Nova Scotia retriever girl dogs "Yara" and "Kiomi". That latter name sounded so very "Pacific" … We exchanged phone numbers, Marjeta and me, to take a walk together by day, sometime. (Just now I realize why her name "*Marjeta Roscher*" felt kind of "telling" … it's similar to "***Marilyn Rossne***r", and that's the woman I need to contact mainly about this work of mine, the "contact diary". I will, shortly.

May 28, 2021 – The Golden Curtain

Huge thunderstorm yesterday late afternoon with hail and all … so today, everything is squeaky clean. Met Inge and her hubby Seppi last night when I took a walk, and she seemed kind of cool to me … maybe because I sent her the link with the history of "Jehovah's Witnesses" … must have been a shock to realize that her faith and belief in that truth it's based on an American's business idea of not too long ago …

Time runs between my fingers … can't get a hold of … well, of quite anything.

I feel inspired one day, the next day I wake up, and everything seems entirely useless, undoable and kind of silly. I've been thinking today how long I've been working on those projects, so many years, waiting for Bob to do his part … thinking that he is dead, made me break out talking this morning, saying to myself: **"There are two reasons why you had to die and why I'm stuck in some kind of limbo".** And the first one was that it's the perfect path for Bob and for me, everything is in the right order and in the works. And the second one is that he had to get out of the way because his and my life stories made us into kind of fucked up beings, and his case his mind may have started failing already before he even met me. So he wouldn't have been able to manifest those projects with me at all – and my fault in that story is that I didn't trust him when I should have. But then – on what basis should I have believed that he "loved me" and "missed me" like he said on the phone many times in the years we weren't together, and that it was "time for me to come home". And yet, he didn't do anything he had promised. I couldn't just travel over there … it was always a matter of somehow getting the money to do that, and Bob couldn't come up with it, because he kept maneuvering himself into situations where he was penniless and struggling … all the time, and I witnessed him fucking up perfectly great opportunities. So maybe his fate was necessary so that at least I would have a chance to really move forward and use my last years for manifesting "Regents of Clouds" and this "contact diary"? And yet … had I really not adopted my dog and kept traveling to Bob instead – could I have saved him, helped him heal?

So now … must I push forward? I thought of writing to Kahu Robb Finberg, it seemed very natural.

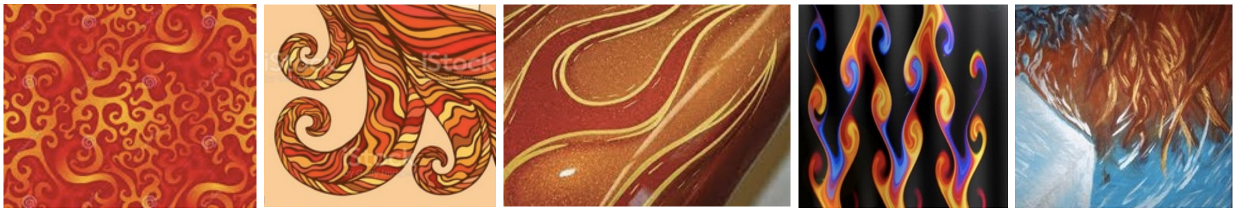
But back home now, I'm kind of stuck in this agony about my father who has no reason at all to be mean to me or reject me and yet does it, and I don't know how to deal with that …

I will never know … in this mortal-story-self-realization.

But such were the thoughts while driving to see my **mother** today.

Very interesting **license plate numbers** indeed on the highway … of course just when I was talking to Bob and asked him if he was right next to me.

And then … in the long tunnel I thought about **"tunnel vision"** again and "found" myself in the **hallway** of housie. I really felt alone there and thought that I really wasn't in any kind of mood or state to receive anything … and I saw myself stroll along the hallway, *and just when I arrived at the turn towards Bob's edit room to the right or to his bedroom to the left … and* ***long wide heavy curtain with a golden-brown-yellow shiny kind of wavy and winding pattern*** *appeared* – keeping me from moving forward.

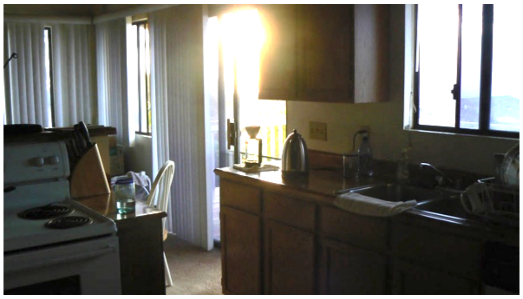


I was surprised, gazing at that curtain, that was waving … and the pattern looked like curly waves that could at the same time be the "tongues" of *fire* … but that curtain was there. And I turned around and walked back to the kitchen …

In the next tunnel, the curtain was there again, and *I took a peek* behind it – and there where ***giggling and squealing and playful naked people, small ones, like kids … running around***. And I turned around right away, and in the car, I began to say what was on my mind "in the hallway", like Bob was talking to me:

"Don't go there, Dani, that's Bob's realm, Bob's story, his edit room, his bedroom that you had been banned from so early in your relationship …"

And I turned around and ***walked back into the kitchen*** – where really was my home all those years.



And I kept talking "Go back to your realm, that kitchen, where you felt so good, where you did so much work, and where you were happy." And that's true … and I saw myself open the screendoor to the terrace and stepped outside on my beloved lanai … and behind me was my laptop on the table … and the stove and the fridge and by beloved futon bed … that's what my part of housie-life was really all about … and I could see and smell the Maui sunshine … and I kept talking *"Go there, Dani,* ***revert back to the You*** *that you were before you met Bob … keep what you need of that story with you, but be you, leave Bob's stuff behind …"*

So that was very intense.

I wasn't surprised that Bob wasn't "there" in the hallway … I knew so clearly what that meant … I should really gather my strength and return to Hawaii just because that's what I loved and that's where I felt at home before I met Bob. I've got stuff to do there. Maybe.

My mother was fine and sweet, but again, refused to make one step outside, even though it was such nice weather …. And when I tell her that it's necessary for her to exercise somehow to stay fit and healthy, for her bones and joints, she keeps saying "I know", but gets very pissed when I try to insist that she then really take walks, if not with me, then alone or find some friend. Her stubborn refusal begins to make me aggressive. I'm going to be the one having the trouble … also she keeps telling me stuff and then tells me the same story differently next time … somehow, my patience with her is running thin. All the worries all the time, and she simply wouldn't change a thing of her routines. Well, right now, she seems fine, but I won't let her just let everything run like this and only watch TV and expect to be able to drive in winter. I see some confrontation coming soon …

I took Jacqui for a walk to **lake Saissersee**, put my feet in it … and met a **very nice lady with two French bulldog bitches** … and that kind of woman would be exactly the one I could use for my projects. Just have the idea that I could make some kind of flyer to take with me and hand to people I meet and want to share my plans with. She said she hopes we'd meet again soon … I even shared some frustration with Marshall with her … and she was totally interested and emphatic. Very nice encounter.

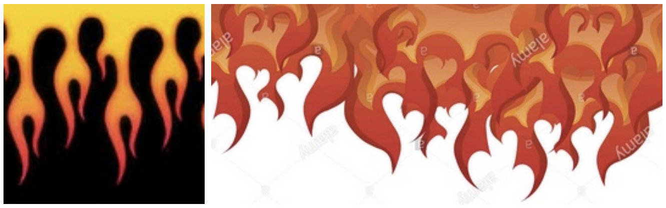
I got stuck in a **traffic jam** on the highway on the way back … and it was interesting because I had seen the traffic jam when driving the other way and told myself to take the land road for that part … but I totally had forgotten about it. So I practiced patience and promised myself to be more efficient with my mind from now on.

Later, on the highway, in one of the tunnels, I suddenly found myself in the hallway again … and there was Bob in light-blue shorts, turning his back at me and playfully shaking his butt at me. No idea what that meant, but he seemed in a good mood.

I couldn't listen to music, I felt very sad about Edith all of a sudden … I am sad because my father keep rejecting me. I had hoped we could get along. But he doesn't feel that's of any value to him, obviously.

I felt sad about not having been able to spend mortal time with Edith … but I talked a bit "towards" her thinking that her life and existence is so much better and more fun now …

And suddenly, in the opposite direction on the highway, drove a huge **truck** – and *painted on it was a golden-brown pattern, like a "curtain" of curly ocean waves that at the same time looked like fire*. Wow – I've never seen anything like this before – except in the "curtain" that I saw when I drove to Velden hours before.



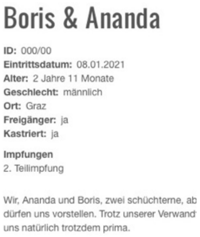
Just remembering … yesterday, a „*Harlequin*" appeared in front of my inner eye … I think that was when I thought of Hadas, who I had sent an email, asking why she never responds, and who I had thought about during another walk, and the word "Ruth" had appeared right in front of my inner eye … on the treehouse field path …

Oh yes, and today, ***I asked Bob to let me know if he "gets it"*** when I share "being mortal and walking and driving" and saying "play me" and trying to project my experience onto him … And I put out both hands and said "left means I don't get it" and "right means, I do get it". And in my left hand I "saw" something like a huge "***pea***" or a "***tennis ball***", and in the right now a "***strawberry***". Well, let's see.

And .. yes, wow, I've been having crazy intense dreams … with Eric and other people … very adventurous and with urgency, all of them … can't remember, though.

(Later)

I was looking for the movie "*Dream Horse*", but couldn't find it … so I was attracted to the title *"The Pale Horse"*. Turns out its about witches … alright, will watch. (***Note****: Tried, nothing for me.* Except for the **"ice bear**" that showed up … and that always makes me think of my grandmother Maria, who loved her toy icebear I got her and that was with her when she died.*)* Also, Bob's name "**Ananda**" appeared …



Boris & Ananda

ID: 000/00
Eintrittsdatum: 08.01.2021
Alter: 2 Jahre 11 Monate
Geschlecht: männlich
Ort: Graz
Freigänger: ja
Kastriert: ja

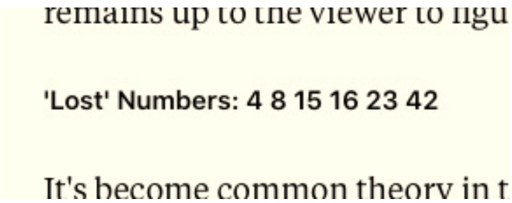
Impfungen
2. Teilimpfung

Wir, Ananda und Boris, zwei schüchterne, ab
dürfen uns vorstellen. Trotz unserer Verwand
uns natürlich trotzdem prima.

(Later)

I have never watched the TV-series „***Lost***" that was made in Hawaii, but I read all about it, and I don't like it. For some reason I found clip of it, and it was strange, because what the character said was something like ***"Return to the island, because the island is not done with you, and you're not done with the island."*** Could be true for Maui and me.

Also, I learned that there are distinc***t lottery numbers*** on "***Lost***". I bet many people have used them.



remains up to the viewer to figu

'Lost' Numbers: 4 8 15 16 23 42

It's become common theory in t

May 29, 2021 – The DOUBLE Touching!

Took a walk in the rain today, across the large _big stone field_ to the monastery Griffen and back … and I saw “Poldi”, that white haired tall and scrawny widower who I had first seen exactly a year ago when I had still walked Marshall … The man was in his garden with a young woman, maybe his daughter. And when I saw him, a strange feeling of happiness and comradery befell me … and I looked back at him – and he waved at me! And I called out “Hello” and waved back at him. Really would like to chat with him one day. His wife died only last February (2020) …

Sometimes no I talk about the functions of my body as a machine … like today, walking in the rain, looking at two very strange clouds … I reminded myself how my and my dog’s organs are functioning for us to be together there in the rain …

Last night, before going to sleep, I thought intensely of Bob … and lying in bed, I felt touched on the forehead twice … I had felt that while talking to him in the car, earlier … and I had acknowledged it, asking “Was that you?” In bed, I first thought it was a hair, but it wasn’t, and it wasn’t a feeling I’ve ever had before today (in the car) … so after the second time, that really startled me, it felt like something brushing over my forehead, gently … I said “No touching, no spooking, please!”

Didn’t happen again. There were intense dreams again, but I can’t recall.

Oh, this is interesting! I’m right now ***editing*** the “contact diary” chapter “O” … and I just now, after writing the above about the “touching of my forehead while in my bed”, I continued the editing … on March 3, and it’s about **that “dead man” touching the woman while she sleeps!**

*_QUOTE: I just finished_ ***“Without You”*** _… and wow! There are scenes where_ ***“Ally” sees her dead husband*** _… he massages her shoulders, like Bob has done with me in 2018, and_ ***he embraces her exactly like Bob had done with me****_, in 2018, in our beloved housie! And I mean exactly! His face over my right shoulder, me holding him …_

But that’s not all: the dead man also **touches** “Ally” _… as she is in bed! On her head!_ Just an hour earlier I had _written about the touching last night!_ And here it is! Right here! Reflected back to me! _END QUOTE_*

Wow! See that! There was a touching in the night of March 2_3, too! I had to look that up, here it is:

*_QUOTE: So I lay down, realizing that “somebody” is close. And I said out loud, as I switched the light off, “No spooking me or my dog, remember?” But as soon as I had nestled into my bedding,_ ***I felt a “touch” on my head*** _and in the palm of my right hand, and later one on my shoulder._ ***More a “bristling” feeling.*** _And I said “Okay, got it, but that’s enough”. And it was “enough”. But I know that_ *what I felt wasn't just some normal body sensation, these three "touches" felt like actual energetic tiny little impacts. END QUOTE**

The disca touching the sleeping inca on the head!?! That's what happened to me last night? And yes, it was a "bristling" feeling again, last night!

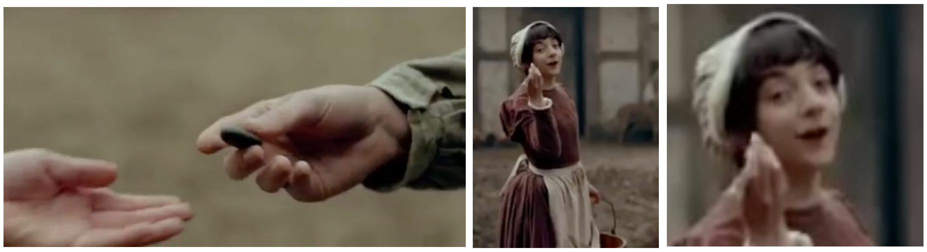
Wow! And that's why JUST NOW that I've written about it, I'm at this part of the c. d. chapter "O" … as a response to my question if it was "real", the "touching"? So it was an actual touching … why the double occurrence of the touching incident … fitting together so tightly! Also interesting: Just earlier I had looked at the ***ring*** I found a while ago in Griffen and I thought, and maybe said *"Everything fits together just right, doesn't it?"*

It does. Really amazing … how this fell together … with me procrastinating in editing the c. d., and yet today I continued doing it … having a "reward" for later, a new historical tv series I discovered, "***Jamestown***" … so that I ended up at the "*being touched by a disca"* just when I had recalled that event from last night and wrote it down … Amazing.

(Later)
Took an evening walk with Jacqui …

… and then continued editing c. d. part "O" … and there it was, on *"March 5:*
*I had to lie down, feeling very exhausted … and **suddenly Bob was so close,** and I kind of slid in a state of … I don't know what it was, … like looking inside with eyes open … and I imagined and in part it just happened, being with Bob in housie, and I was right there touching him and embracing him, on the sink and in other places in the house, and caressing his body, his face … and at some point he was at some distance, kind of in a garden, near a low gate, **and he looked back at me and waved."***

Remember … today I saw that ***nice man "Poldi" again,*** and I had looked down to him ***into his garden, and he had looked up and waved at me!***



Well, ***Jamestown.*** A young man gives a young woman ***a stone as a gift***, and she really likes the stone, she says. Oh well.

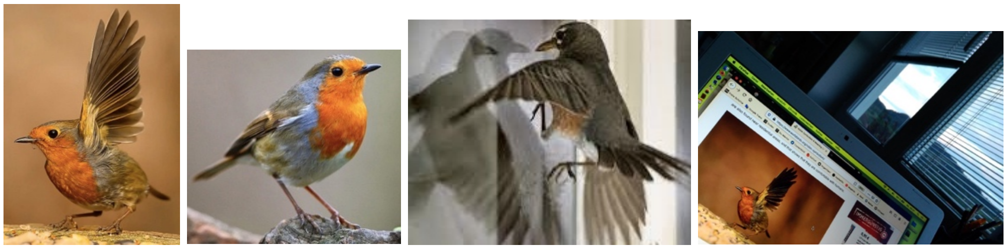
May 30, 2021 **– Red Robin, the Bob-Sticker & Africa**

Visited my mother … she slurred her speech lightly, looked pale and weak and again refuses to walk or be out in the fresh air … when I stopped talking she'd just look around, didn't say a word, constantly doing her ugly mannerisms that she does when she is slightly off … I was at the edge of my seat today. I'm just pissed off … she says "I know I know" when I tell her that she must keep fit if she wants to drive her car, and she gets very angry and is immediately ready to attack me when I try to insist that she takes regular walks and leaves the apartment to avoid getting weaker … I just am not willing anymore to let her have her way. If she goes on like this, she won't be driving in winter. I'll have to risk an ugly confrontation next time … She says she might take group excursions by bus … yes, fine. But when she is in that state, can she even be allowed to travel, even with a small bus group? Alone that I had this thought, troubles me big time. I'll need to consult the dementia expert tomorrow … I feel at the end of my wits. She keeps saying yes, but doesn't do what she says she will do, and I just can't stand her hateful glances anymore …

The flowers I brought her the day before yesterday, gone … several things she lied about, I realized … okay, her mind is in fluctuating states … I get that. But I don't think that demented elders should have the only say about their lives, we, the non-demented caretakers have a say about our own lives too … so if we say that the demented are bothering us and giving us a hard time, measures must be taken.

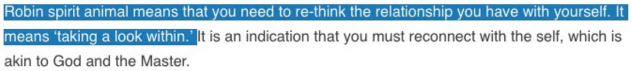
Back in Griffen I ate potatoes … and I thought I'd start watching a TV-series, "***Traitors***", about a British spy, but I have a hard time understanding the British English, and I don't care for the character. So I was also eating a bit of the fruit cake I made in the morning and that I brought my mother, and I was thinking that *I was going to throw most of it to the birds* … when there was a fascinating dialogue scene in the movie, too back I couldn't find subtitles … where "Fiona's lover" says that to her something like … why would one just sit on one's ass and do nothing if one could make the world a better place in that time? And she says that ***she wants her life to matter.*** Yes, no shit, I thought … And the guy says ***"You're intelligent, and intelligence saves lives."***

And in that moment, a bird, looked like a **red robin,** *flew up to my window, hovered there a few moments, looking inside through the glass at me … and flew away.*

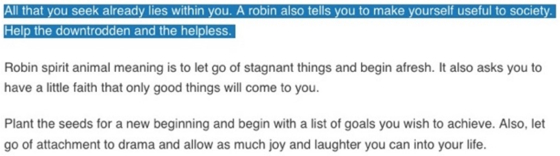


I was so baffled. How could the bird know that I was eating Kuchen? Did he read my mind as I thought I wanted to throw it to the birds? Was it Bob in the bird, relating to the dialogue lines that had just fascinated me?

Wow, googling for images of "**red robin**", I stumbled across the "***red red robin … bob bob bobbing along***" that I first read in Stewart White's writings … and then I saw that there is a big time *spiritual meaning* connected to a ***"red robin visiting***" or "***flying up to a window"***! It has to do with – death but also with rebirth.



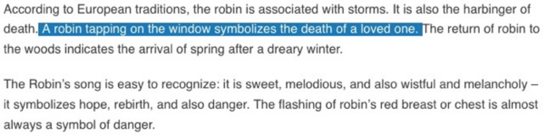
Robin spirit animal means that you need to re-think the relationship you have with yourself. It means 'taking a look within.' It is an indication that you must reconnect with the self, which is akin to God and the Master.



All that you seek already lies within you. A robin also tells you to make yourself useful to society. Help the downtrodden and the helpless.

Robin spirit animal meaning is to let go of stagnant things and begin afresh. It also asks you to have a little faith that only good things will come to you.

Plant the seeds for a new beginning and begin with a list of goals you wish to achieve. Also, let go of attachment to drama and allow as much joy and laughter you can into your life.



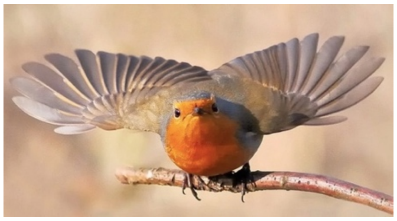
According to European traditions, the robin is associated with storms. It is also the harbinger of death. A robin tapping on the window symbolizes the death of a loved one. The return of robin to the woods indicates the arrival of spring after a dreary winter.

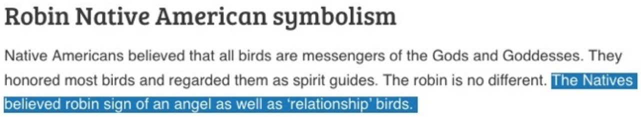
The Robin's song is easy to recognize: it is sweet, melodious, and also wistful and melancholy – it symbolizes hope, rebirth, and also danger. The flashing of robin's red breast or chest is almost always a symbol of danger.

Interestingly … while reading all that stuff about the "red robin" meaning, it came to my awareness, that twice Bob had given me (yesterday and the day before yesterday) a "strawberry" into my hand when I asked for an answer. And maybe it simply meant the color red? Maybe the red robin now expressed that?

Yesterday, I asked Bob to put something into my left and something into my right hand, and what appears on the left side means that he does not "get it" when I share chocolate candy with him the way I do and the way I did on the big stone path yesterday in the rain, and the thing in the right hand means he "does get it". Left I "saw" a yellow thing like a tennis ball, and right I received the ***strawberry***. So given all that … the "red robin" flying up to the window and looking straight at me … right like in this image below … means definitely that Bob communicated with me. I will find out more about what it was for.

Something else I just remember … driving through the long ***tunnel*** today, I found myself in the *hallway of housie* … or I rather put myself into it thinking maybe I'll see something good … but all I got was an ***impression of "flat Bob on the wall",*** like a *huge stylized Bob-with-stretched-out-arms* ***sticker****!* Oh now! There! Bob like a "comic" figure with one stretched out arm, the left one, looking at the image, that was like some kind of outline-drawing, but with some color to it, that looked like some odd artwork on the wall in the hallway!? And just now – the red robin, with it's wings stretched out that I saw moving so clearly? Was that it? Because the glass window … the flatness of the image of Bob … in the form of a ***giant paper sticker on the wall?*** The bird did not touch the glass, though … it did not collide! *The* ***red robin flew up to the window to look at me!***



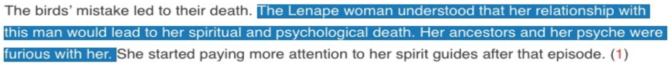


Robin Native American symbolism

Native Americans believed that all birds are messengers of the Gods and Goddesses. They honored most birds and regarded them as spirit guides. The robin is no different. The Natives believed robin sign of an angel as well as 'relationship' birds.

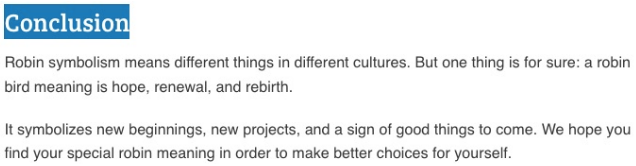
That's what it was like! It's like my heart stopped for a moment, it was so surprising. I put out some cake crumbs for the bird, thinking maybe somehow he had seen me eat cake … it did not return, though.

In the tunnel … well, I sure thought that this time my mind had fucked with me … but now I think that Bob gave me exactly a heads up about the "red robin", strawberry and all.



The birds' mistake led to their death. The Lenape woman understood that her relationship with this man would lead to her spiritual and psychological death. Her ancestors and her psyche were furious with her. She started paying more attention to her spirit guides after that episode. (1)

Now I only must "get" what exactly "red robin" is telling me … even though I think I know: New things ahead, and I must be ready to take them on.



Conclusion

Robin symbolism means different things in different cultures. But one thing is for sure: a robin bird meaning is hope, renewal, and rebirth.

It symbolizes new beginnings, new projects, and a sign of good things to come. We hope you find your special robin meaning in order to make better choices for yourself.

(Later)
Oh geez, that's amazing … remember the "sticker" from before?
I forced myself to work some more on editing this c. d., and I started again with "March 15", and that was the day when I had found a – ***sticker***!

(QUOTE: "Then I found some ***skull-sticker*** *(really the only piece of paper there) … seemed to say "the dead are with you". Good, I like that.")*

Oh my … and yet, when I "saw" the **"Bob on the wall as a sticker"** today in the tunnel, actually in that kind of ***outline style*** like the one I found on March 15 (!) … I did kind of nearly reject it, thinking that was just some kind of compromise of my wishful mind and my imagination … but then, even "Bob the sticker" makes sense. **The hallway meetings work everytime.**

There is one more thing … as I kept editing, one of the next entries is about an odd "line" in the sky, seen from my window, and I compared it to a ***"bird's head"*** that day … and today, the **red robin** …

(QUOTE: "Looked outside the window … and wow! A ***stripe in the sky*** *– whatever that was – mimicked the mountain silhouette! And on it's other end … well, it was like a bird's head?" And the big cloud – like a spread out feathery bird's wing?!*

(Later)

Okay, last, but not least (it's already Monday, 00.13 a.m.) … In editing this c. d. I now arrived at March 19. And strangely … today, as I walked with Jacqui along ***lake Saissersee***, I *picked an unusual route uphill, where I had last been "sometime in spring". Yes, on March 19!* And exactly **on that spot** where I had then found that blue balloon, I ***encountered a nice man today***, and I asked him if he knew some rentals in the area … He had a few ideas. One about a man whose house was nearby. He mentioned, that man used to be in Africa a lot. Interesting I said, me too. I walked by that house, and it had a sign with a web-address (that no longer works) reading "Afrikahütte", "***Africa hut"***! Now that's special … because of my recent thoughts relating to that "golden curtain" of the other day, that I should revert back to a time, to a "Self" that I had been before I even had met Bob … and that was certainly *my Africa days.* I had thought about them yesterday. And today … boom, there is "Africa" on my path. Literally.

(QUOTE: March 19, 2021

"Visited my mother … took a walk in the forest around ***Saissersee lake,*** *and I found a strange* ***blue balloon****. Strangely the face looks like the goofy face that I saw Bob make often.")*

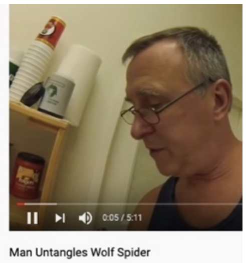
(Later)

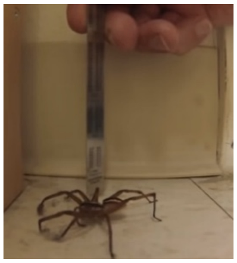
Discovered another death-life-expert on Thanatos-TV, ***Dr. Reto E. Rast***, who chats about what near-death-experiencer say about the "body" they had when "dead" … I get angry about all the assuming and "researching" … has none of these people read the Whites' books? I'm gonna write to him.

I'm thinking of seriously creating some kind of "***essence***" of my entire contact diary so far, just brief mentionings of the most outstanding events, starting with the "*emoji-incident*", that still gives me the chills.

May 31, 2021 – The Emojis, the Forgetmenots & the Big Magical Stone

Last night, I couldn't sleep, felt restless with worries about my mother's future … so I lied down on my bed and watched … stuff. Wanted to do Stand up comedy, but ended up watching videos about animals being saved … so touching. And somehow I ended up at something amazing: A Texan guy helping ***wolf spiders*** to free themselves from stuff that's stuck to their feet … it touched me greatly because of my special closeness to the wolf spiders … I've told you about that somewhere already … so watching this guy help them … I felt like Bob was lying right next to me and enjoying it too … with his typical "yikes" …





(Later)

Drove to Wolfsberg for some dog food shopping and more … and right away on the highway I was baffled shitless: ***A car passed by me, and its back window was plastered with pictures of –*** **emojis!**

And I had thought last night about *the "emoji"-incident* and how it impacted me …. How it really started this whole "contact diary" projects … even before the "Naupaka Bunny"!

In Wolfsberg, Jacqui and I took a route for a walk along ***river Lavant*** that I rarely take … and there were the fishpond-like structures again … I'm flashing right back to Hawaii when I see something like that, but I don't know what I'm actually feeling about it.

I actually had, before driving, written to Dr. Reto E. Rast and sent him the White's books as pdf and told him about my contact diary project. Curious if he will respond at all.

Wow … the emojis kind of touched me so deeply … it was such an *intimate "insider" experience,* that ***only Bob and I know about*** … and there they were, the "emojis", one crying and one with cool sunglasses … I tried hard to catch up with that speeding van to take a photograph …

Also … strange ***sunset*** impression over Griffen.

The Forgetmenots

(Later)

Took Jacqui for a late-afternoon-early-evening walk … to St. Kollmann, which I hadn't even intended … and on the way, I saw a bunch of "**Forgetmenot**", the blue flower … and I said out loud "Of course I won't forget you …"

I felt the strong urge to rewatch "***Outlander***" … I had never watched the whole series, but the beginning had fascinated me in 2014 … and I had told Bob about it (in real life). So I started the first episode of season 1, and I kept thinking that I should really rather work on editing the contact diary … but I just couldn't stop … the "dance in the forest" made me feel much more "me" and "understood" than anything I've been experiencing in real life for a long time …

… the ***celebration of a "big stone"*** … wow. How – me.

And sure enough:

At the **big stone**, the one where the main character "Claire" will later be transferred into the past, she finds a whole bunch of – **Forgetmenots**! The tiny blue flowers … and she goes back there to take a look again, as she is an herb freak like I am, and as she returns to the mysterious stone …. She is catapulted into the past.

Wow.

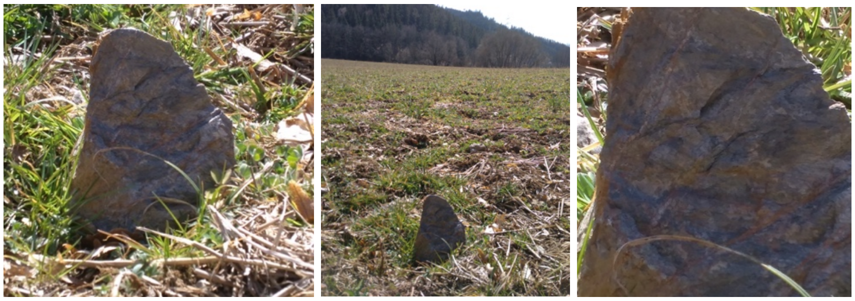
I think it's a Forget
Me Not, but I'm not sure.

Aw … and there is **the last kiss** they share, and they don't know it's the last one …

(Later)

Finished episode 1, and returned to editing part "0" of this contact diary – and guess where I picked up, yes, that's right: at **a "stone that looked at me"**, on March 26:

*(QUOTE: This noon, taking a walk with Jacqui … after a strangely intense phase of longing for Bob and feeling his presence … I saw **a strangely positioned stone** on the ground, with "**eyes**" and even a face. **The stone looked at me."***



Oh! And me taking a spontaneous walk to St. Kollmann, even thought it was already nearly 8 p.m. – that I understand now too, because *after seeing that "stones with eyes" on March 26, I walked with Jacqui to St. Kollmann, too!*

(QUOTE: Took Jacqui for a walk to St. Kollmann … very interesting **clouds**, like some kind of "**puzzle**" …)

Yes, a "puzzle", no shit. Everything fits together …. Isn't that fascinating, ***how "time" doesn't matter when it comes to synchronicities?***

I just said out loud … "I must find the person who sees me, I know he or she is out there …" Not even sure what I mean, but I think it means that someone out there in this my mortal world, is waiting for me with all my work and all my projects. Had to think of the older woman I had met in the forest at lake Saissersee the other day, with the two French Bulldogs … and she had said, after a spontaneous chat in the middle of the forest, that she hopes we'll meet again soon. Barely ever anyone has said that to me.

Tomorrow I'll call the Africa-guy about the apartment.

Forgot to mention … I woke up today with a horrible pain in my spine, could barely move, right between my shoulder blades. No reason for that.

June 2, 2021 – The Ocean & the Rays of Sun

Something miraculous happened. I was taking Jacqui on a walk along ***treehouse field*** *path* … and this time I walked all the way to the treehouse and to the "end of the road" … and I felt such sadness and longing for Maui and Bob and all … and suddenly, in that kind of gloomy mood, the sun came out … and I saw the rays and said to Bob "***Remember how often we saw those sun rays right above the ocean?"*** And just then, a wind came up, and right before my eyes, the field with the grains turned into the ocean … with the sun rays above it …

Amazing.

June 3, 2021 – The Kiss, the Tooting, the Golden Tanga & the Tiny Golden Cups

Last night … just as I had gone to bed and switched off the light, I had the feeling that *my forehead was touched, and then – my mouth!* It was a very ***fine sharp intensely bristling feeling*** on my lips, especially my upper lip, on the left side, as the right side was resting on the pillow – but it was so strong and sudden and intense, that I shot up, rubbing my lips strongly and said out loud: ***"Did you just kiss me?"*** I then said that I don't want to be spooked, and I said "no touching, please, at least, not without forewarning" …

But today, thinking back to that (and no special dream I could recall this night), I said to Bob that if there is a **new phase** starting in terms of **energetic sensations that relate to "being connected"**, I'm all up and in for it. And I consider last night's experience as a kind of "heads-up". I have never ever felt that before. And I'm a very self-aware person. That was something entirely new. Some energetic charge that felt like a "tentacle of an electric fish" for lack of a better expression … there was something touching my face. Those were not my own facial nerves giving me this sensation, because I would have noticed it before in my 57 years of mortal lifetime, and it was entirely new.

Now I'm really curious. If I could say whatever I felt this was: ***Bob kissed me on the forehead and then on the lips.***

I've been thinking of our "last kiss" in 2014 at the airport a lot, and I have been using that moment as a projection base when I connect with him, for sharing nice smells or the taste of food. So maybe that was a message saying that "he receives me" when I work "through that kiss memory". It was very intense, and the way Bob looked at me, seemed to indicate the doom that would follow. We'd never see each other in that "state" again … me so hopeful and youthful, and him handsome and healthy. It was our last kiss as the "he and I" that we used to be.

So was last night "the first kiss of the new era"?

I really want to receive an answer to this.

But that answer did not come in our "tunnel hallway meetings" today. Other stuff came, though.

Rick Ch., film journalist on Maui, who I had contacted about the Hawaii film projects, of course told me he couldn't do anything for me. Oh well, what was I expecting. I sent him the "Hulihuli Moon" script anyway and asked in advance for his participation if I should do a crowd-funding run.

I visited my mother, she was nice and fine and entirely sober and looked healthy. She just doesn't want to go outside into the fresh air and sunlight … and I have to leave it at that.

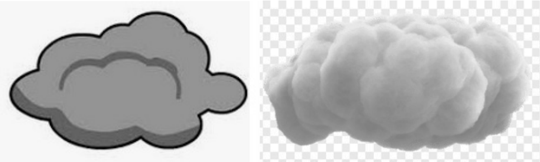
Then at *lake Saissersee* Jacqui took a swim! So sweet. I'll do that too, soon, swimming. For the first time in my life I don't fit in older clothes of mine, because I've gotten too fat. I do not like this. This will change.

On the ***highway*** – to Velden, there were just ***two license plate numbers*** that were striking … "**910 EO**" and **"808 RV",** and the latter was so interesting, because I saw a ***new Honda CRV***, and Bob loved that car and always wanted one, and I thought about that … *and then came "BOB RV"* … that looks "suspicious" to me. In a good way.

I didn't even really think much of a "tunnel vision", I was so busy keeping myself from expecting something negative … and I thought a lot about my father and what to do about him, and about Marshall. Whose owners will go on holidays without him again … and that after doing nothing with him from last summer on. No walks, nothing. Total neglect all through winter … this I can't just let happen further.

And if I have to step up to his fuckhead owner and talk into his face, I shall do something.

But in the last **tunnel**, I felt "drawn" into the vision of "***being in housie's hallway***" … and as I was there, I felt draw to the **sliding door,** that was hard to slide open, and I didn't like the feeling of it being kind of stuck … but, in my inner impression, I tried to pull it open – and out came a sort of **"puff of smoke"**, of the size of … well, two chickens, maybe … and it was entirely gray and almost black, and it did look like a **big fat gray bulging cloud** more than smoke. (*Note: I found the perfect image online, just see!)*



Immediately Bob reached by me and tried to shut the sliding door closed … and while he did that, and I tried to keep it open, that smoke-cloud became kind of solid, so that it was like an air balloon, but made of a stronger, plastic-like material!

Then the tunnel was over … and in the next tunnel, that plastic-cloud was still there … and Bob and I together **stuffed it back into the storage-closet behind the sliding door,** and closed the sliding door, and it sounded like stuffing a balloon into a narrow space.

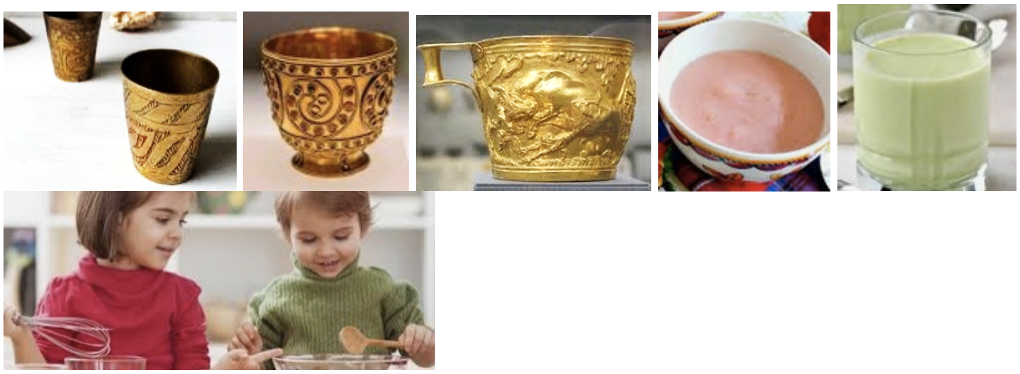
That was so strange, and at first, I was startled, thinking of fire, and it did not look nice … But the fact that this thing solidified … I have no idea what that meant … any of it.

On the highway back, there was a “**910 BR**” license plate – particularly special because this car overtook me right after the ***kilometer counter*** in my car jumped to the clear “**910**”! I thought so intensely of Bob because of that, that I was ready to “meet him” in the tunnels … and here is what I “saw”, in several **tunnels**:

I walked through the hallway, feeling the difference on the carpet, the slick and hard treaded path in the middle, and the thick remaining original carpet on the sides … it catapults me right into “being there” when I “step onto the carpet with my bare feet” in my imagination, but it feels reel right away. ***Bob showed up around the corner,*** and he blew a **“tooting toy”** into my face, that thing whose paper front rolls out when you blow into the end, and it makes a ridiculous tooting sound. All I could say was “I totally don’t get this”. Was it about “getting my attention”? Me “having to wake up”? No idea.

In the next tunnel … ***Bob kind of danced in front of me, naked – except for a tiny genital-cup-style golden (!) swimming “tanga”!*** It was more a cup than a tanga front part … and I was and am entirely baffled … but of course it does relate to the fact that he had cancer on his man parts, and that he had said to me “If you can fix it, you can use it” … there is something in the meaning about that, I know it. Just haven’t gotten an insight yet.

And then, the last vision was … when I had said out loud that the tooting and the tanga just don’t resonate clearly right now … ***Bob coming towards me holding a tablet, a tray at me***, I think it was ***golden***, too, and there were several ***tiny cups*** and maybe a coffee or tea can on it … the cups not bigger than a half thumb, like toys from a toy kitchen for little kids … and I looked into it, and there was ***pink*** and ***green liquid*** … but I noticed right away, that it was not liquid, it was more ***kind of pudding-like*** … and I looked at it and at Bob, who gazed at me as if I had to just “get it” right away.



But I simply don’t know what it all meant.

The tiny golden cups on the tray with that colorful stuff in it …? The golden manparts-holder, the plastic-smoke-cloud, the tooter?

Well, I’m sure I’ll get it eventually.

The one aspect that connects all of those “inner impressions” in the housie hallway … they were not “drawn in” by me. Right on the contrary. I can entirely feel when I’m trying to make something up, and those “visions” they are just “there”, I don’t feel them coming, they don’t form, they are there as such, suddenly, like snuck in, in a way “not to be felt in my mind”, as strange as that sounds … it’s always like a scenario that I can’t help but watch … and the perspective changes from me watching myself in the hallway, but after a short period of that I’m always fully in there, and I see it from my “hallway-self” point of view! Sometimes it changes back to me watching myself … because, after all, I’m in a car, going 100 km/h, and I’m fully conscious and aware of my “obstructed realm” surroundings!

It’s a special kind of “inner impression” when those “hallway tunnel visions” happen. It’s not comparable to any other state of mind I know, also not to dreams. It’s different.
Different … like that “touching” last night, that electric bristling “kiss”.

(Later)
Well … thinking of the ***tiny “cups”*** … cubs? … that I “saw” in the vision with ***pink*** and ***green*** pudding-like stuff in them … and the dark plastic-cloud … it does seem odd that I’d see – rather skip through – a movie, ***“Max Bishop”,*** about a ***hitman*** who becomes a janitor at a school, and his friends become ***two little girls*** … ***one in pink, one in green*** … is that a coincidence? And the “*dark cloud*” … is that the very dark and gloomy hitman? The entire film is actually a ***very dark satire***, is that the “tooting toy”?

Also, the guy is holding a ***photo camera just like mine*** … I’m fishing here … but it does seem strange that of all films I could have picked, I picked the one (I knew nothing about!) with only two colors of t-shirts, pink and green, after my pink-green-impression?! The kids’ toy type of the cups … does that relate to the two little girls? Wow. That would be something. That … probably is exactly what I’m thinking right now.
The **feather** … is just something I found during my walk today. But look at the drawing …

June 4, 2021 – The Sea Urchin & Astral Projection = Bob’s Answer!

Phew, stressful dream, can’t remember right now … although I thought I’d certainly never forget it.

Took a walk with Jacqui on the *treehouse field*, it’s really hot … thinking about why I think so much about *“Hulihuli Moon”*, even emailed pastor Robb last night, thinking that I’d ask him to get people to donate if I do a crowd-funding run … and at some point I put my hand out and said to Bob:

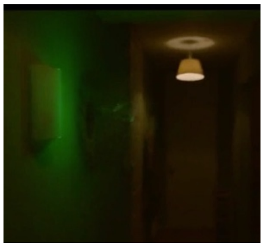
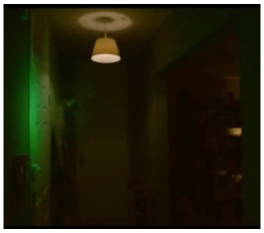
"Shall I make Hulihuli Moon – put something into my hand!" And to my utter surprise it was a round **sea urchin!**

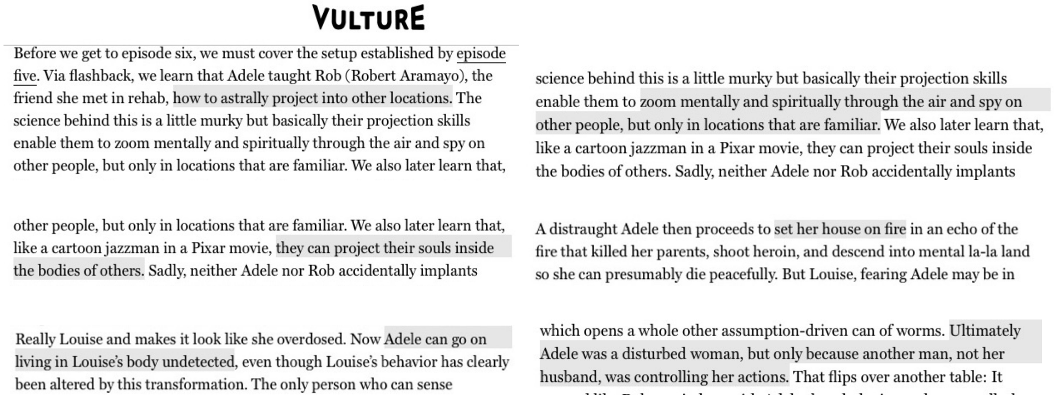
So that one, of course, in Hawaiian is "ka weli", and "***Kaweli***" is the script that Bob read on his deathbed. So I said "Does this mean I'm supposed to make both?" Now I want an answer to that, too.

(Later)

Oh wow, I opened a random TV-series called "***Behind Her Eyes",*** maybe I was attracted to the title because of all the stuff that's going on in my mind in the "tunnel hallways" … but before I even watched it, I read up on the ending. And hellshit! It's about ***"astral projection"***! When you can project yourself into other places and into other people! That's exactly what I've been doing! Wow! Here in this recap there are the perfect words for it! Wow! I wouldn't have ever thought of looking for something like that … I had no idea, and here it is!

Oh shit! It's reflected back to me what I've been doing! Like – **Bob telling me: "Dani, it works!"**



VULTURE

Before we get to episode six, we must cover the setup established by episode five. Via flashback, we learn that Adele taught Rob (Robert Aramayo), the friend she met in rehab, how to astrally project into other locations. The science behind this is a little murky but basically their projection skills enable them to zoom mentally and spiritually through the air and spy on other people, but only in locations that are familiar. We also later learn that,

other people, but only in locations that are familiar. We also later learn that, like a cartoon jazzman in a Pixar movie, they can project their souls inside the bodies of others. Sadly, neither Adele nor Rob accidentally implants

Really Louise and makes it look like she overdosed. Now Adele can go on living in Louise's body undetected, even though Louise's behavior has clearly been altered by this transformation. The only person who can sense

science behind this is a little murky but basically their projection skills enable them to zoom mentally and spiritually through the air and spy on other people, but only in locations that are familiar. We also later learn that, like a cartoon jazzman in a Pixar movie, they can project their souls inside the bodies of others. Sadly, neither Adele nor Rob accidentally implants

A distraught Adele then proceeds to set her house on fire in an echo of the fire that killed her parents, shoot heroin, and descend into mental la-la land so she can presumably die peacefully. But Louise, fearing Adele may be in

which opens a whole other assumption-driven can of worms. Ultimately Adele was a disturbed woman, but only because another man, not her husband, was controlling her actions. That flips over another table: It

Wow, there is a small green *"wavering thing" flying through rooms* … and it looks like I experience it when I move through housie in my mind … how cool is that – that ***I get to see that "in real life" what's "only" inside of me normally, "behind my eyes"?***

It's actually fucking mindblowing that I just stumbled across this. I had no intention of watching anything, actually, I was about to open my emails, when I felt drawn to google TV shows of 2021 … and there it was … wow.

Wow! There is more … ***the “soul” of people getting into bodies while they are sleeping*** … that really reminds me of that “kiss” of last night! That intense bristling, sizzling, electrical stinging feeling on my lips, and before that on my forehead, but only lightly!

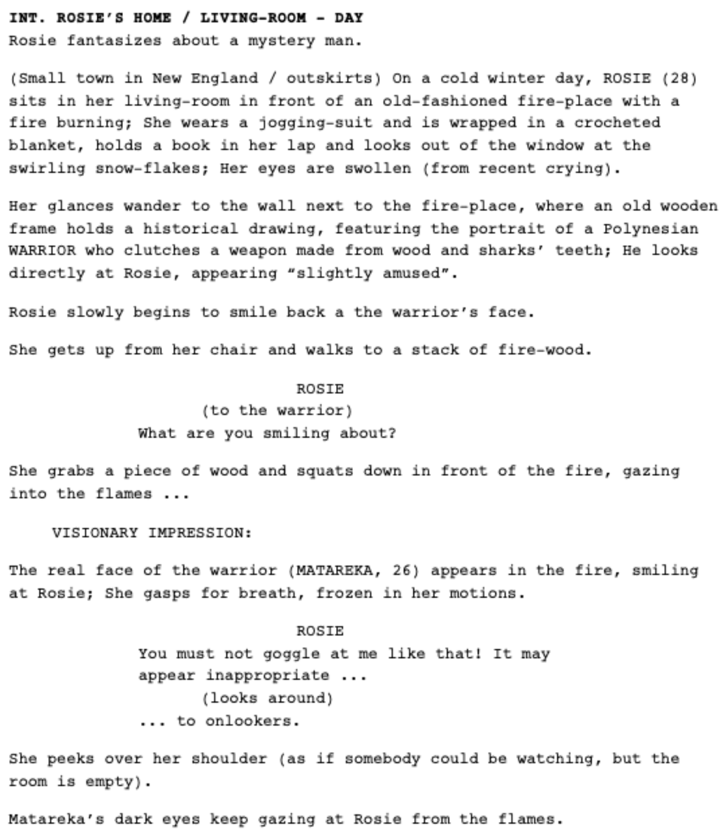
That’s no coincidence that I see all this right now! I know it’s connected. I know is a message through serendipity … telling me that all that I’m experiencing, in the tunnel, the touching, the impressions, that’s all real. Because ever again I question it and ask Bob if maybe I’m only imagining all of it? But just earlier, in the fields, I thought that the imagining of someone may as well be the simplest way to “get” the discarnates to be present? I did it when I was in the car and ***asked Bob to let me know if he can actually feel when I touch him!*** I almost forgot about that …

It had spontaneously occurred to me, that maybe I was touched last night, on my forehead (like I had actually felt twice before) and on the mouth … a*nd if it’s possible that I can “feel something” when the disca touch me,* ***can I actually touch them?*** And do they feel it when we touch them? ***Can we touch them, at all, even when we can’t see them?*** Of course I’d have to trust that they are really here when I imagine touching them … and that’s when the “imagining” theme came up. That “***imagining***” someone who is dead may simply truly substitute for “seeing” them. *We see them in our inner eyes …* ***“behind our eyes”*** … the movie title is really very telling … and so that’s what I did: Imagined Bob on the dashboard while I was driving, and then I touched his thigh and knee, in my imagination. ***Now I want to know if he felt it.***

Maybe me switching on this film is the response? But I just know that I don’t have to watch that dumb film, actually a 6-part series, what I got out of it skipping through it is what I was supposed to get, and reading up on the story.

Wow. Must take a breath. That was unexpected. Really.

I just had to think of the great movie I wrote many years ago, with the title ***“Below Our Sleep”*** … *where a woman falls in love with a warrior on a drawing, and then experiences his real presence and travels to the place where he lived centuries ago and figures out what happened to him, with the help of the spirit of a little boy who* … wait, really? I wrote this? I did. It’s actually a very cool Sci-Fi-fantasy-mystery adventure.



INT. ROSIE'S HOME / LIVING-ROOM - DAY
Rosie fantasizes about a mystery man.

(Small town in New England / outskirts) On a cold winter day, ROSIE (28) sits in her living-room in front of an old-fashioned fire-place with a fire burning; She wears a jogging-suit and is wrapped in a crocheted blanket, holds a book in her lap and looks out of the window at the swirling snow-flakes; Her eyes are swollen (from recent crying).

Her glances wander to the wall next to the fire-place, where an old wooden frame holds a historical drawing, featuring the portrait of a Polynesian WARRIOR who clutches a weapon made from wood and sharks' teeth; He looks directly at Rosie, appearing "slightly amused".

Rosie slowly begins to smile back a the warrior's face.

She gets up from her chair and walks to a stack of fire-wood.

ROSIE
(to the warrior)
What are you smiling about?

She grabs a piece of wood and squats down in front of the fire, gazing into the flames ...

VISIONARY IMPRESSION:

The real face of the warrior (MATAREKA, 26) appears in the fire, smiling at Rosie; She gasps for breath, frozen in her motions.

ROSIE
You must not goggle at me like that! It may appear inappropriate ...
(looks around)
... to onlookers.

She peeks over her shoulder (as if somebody could be watching, but the room is empty).

Matareka's dark eyes keep gazing at Rosie from the flames.

June 5, 2021 – **The Thigh-Touching-Answer & the Rash in the Movie** *(June 4)*

Wow.

Last night, brushing my teeth, standing on front of the sink and the mirror, suddenly, there was t***he same sharp bristling, stinging electrical "touch" on my right thigh, right above the knee,*** that I shouted out, dropped the toothbrush and immediately pulled down my sweat pants, thinking that maybe some insect was there … but nothing. Also no rash, no squishing mark, nothing. And then it dawned on me:

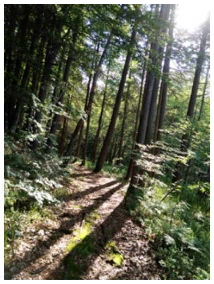
It was Bob's answer to my question if he could feel when I touched him – and I had done the test by imagining him facing me in the car, as I was driving, *his imaginary butt on the dashboard … and I had touched and patted his right thigh right above the knee!*

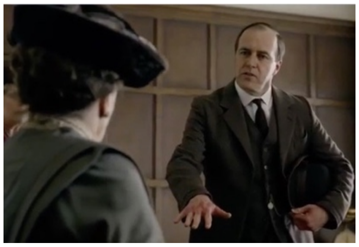
This is nothing I make up, no wishful thinking, because I really didn't think of anything like that while brushing my teeth!

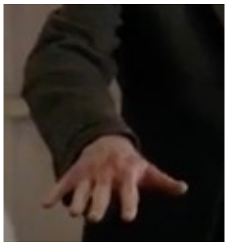
So there!

But before that, now that I think about it, something else amazing happened:

Jacqui and I had taken a walk near beaver creek in the late afternoon and had made our way through the *brush*.







And on my right arm, inner lower arm, there was an itch in the evening, also small red dots, and I scratched and put ointment on, it sure was an ***allergic reaction against a plant,*** but not a stinging nettle bite, because those I know well. And then, I watched a bit of ***"Downton Abbey"***, a show I had heard so much about but never watched, and as I skipped through it, there was a scene where ***a man had a rash on his hands – because of an allergic reaction after contact with a plant!*** *What are the odds of "finding" something, while I had just put on ointment because of some kind of reaction after breaking through the bush.*

No such odds!

Of course, when I felt the right-thigh-sting I thought, at first, it had to do with that, too. But there was no rash, not even one single tiny red spot, unlike on my arm!

I also keep thinking about the fact that (in real life) Bob, after our first time together where we couldn't keep our hands off each other, over night, literally, resorted to not wanting to touch me anymore. So this our "no-touch" relationship over long stretches of time, seems now to be some kind of practice to the situation as it is now. Also the fact that we were apart for years and yet had an intense relationship seems to have been practice for what is now … ***"It's not so much different,"*** I just said to Bob yesterday, ***"I know you exist, I miss you, I think of you, I talk to you, but I can't see or hear or touch you."*** Well.

June 5, 2021 **– SMS, Rudolf & the rabbit & the Hawaiian lei & the Furry Toy Animal**

This morning, I woke up so happy that what I had just experienced was only a **dream** … I had escaped a horribly dangerous and perverted situation …. Wow, how can one dream something like this. I don't even want to describe it in detail, it was about a surgical operation on my *vagina*, a nice doctor who was a transvestite, and he and I got *captured* by a pervert in a large room that belonged to a factory, but I made it out and while running away I ended up deeper in the building, in some kind of washing or heating room, and there was a garbage truck, for some reason, picking up boxes, and I slipped into one of them and was loaded up onto that truck … and when it drove outside, I realized that my head and shoulders were showing, but *suddenly I was a man*, early thirties, short blond hair, and I saw a large garbage bag next to me and pulled it over my head and shoulders. There was something about having to save someone else or having to return to some task … I can't remember. All I know is that there was some kind of reddish lit inner city atmosphere with thick walls and narrow alleys, and the poor doctor, who had done the surgery on me … my vagina needed to be moved, yup, in the genital area, but it was somehow sick and needed to be cut up and then sewed together again. And there was another doctor, now I remember, who was also involved in that surgery and who was the dangerous, bad guy, and he kept saying that what my vagina was like now, was not pretty or even acceptable, but at least I would live. But then I got a mirror, and my vagina looked like the one of a very young girl, and also very pick, almost white, no hairs, a very small hole like of a virgin … and while dreaming I thought oh shit, how can I dream something like that. But I was relieved … and there was another woman, I think, and we both were in our late twenties, early thirties, and that's when we had to flee from that bad doctor, who was a dangerous criminal. And he caught me, … oh yes, now I remember, lying on my back, with him holding scissors over me, and I thought, okay, even if he hurts me very badly, it will end eventually … but I mustered up my strength, got up and ran away. And I knew I had to get to some kind of … I don't know, maybe train, or bus to escape. There was even some kind of community situation, in that building, there were other room, and I belonged there, but I was in so much danger, I couldn't get there … And then that nice doctor came, who was dressed in a very colorful long dress, he was very tall, like Bob had been, and he was a Bob-type, very handsome and big and strong, with longer hair. And he gesticulated, kind of embarrassed about having been caught in his transvestite outfit … and he turned to the bad doctor … and that guy ended up taking him prisoner … but not before he told me to be very careful with my new vagina, because it could kill me or I could die anyway …

… and after that I ran and ended up in that basement garbage room and escaped.

Phew.

So now I'll drive to Velden to see my mother and will swim, too, at least in one lake. I have to do that, to "find" me, in a way.

(Later)

On the way to Velden I stopped at the treehouse field … and there was a ***thumbs-up in the clouds.*** And **two other clouds** … approaching each other, like connecting. (Later it turned out that it was "meant" to be some kind of "comfort" in advance?)

(Later)

Horrible experience … finding my mother drunk and so unstable on her feet, that I had to support her several times. I was so upset, told her that I'd go for a brief walk with Jacqui and then be back. 20 minutes later, when I rang the doorbell again, she opened in her underpants. And wearing nothing else. I held her a speech, and all I could do is hope for the best and leave, as she said she'd lie down to sleep now.

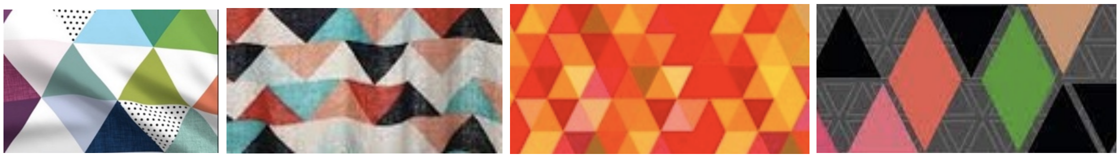
Tomorrow I'll visit her again, and I'll give her three options.

Before that, on the highway, the "communication" was actually astounding.

I thought intensely of sending an **SMS** (phone text message) to **Petra**, the woman that seems to have befriended my ***father***, Edith's former hairdresser, because I want to know how Sandy is and tell Petra that I'll inform the caretaking court about the situation … and I was saying out loud what I could tell her about my father. Right then I drove by a parking lot, and there was a truck with **"rudolf.by"** on it! My father's name is "Rudolf", and the "by" could mean "bye" … and as I was thinking what that could mean, maybe that I should "let go" of stuff regarding my father, a car passed by mine, with large sticker across the entire back-windshield, and it read: "**SMS**".

Wow. Then came "VK IV 1", and it seemed significant, as well as later, on the way back: "222 FF" and "2RA2".

I did try to ***"meet in the tunnel"***, but when I found myself in the hallway of housie, all I could see was a ***geometrical pattern*** on some kind of ***cloth*** or ***fabric band***, kind of on the wall to my left, where the toilet door was … it was *red, green, white, maybe black and dark blue* … some pattern that looked *familiar*, consisting of triangles …



… but it was fleeting, and it actually reminded me of the pattern that would waver in front of my eyes when I had a migraine attack … those were tiny geometrical patterns, really small triangles, and they started as a small thin line and would extend until they would fill the entire "picture" of the eye in which it occurred … so that kind of triangle-pattern I saw on a cloth on the wall … but no Bob.

Driving, I talked to Bob and asked him to "put something into my hand" … and it was a **brown furry stuffed animal, a toy animal,** like "Furby", but something else, as a proof, that he was here. Actually, now that I think about it – maybe I asked him that already on the short walk on the treehouse field path today, before driving up to the highway … where the amazing **cloud** formation was? **Two clouds** … **fitting** together so well, same height, like interlocking, and a **"thumbs-up" cloud**, too …

I took Jacqui to lake **Forestlake** before driving to my mother, and there was the loveliest greeting: I parked on a random spot on the parking lot, and as I got out of the car, I saw that there were a **gray toy rabbit** and a **Hawaiian lei i**n the car next to mine!

And we walked around the lake – but to my very big disappointment, there is so little water in it. It was scorching hot in that moon landscape, but I got Jacqui down to the water so that he could swim. Coming back to the parking lot, there was a van with "**911 EI**" as license plate number, dog's paws stickers and the words "*Morgen kann kommen", "Tomorrow may come*". **"9/11" of the year 2018 was when I saw Bob for the last time.**

Morgen kann kommen.
A
VI 911 EI
www.SELLNER.at

Then, I drove to the small parking booth next to the road on the shore of lake Wörthersee, beautiful, turquoise Wörthersee, and I went for the first swim of the year. It was wonderful. The lake must have 19 or 20 degrees, just wonderful. I really must find a spot where Jacqui can also swim in this clear wonderful water. Then we drove to my mother …

Maybe the **rabbit** and the **Hawaiian lei** were Bob's way of saying "I'm with you, witnessing what you are going through, too." So my question is, then, ***"And how would you finally help me, in concrete, obstructed, mortal, material terms so that this fucked up life isn't in vain?"***

Driving back to Griffen, I was so upset and confused about having left her alone, that I was literally unstable on my feet myself when I got out of the car. What have I done? Trusted. What should I have done? Put her into a psychiatric hospital to sober up and get a dementia evaluation? I just have such fear of this step … so tomorrow, I'll drive up there again and talk to her clear text.

Then I chose an entirely new series that I've never heard before, just to occupy my mind for a little bit, ***"The Unusual Suspects"*** … but I've watched about 10 minutes now and have no idea what it's about … but a guy just now showed up, and **he is holding a furry stuffed brown animal, a lion, actually!**

What are the odds? Bob had just given it into my hand! ***A brown furry toy animal!*** *And here it is! In a random series I just picked on a whim?!*

Again, there are no odds. Why would that guy hold a toy lion anyway? I don't know. But "I picked" just the right movie to receive a greeting … from "them". From Bob. I think. Can be someone else, too, from the beyond.

I'm so … down. Really am. Seeing my mother like this, like this broken old crazy woman, who again started hatefully whispering at me calling me a "witch" … and I didn't keep my mouth shut, I really talked to her … until I realized that there is no point. Letting her get back into her apartment, where she suddenly leaves the light off in the hallway, but it used to be on all the time … it broke my heart. But what should I have done? She wouldn't let me stay with the dog, she wouldn't come with me, and I couldn't bring myself to call … well, call who? I would have to call some crisis helper … can't all the ambulance or the police, and of course she doesn't see that there is a problem.

I must agree it made me enormously angry to see her drunk and swear that she never drinks. I fetched the wine bottle from the sink and held it right at her … and she just shrugged her shoulders. I also told her to stop doing the spitting into her hands and rubbing her hands with her spit. I'm done holding myself back.

Tomorrow will be the ultimate talk. And I'll record it. I recorded her today, too. She could barely bring out words, and did her typical drunk-gesticulating, that causes may decades old frustrations to flare up like hellfire.

The swim was wonderful.

I'll need a lot of such swims now. I also realized today, putting on the swimsuit, that I'm effectively an old chunky woman now. I hate to see myself like this … of course, I'm not really fat, I'm only "big" compared to how I was. And I want to be slender. There is no self-image of mine being a heavy horse.

June 6, 2021 – **The Dream & the Movie**

What a dream. An **erotic dream** in which I fell totally in love **with a foreign man**, a worker of some kind:

I was at an **airport**, maybe with my **mother**, not sure, but with someone else, and I was in some kind of alleyway and looked down on a pathway that belonged to the employees section, and there was a group of men, and one of them … no, wait, that's already the second part of the dream. Shit, I don't remember the first part how I met that man … I just know that somehow *we stood facing each other,* in the airport building among many people, typical airport atmosphere, and we were so fascinated of each other, and somehow this was a meeting or even a "union" that was very unusual … it had to do something with a **song** … that he had sung? Or had there been a concert? I don't know. But I got entirely infatuated with him. The woman who was with me, maybe not my mother but an old friend, was very surprised about this … I also tried to ignore my feelings, and in my dream I thought that I'd not see him again anyway, because he had to go work somewhere, maybe back in the country where he was from? And at the same time I knew that I was so much older, and that it couldn't be. So I moved through the airport with others, I think even my brother was there, and I needed a **jacket**. A new jacket. And I suddenly was wearing one, red, blue, white … I don't remember what it was about that jacket, but strangely, it also had to do with the real life **pressure-air gun** that I own, and I owned it in my dream, and I wanted to use it, but I don't know for what.

Then I learned from somebody (?) that the very man was looking for me and wanted to see me again. I think there was a letter, and I knew that his name was … well, I can't remember it anymore, but it started with a **"Tur…….."** and I think it had four syllables, and maybe it ended with a "t", and there was definitely a "ka" in it somewhere … (like "Turmekanat" … "Turkemanet" … "Turkamaturent?")

So I looked down that kind of balustrade in the alley-way to an **employee pathway**, and there he was, down there, in the **group**. And I knew that he was longing to see me, and I raised my **arm** to get his attention … and at first it didn't work … somehow there is the color red involved, not sure how … but eventually someone from the group notices, and then "T." saw me, and he was so happy! And we ended up meeting each other again, and we kissed! And then, suddenly, a female **airport employee** came and told me that she had the **perfect jacket** for me. At first I didn't want to go, because I would have to leave "T.", but he encouraged me … and I was sure that we'd be together again.

Strangely, the dream from last night, about the surgery and the vagina seemed to seep into this scenario … and definitely I was on my way to something dangerous … So I followed that **female airport employee, pretty, dark long hair** in some kind of official hairstyle**, who was wearing a uniform,** into the deep maze of corridors in the airport building into the basement, where we entered some kind of "**party room**", with a bar and stools and lots of bottles and glasses and boxes … and from one of the **boxes she pulled a jacket** and handed it to me. I immediately thought it looked ridiculous, but the longer I wore it, the more I realized that the old "new" jacket that I had just worn wasn't really practical, and it had a sharp round neckline instead of a collar and no lapel … So the **new jacket was olive green with a military "parka" feel,** and it reached way over my butt, and the sleeves were long, and they ended in some kind of **light-blue "gloves without fingers",** with at least a hole to put my thumb through. It looked ridiculous, and I said to the employee that I knew that everyone would laugh about this, but she said that as long I like it, that was the important thing. The jacket had some kind of "front inlay", covering my chest all the way to about the belly button, and it consisted of a **thick plush-like material**, like bathroom slippers are made off or very thick towels, and it was also **light-blue** with a **turquoise tint**. The jacket had several colorful, like red and green patterned adornments, like laces or something … and it had deep pockets and a thick collar, and it felt light and comfy and great to wear.

The employee and I left the basement … and I thanked her, and she disappeared …

As I entered the airport section again, I was so relieved **to see "T." with my mother and my brother** and someone else, waiting for me, and I stood there with my ridiculous jacket. "T." came to embrace me, and I told him that I had been in the basement in the party room, and it somehow felt like I was telling him a secret, a*nd that it was* ***impossible for anyone*** *to get into that section where I had just been* … Immediately after I appeared, "T." had to leave, but we embraced, and he said that he liked the jacket … and for some reason I saw myself at some kind of flowing water like a creek, out in nature, with that jacket …

And "T." said that we'll meet again later, and … there was something else about our union, something weird, like again, I want to say something about a ***song*** …? Then I woke up.

Wow. I was so in love with that "T.", and I did admit to it in my dream and was willing to give the relationship an actual shot. Being awake, I realized, though, that this was a relationship that was so strange, and that the fact that the man – *very tall, broad shoulders, a very handsome kind of sharp-featured face, brown hair, wearing some kind of brown coat or jacket* – was interested in me was strange.

I actually realized that it was not time to get up yet, and I wanted to keep sleeping and dreaming on, and I think I did for a short time … but then I remembered the situation with my mother … and I forced myself to get up. It was almost 10 a.m.

I took Jacqui for a morning walk – and along came ***landlady Andrea with Marshall!*** This was so nice! He and Jacqui met, and I could finally fulfill my dream of really touching and patting Marshall again. It was so sweet! I love the little guy. It was interesting that Jacqui ate grass and then regurgitated it, and Marshall watched it and gagged, too! Andrea also found it sweet. Then Marshall ran away, into some gardens, and of course he didn't listen when she called his name. I called him too, and he came to me.

I later wrote her an email explaining a lot of things about how to teach dogs to behave and all kinds of helpful stuff including links and two photos showing Marshall in front of the fence in winter … as proof that they hadn't given a shit and hint that I possess a lot of interesting documentation …

Before driving to Velden, I took Jacqui for a short walk along the creek, and I called my mother. She didn't pick up. I already feared the worst. After a few minutes she called me back, and she sounded entirely normal. And I tried to sound cheerful, too, told her I was coming for a visit.

I went to ***lake Saissersee*** first, in the rain, to gather some energy …

My mother was sober and not hurt and looked fine. And she looked hostile. I had imagined so intensely what I'd tell her today, how I'd tell her that if I catch her one more time drunk, I will get the ambulance and have her detoxed and given a psych-evaluation … but when I was with her and told her, how bad a condition she had been in yesterday and how upset I had been and that this can't happen again, her face turned so hostile … so I didn't say much, except for emphasizing that she should go outside more to detox her body … and she obviously wanted me to leave. I did … not saying anything that I had prepared in my mind. She was fine, okay, that got to be enough for me right now.

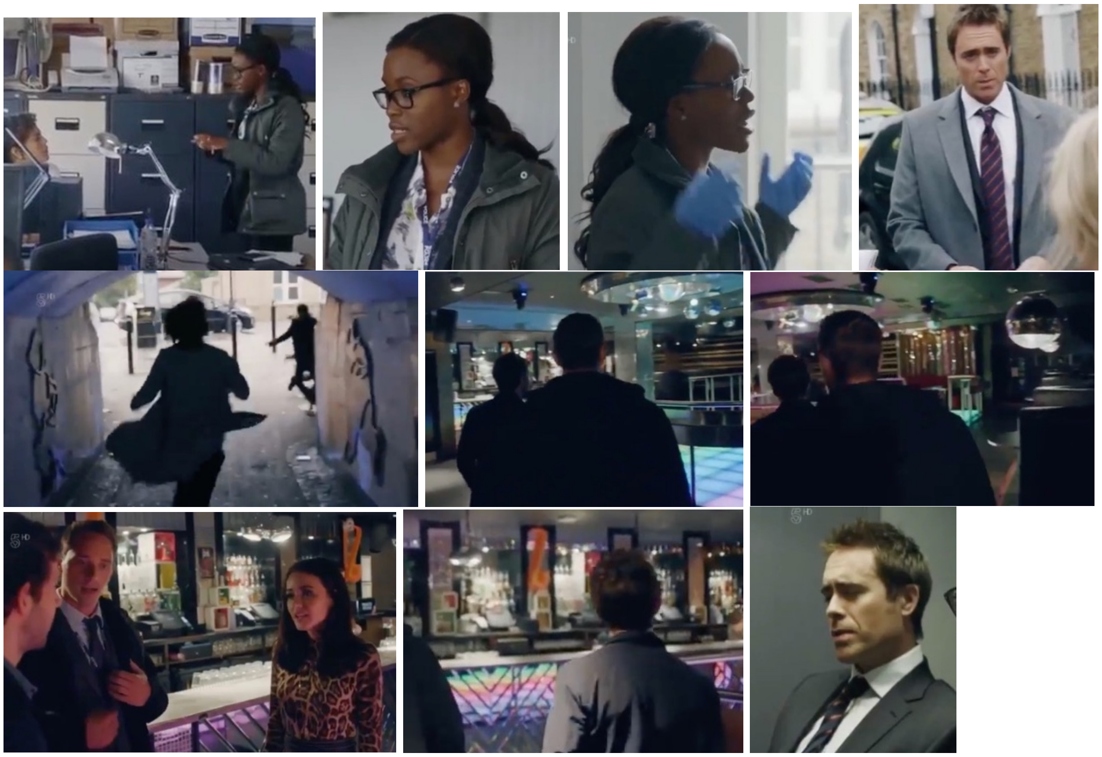
I made a decision for myself. When I call her and she sounds "off" next time, I will announce that if I find her drunk, I'll get her to a psychiatric hospital.

Today, I was as nice as possible, but since she wouldn't take a walk and doesn't talk, I only was there briefly. She said she was so happy that she was able to just do things slowly and watch TV.

Fine. At least she was outspoken and sober, and there was virtually no sign of dementia. I will talk to her about dementia, though, next time, I promised myself that.

Then I went for a swim in lake Wörthersee, all alone there, it was cold and wonderful. I feel entirely "me" in the water … and I told Bob that it's a perk of having a body to be able to enjoy swimming in water the way we mortals do.

(Later)
Oh wow! My **dream** … ***just has been reflected back to me!*** Last night I had discovered the police procedural series "***Suspects***" from 2014, but I only watched one episode. Just earlier, I decided to start the final season, 5, and there they are: The ***jacket***, the "***blue inlay*** in the front", the ***light blue*** "***gloves***" (but fingers, still!), the ***party-room,*** and even the "***basement***" and the dark-haired "***employee***" there! I mean, that's almost "too much" as of very clear reflection … we are talking about my subconscious here, "giving" me impressions from … somewhere and "**zumbuddy**"! That's very direct!



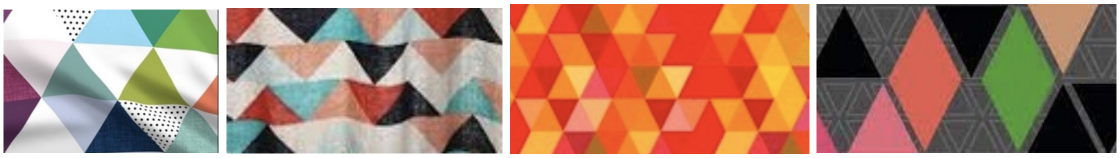
Wow! What does this mean? Bob telling me that my dream can work as actual communication devices? He knew what I was going to watch tonight! I mean, just look at this and re-read my dream description! And the best part: Even **the man in my dream** is here, that new police guys, that's the ***face of the "T."-man*** I fell in love with in my dream! Geez! Yes, I do find that man attractive.

June 7, 2021 – **The Cloth & the Triangles, The Dirtball & the Golden Globe**

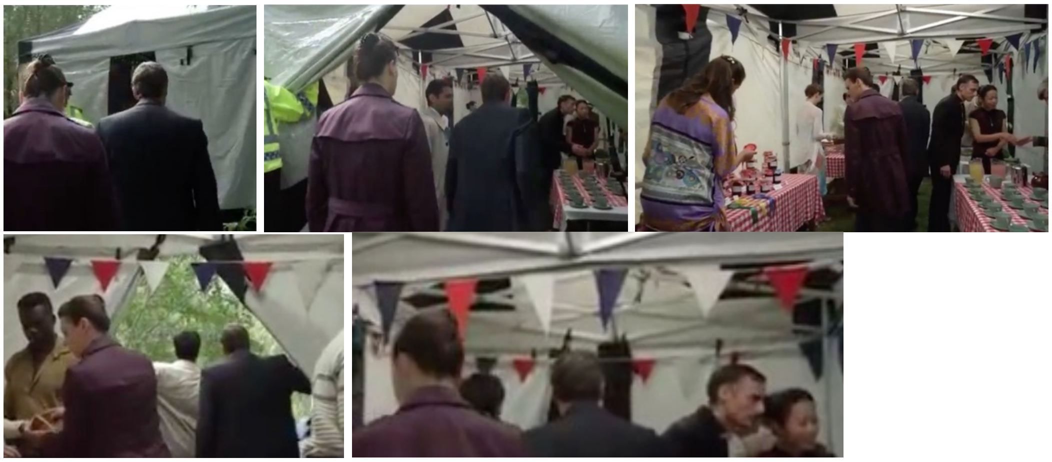
Now, that's something. I just started watching a British Crime comedy series called ***"A Touch of Cloth"***, I had seen the title in a review about "***Suspects***" that I had started watching yesterday … but won't finish. It's unbearable to me, I don't like any of the actors, and it's a non-scripted series with the actors improvising and lots of blurry and shaky cam, and it's horrible, really … except for the message in it.

WORLD'S
GREATEST
DEAD

So I just realized, when a police officer said to the guy named "Cloth": "***… I want it on my table, Cloth!***" that it's about that ***geometry-patterned piece of cloth*** – that I saw in the ***tunnel-hallway-vision*** the other day and didn't know what to do with at all! That's why I saw it? Because I'd discover "A Touch of Cloth" from 2012, shot in 4:3-ratio!?



(A few minutes later)
I wanted to start writing pitches to Zero Gravity Management, but couldn't help watching some more of ***"A Touch of Cloth"***, even though I find it totally silly and not nice to watch … and there they were: **triangles**! **In a line! Like a band, and pattern!**



So there is no way this is a coincidence that I saw the ***"triangle pattern like a band" in the tunnel!*** It works everytime! It was a heads up about what I was going to see soon! And even more … it's a hint of a "***tunnel***" too, the way they walk into that tent.

I got to admit, even I was baffled shitless just now … even though deep inside I knew that "something" was going to come up in this silly movie. And here it is. It means that in those tunnels I'm really open to impressions from "the other side". My subconscious is translating just fine so that I am consciously able to simply accept what I "see".

Proof, again. Oh why can't I share this with anyone?

(Later)

The communication flows just … "miraculously". And I hope and pray that one day, many people will read this so that they can "live to see it" with me … what I'm experiencing. It has become a kind of quiet experience when I realize that Bob and I are communicating and that he is really here with me … because what should I do? Shout out loud? To whom? All I can do is quietly sit down and write it down … like I do right now:

The Dirtball & the Golden Globe & the Nose rubbing

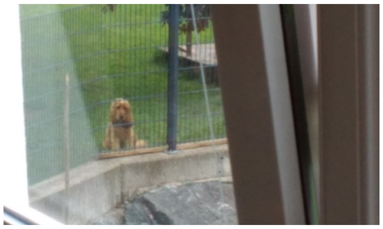
I took Jacqui on a **late evening walk**, after I had started querying Zero Gravity Management with my movie scripts … I'll do that with most of them, I just feel I must put myself out there. It's going to be me "on the map" not Bob, but in a way, Bob too.

So I walked in the dusk with Jacqui, and I had such a strong impression of Bob … and I put out my hand and said *"Put something into my hand, Bob, if you are really here."* And immediately, ***a brown ball of dirt or "mist" in German***, which means a mix of hay, earth and animal dung appeared in my hand, with hay sticking out, brown and the size of a ball that fits into my hand. "Great" I thought, not thinking much of it.

On the way back … at the corner where I walk all the time, exactly that brown ball of "mist" was lying in a spot where usually there is no such thing … right there, on my path … the brown ball that I had ***"received in my hand"*** from Bob as "proof" that he was with me. I was baffled, as I walked on …

So walking up the hill I put my other hand out and said ***"Put something into my hand … about something that I'm going to see this evening …"*** and ***a "golden sphere or globe"*** appeared right away! Again, I was doubtful, because I have received one before (and it had appeared in real life!), but this one was kind of fuzzy.

So back home, I ate the remaining pasta … and I googled *"Midsomer Murders"*, seemed fitting, as I saw Marshall's fuckhead owner, J., of course nobody walks the dog again, and he had howled an hour this afternoon after his other owner, M., as she took a stroll down the hill in the sunshine with the stroller to pick up her daughter from Kindergarten. All over the place mothers have their dogs with them with the strollers, only this shithead is unable to walk her own dog … I can't express how much I hate these fuckers. How unfair to Marshall, I wish he'd run away …



So I had read ***"Midsomer Murders"*** somewhere as a title of a crime series, turns out there are already 22 seasons! And I chose season 22, and in the first minutes – ***the golden globe appears!*** It's "fuzzy" alright! Oh wow! This is just … wonderful. And sad. Because even if Bob is here, I can't see or touch or hear him, I miss our life together so much …

Just earlier, before I saw the ***dung apple***, I thought and talked about how maybe I was the one to "save" Bob but from an early stage of our relationship, and yet, I did, I really tried … and that acquaintance of mine, Alf, a psychologist, had then told me "Always ask the right questions". I mean, what a great motto to be put right into my face. But I didn't live up to it! I should have been totally outspoken to Bob … but because he was so volatile and took everything he thought was criticism the wrong way and got angry at me for nothing, I didn't dare to upset him. Actually, that's a ***pattern***, right? I didn't speak my mind to Marshall's owner … I should … I didn't to my mother, back in my teenage and young adult years, never did it to my father, and not to Edith either … always respecting when they let me know that they "didn't want to be bothered" or "burdened".

And now? I'm in big shit. It's me who fucked up, really, right, Bob?

And I did speak out lout about these things earlier, outside, and I had an impression of an "**eyeroll**" and asked ***Bob if he had just rolled his eyes***, because he must have thought *"Come on, Dany, you know already why everything had to happen the way it did?!"* Yes, sure I should know.

And just when I thought I must quickly write down this amazing synchronicity about *"Midsomer Murders"*, I felt an ***itch at the right side of my nose, and I scratched it*** – and just then, a second later, ***a character in "Midsomer Murders" scratches his nose the same way!*** Also with his index finger, the way I had done it! It's not often that someone scratches their nose at all in movies! But this man just did it right after I did it! Far fetched? Maybe.

PARAMOUNT
DANCE
EXTRAVAGANZA

(Wow!) I looked back at the screen, and a ***murdered woman*** was found on the show … and there are ***two brown balls next to her!*** And a tube of "***Aloe gel***" which I find odd, but then, must mean something.

June 8, 2021 – **The "Flying Dog Bob" & the Logo + The appearance & the snail**

Horrible scare about my mother … I called her, she tried to pick up, I could hear it, but then the phone went out, and everytime I called, it went to voicemail. I feared for the worst and ***drove to Velden!*** The only cars that attracted my attention where two, one right after the other, that overtook me, "**BAD 1**" and "**MAD 1**", but they had nothing to do with each other.

She was fine! Only a bit tipsy, which really isn't good, but nothing had happened, she had only pushed the phone's buttons so much and confusedly that the phone didn't ring anymore.

I went to ***lake Saissersee*** and thought about how bad I had felt driving and how my heart was hurting and I barely could think. Jacqui went for a nice swim in the lake, and then I drove to Wörthersee lake and swam there, in the turquoise cool wonderful water. I tried to share the experience with Edith … and I would like to know if she received it.

I barely thought about **Bob**, only when my glance fell on my *dripping swimsuit* that I had put on a towel on the dashboard, I asked him: ***"If you sit here again, like last time, does your butt get wet?"***

Then back on the highway … and the tunnels came. I tried to "see myself in the hallway", but it was hard. I repeated my question: "***What is a wet discarnate butt like?"***

And as I was "back in the hallway", a **turtle** showed up. No idea what it meant. It just crossed the hallway right in front of my feet.

The next tunnel came … and I wondered along the hallway, to the corner were I turned to Bob's edit room a thousand times … and there was **Bob** who came around the corner and kind of blocked my path, hindering me from walking further! And the most stunning thing: He was dressed like a "***white ghost"***, or rather a ***"flying dog"***, with spread out arms and legs, except for his Bob-head totally covered by that fabric, like an overall, but not even the hands or feet were visible, it was all just *"spread out white fabric between the four corners of his hands and feet" with Bob's head on top.* It did look somehow *familiar*, like those flying or rather gliding animals … He did not look at me, though, and his facial expression was very serious. So I started to talk about what that could mean and told Bob what I had seen, described the impression, hoping to get some kind of insight. But it remained strangely blank. I imagined, in another tunnel, that Bob would wrap himself around me, but then it changed to me embracing that white-stuff-Bob …

In one tunnel, suddenly I was back in the hallway – and there was Bob! Smiling, no, grinning in a good mood, tall, heavy-set, the ***typical Bob in all his warmth and familiarity*** … oh now, that I'm writing this, it's like I'm embracing him, that's how closely I can feel him.

So I said *"There you are! So that strange white-cloth-ghost-outfit doesn't really mean you are now some kind of alien or stuck somewhere. It's something else?"*

Right then, I kind of "saw" the image of an old-fashioned **golden key.**

Just a few minutes later … after some thoughtless or lost in thoughts driving … **I suddenly drove by the "Bob in the ghost outfit"!** Jesus Christ (and I think I said that)! ***Bob had shown me was I***

was about to see in real life – and that means he was telling me that he was right with me in the car! Just look at this! SSB! It's the logo of a building company!

Boo
SSB
BauGmbH
Sanierung-Straße-Brücke

Of course I had seen that before on my trips … that's why it looked familiar, but this time, Bob had shown up "as this logo" in the hallway! I grabbed the phone, thinking that maybe it would come up again – and sure enough! There was another such sign, and that's why I was able to photograph it!

It's amazing. It's just … natural. That's the word that just came to my mind.

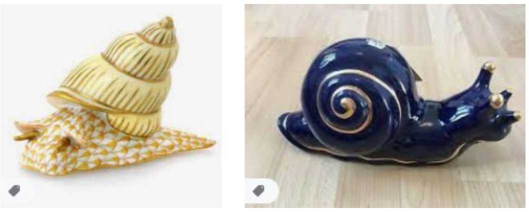
And something else happened: As I swam in the Wörthersee lake and looked way up into the clouds, those ***clouds formed a line of curly ocean waves!*** Distinctly! And then I saw it: A ***red paraglider*** was right up there! Way way way up … so high, that when I looked a side, I took a while to see it again, even though I knew where it was. How amazing to have seen that! Impossible, normally, had I not been attracted by the curly-ocean-waves-clouds!

(Later)

The appearance and the snail

Long phone call with Elisabeth, whose partner J. just got his secondary tumor removed from the prostate, after having been treated for bladder cancer … and she seems to think that he'll be okay, even though there is more cancer now and radiation is required. It was a very personal conversation, also about Covid, and we are pretty much on the same page. I mentioned my communications with Bob … and E. seemed to be slightly uncomfortable, but I wasn't going into it much.

Later I was brushing my teeth and thinking if the *"put something into my hand"* also would work with Elisabeth … and right away, a tall woman with dark hair in her late sixties wearing a long brown-red coat stood to my right, and in that instant I said "**Moers**", because that's the word *E. used for her mother*, who passed away suddenly many years ago. The interesting thing was that she had, in her eighties, decided to divorce her old husband, and the entire family was outraged. And soon after, she died, for no apparent "reason". So ***I "saw" E.'s mother next to me***, and she held a **heavy big porcelain snail** at me, about the size of a fist, white and with gold painting …

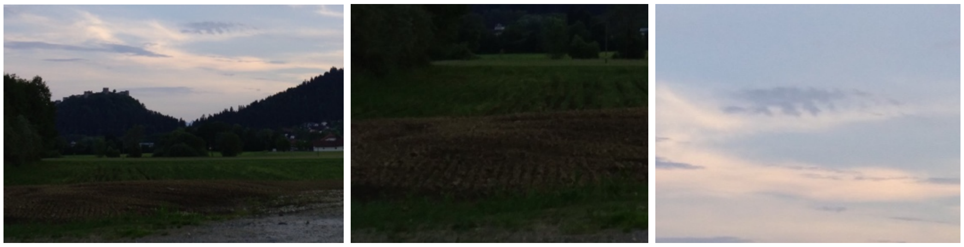


That was it. It was clear and sudden. I wrote it to Elisabeth, curious now, if that snail has a meaning to her or will have, or will appear for me. **Also, it was the first time that I had an impression of a person standing next to me. The first time. Ever.**

Also … **"the brown dirt ball"** showed up in many ways since yesterday … including a ***dirt ball with roots and a succulent plant*** … lying right there on the path to Schlossberg mountain, uprooted. (*Note: Later I planted it on my brother Peter's grave.)*

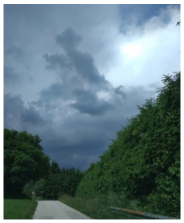
June 9, 2021 **– Cloud Mimics Field & Greeting in the Sky**

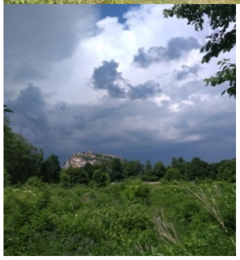
Took a morning walk, as always … and felt compelled to take a picture of the castle … only later I saw that I had also caught the field and a **pattern in the sky – that mimicked the field!**

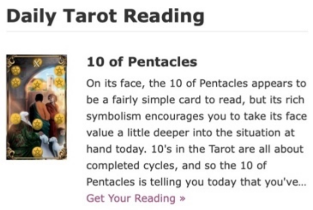


Also … there was grass … taller than the usual **grass** … it seemed to speak to me … like "some are sticking out from the crowd".

Took a walk with Jacqui, like always … so much longing for Bob … and as I returned to the car, I noticed: a figure **waving** at me … **a cloud figure.**





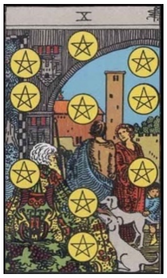


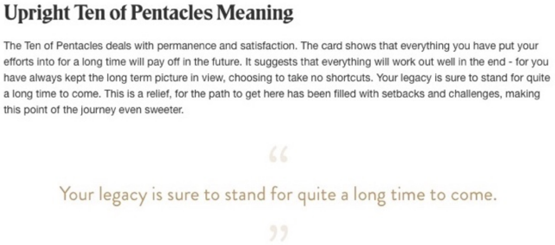
Daily Tarot Reading

10 of Pentacles

On its face, the 10 of Pentacles appears to be a fairly simple card to read, but its rich symbolism encourages you to take its face value a little deeper into the situation at hand today. 10's in the Tarot are all about completed cycles, and so the 10 of Pentacles is telling you today that you've...

Get Your Reading »

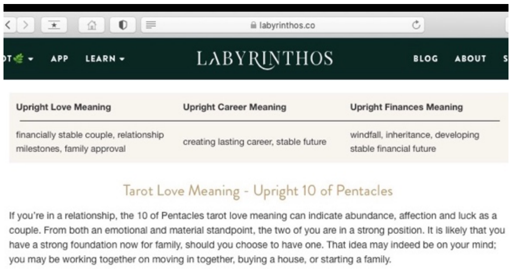




Upright Ten of Pentacles Meaning

The Ten of Pentacles deals with permanence and satisfaction. The card shows that everything you have put your efforts into for a long time will pay off in the future. It suggests that everything will work out well in the end - for you have always kept the long term picture in view, choosing to take no shortcuts. Your legacy is sure to stand for quite a long time to come. This is a relief, for the path to get here has been filled with setbacks and challenges, making this point of the journey even sweeter.

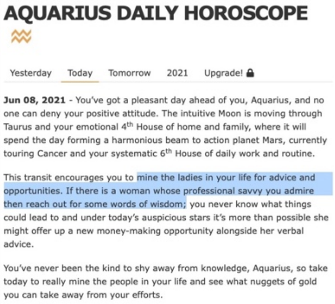
“Your legacy is sure to stand for quite a long time to come.”



Upright Love Meaning	Upright Career Meaning	Upright Finances Meaning
financially stable couple, relationship milestones, family approval	creating lasting career, stable future	windfall, inheritance, developing stable financial future

Tarot Love Meaning - Upright 10 of Pentacles

If you're in a relationship, the 10 of Pentacles tarot love meaning can indicate abundance, affection and luck as a couple. From both an emotional and material standpoint, the two of you are in a strong position. It is likely that you have a strong foundation now for family, should you choose to have one. That idea may indeed be on your mind; you may be working together on moving in together, buying a house, or starting a family.



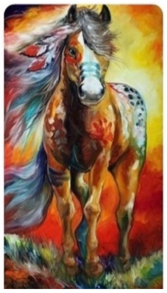
AQUARIUS DAILY HOROSCOPE

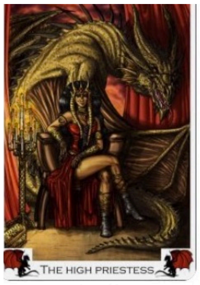
Yesterday Today Tomorrow 2021 Upgrade!

Jun 08, 2021 - You've got a pleasant day ahead of you, Aquarius, and no one can deny your positive attitude. The intuitive Moon is moving through Taurus and your emotional 4th House of home and family, where it will spend the day forming a harmonious beam to action planet Mars, currently touring Cancer and your systematic 6th House of daily work and routine.

This transit encourages you to mine the ladies in your life for advice and opportunities. If there is a woman whose professional savvy you admire then reach out for some words of wisdom; you never know what things could lead to and under today's auspicious stars it's more than possible she might offer up a new money-making opportunity alongside her verbal advice.

You've never been the kind to shy away from knowledge, Aquarius, so take today to really mine the people in your life and see what nuggets of gold you can take away from your efforts.





June 10, 2021

Horrible dream … about a woman and her daughter and me passing by on a winding road as they kind of lived in some kind of open house … and for some reason it felt as if Bob had been there, but he was no more, and in my dream I was crying and crying and crying for him … and I think I kind of woke up in between and realized that I was so unbearably sad and grieving that I didn't know what to do with myself … and I dreamed on and kept crying. The feeling of loss was so strong that I felt like suffocating, and in the dream I thought that I'd never get over it.

Something about a dog having sex with a tiny cat was in there too … but it's now evening, I can't remember.

This day was horrible … I tried to call my mother, taking a noon walk with Jacqui … and finding **tiny white jelly candy rabbits on the ground! -** and she wouldn't pick up.

I was so desperate, and I could feel how my body gets weak when this happens, and there is a sharp burning sensation under my breastbone, and I'm very short of breath walking with Jacqui. So I was about to drive to Velden at about 3 p.m., but then a huge thunderstorm came and I had work to do … and I felt so exhausted. So I couldn't leave. I kept thinking that what if my mother lies in her apartment alone … I know that she had been drinking regularly. And I must take measures …

So I took a walk after the rain, at about 5.30 p.m., and I called again several times – and suddenly she called me back! She said she was fine, and she talked in an entirely coherent way, but I could hear that she was not "normal". Something had happened. Maybe she had slept for a long time and just woken up after some alcohol stupor … I don't know. I do know that if she was to undergo some detox and a short stint at rehab, she would be in a great condition and could live on her own safely and have a good life and travel again. But I can't leave her like this.

And I can't bear that any longer either, the constant worrying …

I did submit my screenplay "Soroyan Hunter" to two agencies, and "Woodle" to another one, in Canada. Got to do something different here, can't keep living like this. Not feeling good all the time …

I found a new crime series, "***Professor T***", and there is a character, a police inspector, whose name is **"Paul Rabbit".** Wait … I found *jelly rabbits* this noon …

Tomorrow I'll drive to Velden.

Discovered a **Canadian agency**, somehow, on google, that accepts **screenplays** … so I submitted "Woodle", "Paradise", "Regents of Clouds" and "Hulihuli Moon". I realized that the CEO's name is "**Cockburn**"! Wow, one shouldn't joke about people's names, but I couldn't help it and wrote Gabi about it … His associate is a woman by the name of "Ball"! I mean, Bob's death from penis cancer with his "cock" having "burned" all the time, and then there is someone by the name "Cockburn"? I have such great hopes they'll rep me – for no reason!

June 11, 2021

I walk along the ***treehouse field path*** just to … feel like being with Bob sometimes. The clouds gave me a penis … well, several peni … and a lot of spectacle.

June 12, 2021 – **Hawaii-message & Cockburn in the Sky & the NCIS-chat**

Only today I drove to see my mother – and she was totally fine. No sign of alcohol or dementia, just like a somewhat limited-thinking elderly lady she was. It worries me, though, that she simply refuses to spend more time in fresh air except for her walking to the car and to the store and back, I can tell that she is not strong on her feet.

Walked along ***lake Saissersee*** after the visit, and I thought about how we used to be there, she and I … and there were huts that kids had built, and I thought even more about how things used to be.

And also later, when swimming in lake Wörthersee, how often we swam together … and that now she probably can't even walk for half an hour. But that's not necessary, she is simply lazy, she is only 77!

So during the first tunnels on the way to Velden, I had very strange impressions … Bob with something that looked like "eggs" or bumps in an egg container … in the "hallway", can't even think of much more …

Also on the way back, nothing that attracted my attention.

Oh, now I remember a **dream** … me somehow in a situation of being **chased** or something, and ***three men about to capture me***, in some kind of open room in a city, like a new building site? And I pretended to be weak and drunk and I was stumbling and crying on purpose, hoping that they would have sex with me! I woke up, kind of upset about myself …

I saw an amazing **horoscope** for me yesterday, about it being time for me to partner up in order to accomplish my long-wished for goals! Well no shit? But with whom? Amazing **clouds**, too.

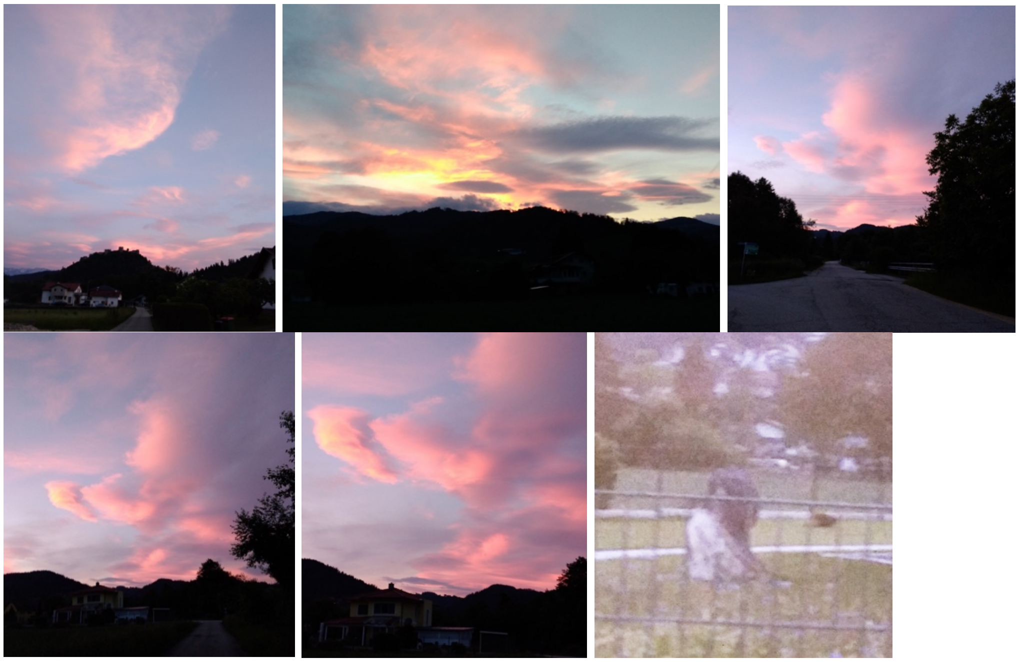
(Later)
In the morning, I had watched trailers … one of them **"9 Strangers"**, about some spiritual retreat. I didn't even watch the entire trailer, I stopped at this: A man, wearing a **"Hawaii"-T-shirt said "Some doors are meant to stay closed."**

That was the message. And during my Velden-trip I kept thinking about this. I am so very disappointed about the non-interest by the Maui people who I thought would be happy working on Bob's and my projects with me, who'd also see the merit. No such thing. Todd P., who even "inherited" (took) a lot of Bob's gear after Bob's death (oh, shit, writing this it just struck me that Bob is really dead, that this isn't a writing project here … makes my heart race and sweat break out) wrote back after I asked if he'd be interested in producing for money and asked for an estimate, that he wasn't sure he could "dedicate the time to the project". My heart sank so deep to never recover again. I will not work with him. And sitting in my car with Bob beside me, hopefully, I realized: What if I don't even do any kind of small Hawaii-project, if I were to do it, without Maui-producers? Why not make it an art project and take my own camera-person? Wow! ***That is actually the solution!***

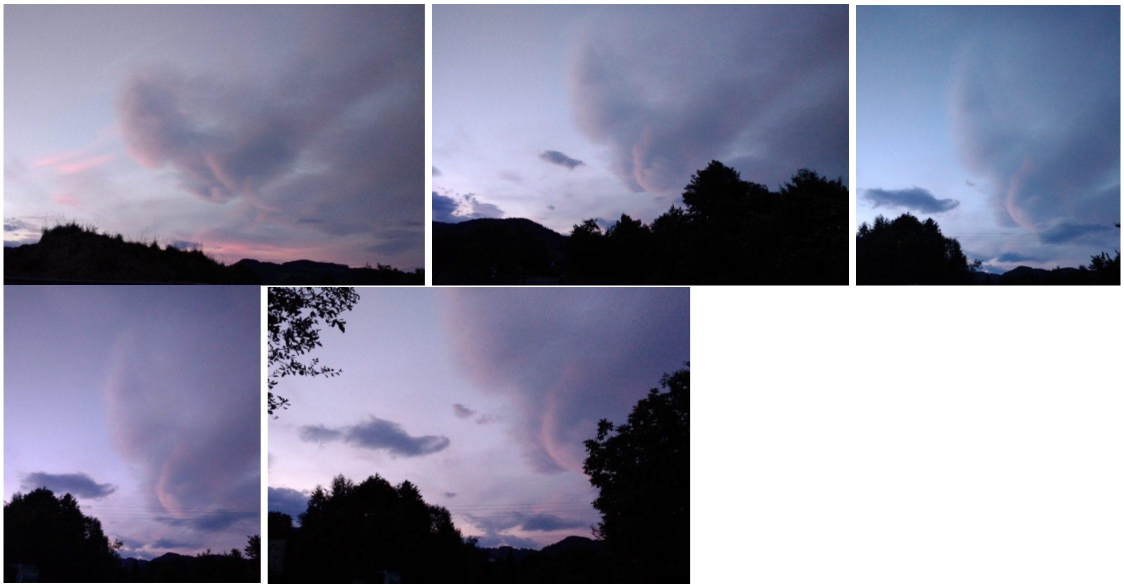
And just now, as I wrote this, I think this is the crowd-funding project I should do. I got to write my true response to Todd. I owe it to Bob. And to me.

Also … I talked to Bob, joking about the agency guy's name "***Cockburn***", and I said I wished that he could acknowledge this … and maybe it is what I say during my evening walk with Jacqui today.

I did see the "**burn**" first, in the North, right after the amazing view of the castle in the opposite direction, and we walked towards the castle … but I felt the need to turn around and not walk the loop but go the same way back (I actually discovered new kittens, Momi's bros and sis's, and brought them some food earlier!) … and there it was! A cloud that looked like "broken" … and it was right above that two-part stone that was put in that garden last year …

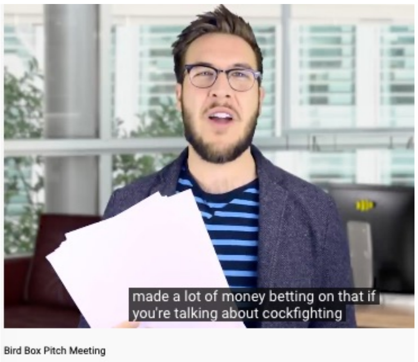


As I walked further, I noticed how fast the clouds were changing. And something very odd appeared: First I thought about a head, then a vagina, then a butt … then a **small cock about to fuck that butt,** but then … it turned into a set of "**balls**" with a huge "cock"! Actually, just one "ball" is prominent …



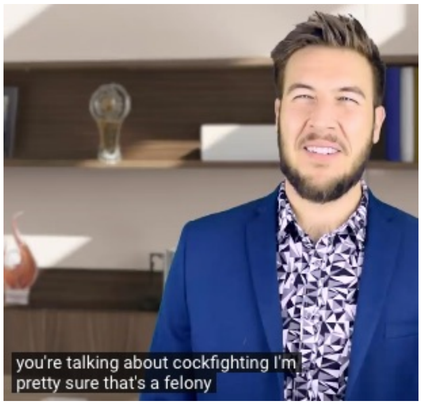
You be the judge, ***is that "Cockburn", together with the glow from with it arose, or what?***

(Later)
I watched a "*Pitch Meeting*" about the movie "*Birdbox*", and there it is: "***Cockfighting***"! Yes. Today. In a random Pitch Meeting …



made a lot of money betting on that if you're talking about cockfighting

Bird Box Pitch Meeting



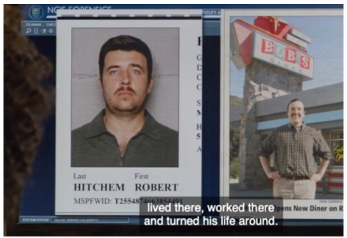
you're talking about cockfighting I'm pretty sure that's a felony

June 13, 2021 – ***NCIS – Full of Messages & the "Baseball Egg"***

Yesterday, I felt the urge to watch some ***"NCIS" from season 17 on***, that Bob didn't get to watch anymore, ***but he really loved that series,*** *and in the car, I had the sudden impression that I should watch it* … So I watched some earlier episodes, like when "Tony" found out that "Ziva" had died, and the then start of season 17 from 20219.

I'm sure Bob the disca loved it, because his name "**Bob**" showed up, (in "Bob's Diner"), "**Cockfighting**" showed up and even **"me", woman with long white hair painting under the picture of a "racoon",** chatting with "Gibbs" who is also a little like Bob when he had begun to really age, slowly losing his voice! And there is the conversation with "Ziva" about abandonment …

So many times I thought and said when Bob was still alive, that he'd never care about what I was doing, if I didn't stay connected with him, he wouldn't and wouldn't even care if I still was alive. Even Gibb's expression, his tight upper lip … ***so much like Bob*** would have reacted if confronted directly about "not trying", like Ziva told Gibbs …



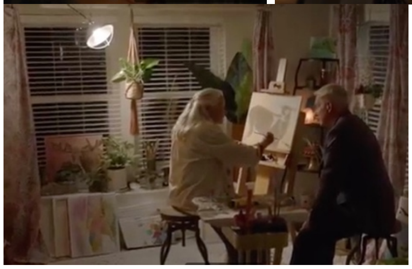
lived there, worked there and turned his life around.

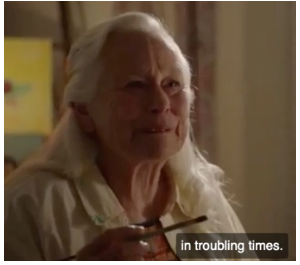
I waited for you, Gibbs.

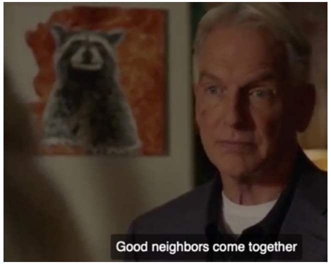
I would have lost you a thousand times, if that's what it took.

And you never came.

I waited and I waited and I waited.




in troubling times.


Good neighbors come together

And yes "I waited and waited and waited" … I did. Bob just couldn't help himself, couldn't get out of his ties … and if this all really is part of our own plan … I'll be really curious to find out.

I had thought about that and even said it out loud several times in the last days, as this is the ongoing pain with my parents too … they would have never checked on me, and if I'd die today, they wouldn't know or care. So often had I thought about this in regards to Bob between 2014 and 2018, and only after his death I had realize that his mind really had been "broken" for a while. I know that's the case with my father, too, just like with my mother, but today is "Father's Day", and I thought I'd call my father … but then, for what? Only because he is old now? He didn't give a shit about me for over 40 (!) years! And he was outright nasty to me in the last months. So calling him … for?

Anyway. **"NCIS" was a fundus of messages,** thanks, Bob. Again.

There was something funny, too … yesterday, I lied down to watch some "NCIS", and my ***dog Jacqui sat down next to me, and his face took on a truly unnatural expression***. He sat upright, and ***he kept looking over my shoulder,*** towards the blue painting, his eyes wide, his face kind of “human” looking. I said “*Hey, Jacqui, what do you see?”* And I looked over my shoulder, but of course, there is nothing, just the stuff that’s always there.

Sweet?
37:09 / 43:44

(During the actual event Jacqui sat upright!) But everytime I turned back around, Jacqui would again have that ***weird “trancelike” expression and look over my shoulder.*** To the point that I had to call out to him and say “Hey, Jacqui, come back? Who are you?” And then Jacqui kind of startled and lied down, licking his mouth, like embarrassed. And I said to “them”, jokingly, ”Hey, don’t possess my dog”!

And that was actually when I watched the ***trailer and the “Some doors are meant to stay closed” came up, on the “Hawaii” guy.*** Maybe this film plays in Hawaii? Not sure, but I’ll certainly watch it.

Wow.

(Later)

The major insight

Forest walk with Jacqui …

Talked to Bob … about how he is helping with our projects, walking by that ***“stone on the path”***, that’s now separated by an ***electrical fence*** … kind of suiting. In the forest I had asked Bob to *“put something into my hand”,* and it was ***“round and white***”, and I thought it was an *egg* and that I had made it up, because I had thought about eating eggs for dinner just earlier. Then I asked again, and right away, I “saw” ***a sewing machine!*** I joked that this doesn’t really fit into my hand, but it had shown up, period.

I found myself und a ***high voltage overland electricity line*** … and it was sizzling all around me. I thought, naively, that maybe this energy will make me “see” or “feel” Bob more … but all that happened was that I felt immediately dizzy, so I walked on. I asked Bob to put his arm around my shoulder and walk on my left side … And suddenly there was that amazing ***insight*** …

As I remembered that Bob was ***owing*** me money, for working on “Music Across America”, for example. He didn’t get paid, true, but this doesn’t change the fact that money was due to me, too. And for working on “Taylor Camp”, too. So I said to him that since it’s all about free will for them, I use my free will right now and ask Bob to pay me back – by getting me a lottery win. And then I will consider it “done”, him working on our projects with us, and maybe, if he needs that, he can then be free to move on. Because Dr. Alice had “seen” that Bob was right now living in a kind of “in-between-world” to be able to be with me and support me.

So I have been asking him in what way he has been supporting our projects, and yes, I see … the Contact Diary is a big deal, but I want to make those films and manifest “Regents of Clouds”, as I see this as my true kuleana! But I need some real life stuff that I can use, and I want and need money. So I talked to Bob about that, if he needs to be free – but still in contact with me, just more able to pursue his own stuff – and if this depends on me freeing him, then he can just pay his dues, in monetary ways, and I’ll say “Thank you for contributing to manifesting out projects – as you promised.” ***I’d consider the promise fulfilled …***

If he wants that, that is …

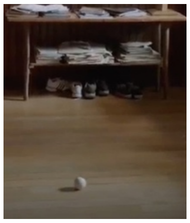
So now I’m curious what will come … as a response, that is.

(Later)

I had intended to watch ***NCIS season 17 episode 1***0, as it involves “Ziva” again …. And I know that Bob likes this episode and wants to see it, but there was another one, ***episode 5***, where a little boy, “Phineas” comes into play, and I felt drawn to it. Just like the day before yesterday, when “NCIS” came to my mind, like a “plop”, so strongly, I was surprised about myself that I hadn’t thought about it earlier, to watch that … but then, no, it would have been to painful. So now was the time … and it just came to my mind, and I followed.

And there! *One of the first scenes,* in episode 17/5, right at the beginning … ***something round and white ends up in Gibbs’ house! A baseball! Is that what I had just “received in the palm of my hand” – the white baseball,*** not an “egg”!?

SUPERVISING PRODUCER
BRENDAN FEHILY

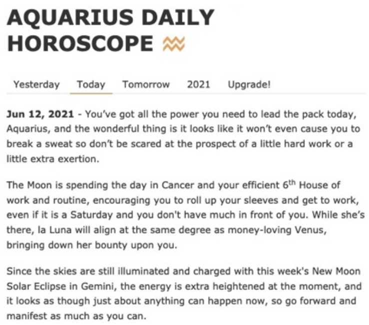


PRODUCER
PATRICK COLEMAN

Wow! This feels good. And right. I must never never doubt what I “receive”! Only because I had just thought of eggs and then receive something round and white doesn’t mean it’s “me imagining”. Maybe the thinking about the eggs was the preparation for the message? It was about knowing if “Bob was with me in the forest”, as I had such a strong feeling that I even stopped, looked among the trees and said “Play me”, and projected the experience on to Bob … noticing that the sounds of the forest, like the birds’ song, came in waves, very loud, subsiding, then increasing again …

It would be just amazing if Bob would pay what he owes me in terms of lottery win … I was also thinking, during my walk, that I could do “***Kaweli***” as a crowd-funding project. I might. Bob read “Kaweli” on his death-bed … *it’s about a young man managing to “call” his dead mother to appear to him and make him understand why she left him as a child ...!* What a story to read while one is actually dying, right? But he and I had no idea about this, and I had written “Kaweli” a year before that, at least.

My **horoscope** has amazing things to say about today as a manifesting day!

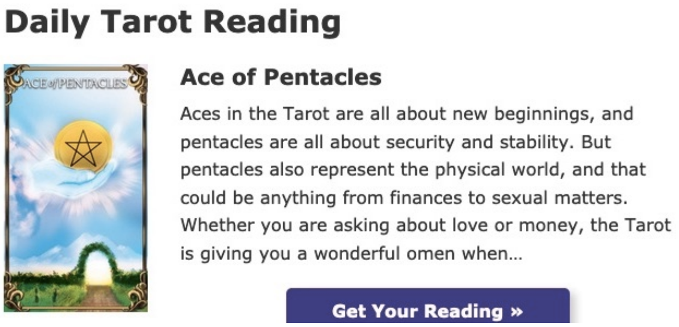


AQUARIUS DAILY HOROSCOPE ♒

Jun 12, 2021 - You've got all the power you need to lead the pack today, Aquarius, and the wonderful thing is it looks like it won't even cause you to break a sweat so don't be scared at the prospect of a little hard work or a little extra exertion.

The Moon is spending the day in Cancer and your efficient 6th House of work and routine, encouraging you to roll up your sleeves and get to work, even if it is a Saturday and you don't have much in front of you. While she's there, la Luna will align at the same degree as money-loving Venus, bringing down her bounty upon you.

Since the skies are still illuminated and charged with this week's New Moon Solar Eclipse in Gemini, the energy is extra heightened at the moment, and it looks as though just about anything can happen now, so go forward and manifest as much as you can.



Daily Tarot Reading

Ace of Pentacles

Aces in the Tarot are all about new beginnings, and pentacles are all about security and stability. But pentacles also represent the physical world, and that could be anything from finances to sexual matters. Whether you are asking about love or money, the Tarot is giving you a wonderful omen when...

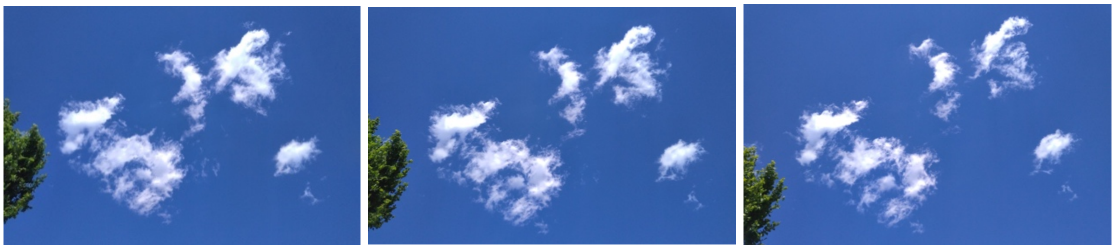
Let's do this, Bob, my Stoneman?

He felt so close, so real, during this walk … where Jacqui an I met nobody at all. ***I felt Bob close, so that's why I chatted him up …***

So Bob knew that I would watch episode 5 before 10 …!

Evening walk … took a route that I hadn't planned to take … and below a hunter's stand, there were **red hearts** spilled out. Red hearts … symbols of love.

Plus … just before we reached the car, a very unique **cloud formation** appeared right above us … really looked like **distinct letters:**



And then the lovely white flowers … elderberry and another, very sweetly fragrant one.

June 14, 2021 – **Song "I kiss the moon … and I hug the stars …"**

Started working on “Son of Soroyan” today.

Mother was fine on the phone.

It is strange, but *I think I received a* ***warning*** *from* ***Edith*** *today.*

I drove to lake Klopeinersee today for a swim. It was bittersweet. Beautiful, just wonderful, the color of the water, the feel of the water … but I kept thinking that last year same time, when I was there, I thought of Edith and how she used to come there with my dog Kimba and then with her dogs Gipsy and Sandy, and how nice it would be to be together and chat. And often, when I drove to Velden, to see my mother, I’d look over to my father’s and Edith’s home and think about them and wondering how they were. But Edith had stopped contact with me, so I wanted to respect that and only emailed her in October … and then it was too late.

While swimming I projected my experience to Edith because she loved to swim … and I got into a strange ***conversation*** with her, only in my head, when I was driving … and it was about how she was really a prisoner of my father. Suddenly I realized that my father may have even *threatened* her … then Edith turned from a proud beautiful woman into an ailing miserable actually quite worn out ugly sick woman before she was even seventy. When I saw her a year before her death, I was already shocked how bad and worn out and old she looked. And we had met several times in her younger years, and she had already suffered thirty, twenty years ago … so I kind of “heard her” in my mind, in a way … and I had that sinking feeling that my father wasn’t just rude, that he was, in a way, dangerous. His gun next to the bed, that Edith had told me about … I really felt so sorry for her.

And then it happened, when I got home.

I was supposed to do a job, but for some reason, I opened an ***online-newspaper,*** which I barely ever do. And there was a ***story of a woman in her 70s, who couldn’t bear the cruelty of her ten years older husband anymore and had stabbed him.*** Not fatally … but … what she said seemed to describe my father, except that I don’t think that my father ever physically abused Edith … But – I don’t know that for sure.

So I went to work on an editing job … and I didn’t find peace and went to a new movie watching website and checked under movies 2021 … and there was *“Gone Mom”.* And I was attracted to that title … but it wasn’t what I had expected in any way, it was about a woman who suffered long under her narcissist husband – who killed her! I was very very stunned. And in the description of that poor woman’s fate, Jennifer Dulos, it was also described how her husband, a full-fledged narcissist, was entirely incapable of any insight or regret … So I had just today sent a small letter to my father telling him that I had thought of him yesterday, father’s day, but didn’t dare to call, because I don’t think he sees me as his daughter. And I had thought about how ***violently aggressive*** my father had been towards me … like an insane person.

So maybe Edith had told me today, that my father really was some kind of “*dangerous*” and that I should really stay away? Or was that just the answer to my question how her life really had been?

(Later)

Took Jacqui for a late evening walk onto *Schlossberg mountain* … and standing there I also thought about ***Edith*** and how I had wished that she and I could walk up with our dogs … we had talked about that on the phone, in winter 2019/2020, conversations that my father doesn’t believe we had … and suddenly, I ***had such a strong impression of her. She always wears something dark red and long, a beautiful dress, and she wears her dark wavy hair long, and she is very beautiful.***

And I said to her how sad it is that we couldn’t be friends in life, but we almost were. But everytime a communication started, either she or I stopped it … mostly it was her, because my father controlled her every move, and she couldn’t even call me. I remember her telling me that when she called from hospitals … and that she must have given up the thought of befriending me just in order to have her peace.

I switched on the **radio** just before getting to cross the long bridge over the reservoir … and there was music, and I thought about Edith again and how she must have listened to music like this in her car when driving back home to my father after an accounting job, and how she must have been desperate so often. And I thought that now at least she knows that I always really truly liked her, I almost said loved her, maybe I did.

So I listened to that very rhythmic music, I know Edith loved opera, and suddenly I realized what I was hearing**:**

"I kiss the moon … and I hug the stars …" It was some Latino-sounding very fast and rhythmic song … and maybe it was a little different, but certainly "*kiss the moon"* … "*hug the stars*"!

Wow. My heart made such a jolt, I was touched to the core. Soon there was a tunnel and the music was over. But … the one time I switch on the radio, it's about this! So was that Edith's answer that she is with Bob?

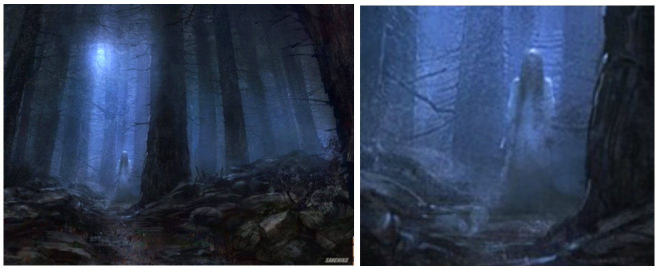
Oh please, I really want a confirmation!

I also asked her to *"put something into my hand"* to let me know that she can hear me, while I was at the lake … and there was something like ***three gold nuggets in egg form.***

Now I'm curious.

Oh Edith. I miss you.

Also … somehow I stumbled across an image that totally depicts "***Kaweli***" in the forest. Oh I wish Bob and I had made that film!



June 15, 2021

Odd, odd **dream**.

I was with **Bob** … but I was the one dying, and I think I died in the course of the story!

I found myself walking up to a big **mansion**, huge, white, with golden ornaments and a spacious garden where some kind of gathering seemed to take place. ***Bob walked next to me, with his big broadcast-camera that he had used when we first met (in real life). We were to shoot something, but it felt like I was kind of*** confused or somehow "not up to speed".

I knew we were in the proximity of a town, and there were **hills in that town** … so we entered that property and approached the house on a white gravel path from the west … and a **blond short haired woman** came to greet us. Bob was always somewhere in the area, but I lost him out of my sight at times. I faced the big mansion, and it wasn't all that fancy anymore from the front, and I realized that it was an **orphanage**! And I realized we had to film some kind of promo or docu or commercial for that orphanage.

For some reason it never really came to that … there was the subject that ***I was dying or probably dead, and Bob knew it,*** and there was a very sad question of having to say good-bye soon, but we also had to do that shoot! We kind of moved with each other, faced each other and talked, and the mood of it all being terminal and would end for sure, was heavy on us. It was a question of how long I would at all be there and visible and functioning there, with him. And we discussed it … it was like I was already dead, and it was only a question of time until I would be "out" and "gone" and until others would notice.

I said to Bob that since I only use this body that's deteriorating ***I might as well come back in another body*** and be with him again … and he liked that idea. He never said a word, directly, I don't think. But I could kind of "hear" his thoughts, and the answers were in his closeness and the way he looked at me. And then the **shoot** began, and we were on top of one of those **flat hills** around that town, looking down in some kind of set-up, like a **stage**, where people were interviewed. And Bob went own there with that blond woman, and I realized that he was interested in her. At some point, when he came back with her (always he had the camera with him), I asked him if she was already replacing me. And he did not deny it, and I wasn't all that much against it, as I knew I was about to disappear anyway. I was so desperately holding on to being with him, to being at all … and I had the feeling that it was mostly me, and that he didn't care that much.

Somehow, the dream seamed to switch in between – so that Bob was now the one dead or about to die! This was strange, and I thought as much while dreaming. It was the feeling of coming doom, of a horrible tragedy that was everywhere. I was only distracted once, when Bob was again down at that stage with that woman and with a man who reminded me of Joaquin Phoenix, filming some other segment of that interview-shoot in relation to that orphanage. It was so much like in real life. The assistant of the blond woman, some short dark haired woman, watched me as I was setting up on top of the hill for an interview I was going to do … and she was kind of doubtful that I could do it. And suddenly I knew that we were shooting footage for a **music video!** told that assistant woman that Bob and I had shot many music videos for ***"Music Across America",*** and I did say that real-life title of our real life doomed project in my dream! And and that point I knew that Bob was dead, and that something was off in that dream.

And then I was back as me being the one dying, and I felt like I wasn't "really there anymore", and I was so scared that I would disappear and never see Bob again …

And somehow the situation did not get resolved, as I was sucked away, as it seemed, somewhere deep, maybe down the hill, some slope was there, backwards … *I had the feeling of **disintegrating**, of changing, and I knew it was that I was dying and **would soon be gone from the place where Bob was …***

A note I took right after waking up says that there was water, and maybe a bridge where we were doing those interviews.

And I woke up.

Wow.

Did I actually meet Bob in my dream state?

My heart had been giving me trouble lately, ever again.

Also … finding myself awake I also found myself saying out loud "I really don't want to live without you, Bob." And the feeling of his presence in the past, being with him on Maui and knowing that this won't ever happen again and that he is gone from my world, seemed to suffocate me.

(Later)

I felt totally inspired today to give CineDip another boost. My boss Ines E. answered – nicely! I already feared the worst, and she is interested, but only after summer. Which is fine! I had just decided to apply for funding at a program where I can submit as a person, not a company … and I wrote to a university professor about CineDip, too …

And THEN I looked at my Emails – kind of pisses me off that Elisabeth never answers when I ask her something, only weeks later – and there was my horoscope saying that today is really the perfect day to dare steps ahead, it's the perfect day for it!

Good.

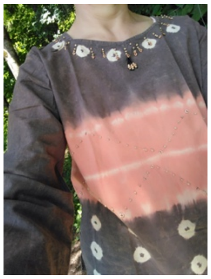
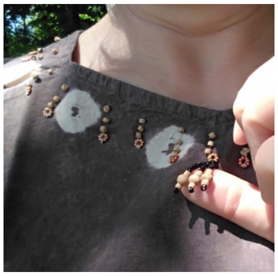
(Later)

The three "nuggets"?

Took Jacqui on a pre-noon walk to the pond so that he could take a dip in the creek basin.

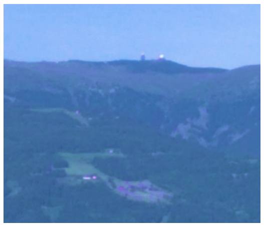
On the way, I realized that I had chosen to wear a ***blouse*** that I had never before worn, but I had bought it on Maui, maybe in 2013, I don't really remember, but it was at "Savers" … I remember the room so well, I spent a lot of time at savers buying very cheap t-shirts and pants … I used to find great stuff there. Also for Bob.

So that shirt I wore had a batik-pattern and ***wooden pearls***. And suddenly I realized that in the middle, on my chest, were ***three "pearls"*** of oval shape … and I suddenly thought: "Are these the three gold nuggets I had been given by Edith in my hand?" Maybe. They came to my attention, that's for sure.

(Later)

I drove for shopping to ***St. Andrae*** … walked along the ***river Lavant***, looking at "Haleakala" Koralpe mountain.



And the **clouds** … then formed a **chain** …

(Later)

I had to watch some **"Thanatos.tv"**, somehow still under the impression of that dream … and I saw Ursula Schuldenburg's interview again … it's very long, but this resonated particularly, today, that the parting-theme was so heavy on me:

and it's not just about me and my life,

it's about that whatever you are doing,

you are touching people and in doing so

you are bringing something here to this earth,

to this wide field that from above was looking so dark,

and it is only you yourself who can bring that there

in your own individual way,

June 17, 2021 – A Foot Massage & Three Golden Nuggets

Oh ***I could swear Bob massaged my feet today!*** First, I made up my mind and mailed a subvention application for my "Alien Waltz" in Carinthian dialect. Yup, did.

The night was horrible, my entire right arm and especially my shoulder hurt so much, they were like fire … like many nights. Strangely, in the morning, the pain subsides, and I can sleep especially well when I should actually get up.

So in the afternoon, it's very humid and stuffy today, thunderstorm coming, it's very hot, about 31 degrees Celsius … I had to lie down.

From morning I had such an intense Maui-feeling, and I also thought about Ines and how she still lives on my beloved Maui, when her husband was already so sick when Bob and I only just had met, and they both are still alive … So I kept thinking about returning to Maui and making "Kaweli" there …

And when I lied down I realized that I was lying with my feet over a pillow like Bob had been lying so many times in August and September 2018, when I was with him … and how I had massaged his feet every night and sometimes even during the day, and he enjoyed it so much. Oh I wish I had done more for him … but I refused to treat him like a dying person, so I never did what you do for a dying person …

And at some point I felt a ***very strange tingling, like "electric" feeling*** and said "Oh wow, so are you massaging my feet now?" And: "Oh yes, Bob, please, massage my feet!" And I then it happened: From my toes along my calves and knees and thigh, a lightning rod went right to my clitoris, I think, it was so strong, that I literally shouted out and winced heavily.

I have only once in my life experienced such a strong feeling in my lady-parts before, and that was during that one unique tantric moment with Bob, many years ago.

It was so unusual … *I can't even describe, how my toes and feet began to feel, as if they were massaged by a current, ever again twitching and stinging …*

And I said to Bob to please somehow confirm to me *that he was in fact massaging my feet*. I wanted to ask him to put something into my hand … but it didn't work. Nothing came. Just like right now, I tried again, nothing came. Later, during a walk, a fresh field fascinated me, and I tried to share the impression with Bob.

Last night, I also had a kind of **insight** what the ***"three golden nuggets***" or "egg shaped round thingies" where that *Edith "put into my hand"* the other day: I had given my father as a gift for New Years 2020 a package of ***Champagne chocolate candy.*** But my father didn't want them, and so Edith ate them – and she kept saying, even on the phone, when she called me from the hospital in early 2020, that she loved them so much and asked me to get more of them for her. But only when she'd be out of the hospital. She promised to let me know when we could meet, but she never called. I never saw her again.

So those round Champagne chocolate candy "nuggets" …? Maybe.

Also … it happened twice that when *thinking about being with Bob on Maui,* I saw myself and him driving ***on the road to Hana*** … and there were all the ***guava trees*** on the side of the road, and I remember that in real life I really wanted Bob to stop so that I could pick a few guavas, and it took a while until he did. And there were strawberry guavas and also the yellow ones. And while lying down earlier *I really smelled the guava* and remembered so clearly that day, and how I tasted the guavas … and I said to myself and to Bob *"But why this place? Why this scene? What is it about this?"*

I have no idea.

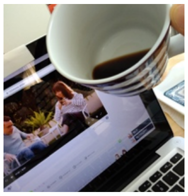
June 18, 2021 – **TV-series Forever & the Guava Connection!**

(*Note*: I didn't know It yet, but I was about to experience the pinnacle of the synchronicity ordeal, and it started this day!)

I was so close to Bob in the past two days, so close to Maui … that it feels like I'm right there when I imagine the plates and dishes and the furniture and the warmth in housie … just earlier, it felt like I could just open my eyes and would be there.

And oh geez, I just found something funny! A TV-series (I think there was only one season) called "***Forever***" *from 2018.* It's about a couple (played by Maya Rudolph and Fred Armisen) ***who continue their life together in the afterlife***. First, their routines are shown, and how their lives don't change much over the course of years …

And there are so many things so distinctly "Bob & me" in it: Bob would always **always** when he took something to snack or even a glass of water turn to me and ask me "*Do you need anything?"* And the husband does exactly that, too! Oh, I should have given Bob such direct and honest answers back in the day! Instead, I always said "No thanks" or "Got everything" … The wife does like me, she says "no, thanks, I've got everything" (not literally), but really she would have needed a lot of things.

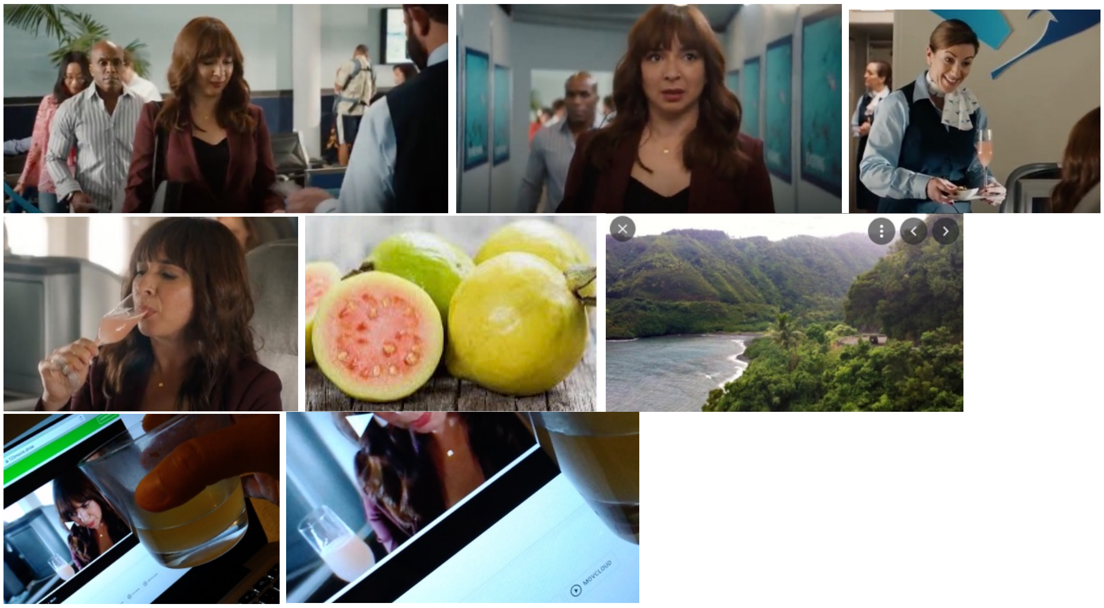


Now, I knew that this was the theme … and in episode 1, the husband dies while skiing, ***crashing into a tree.*** She is alone … and seeing her sitting there at the table …

*(**Note**: Wow, this above line would have a special meaning on November 29, today, as I set out to keep editing this part P of this contact diary, while earlier in the day I had an editing job including a section of grave **danger while skiing because of - trees**!)*

But then, the woman, after a year and more of grieving, pulls herself together and gets a new job in real estate – in Honolulu, ***Hawaii***!

Then there is that sequence where she ***enters the plane***, and I had thought about how often I had done that recently many times … boarding for Kahului, Maui … and she sits in first class and is all happy.



(I was having a glass of home made liquor with home made fruit juice when "June" had her guava drink.)

Then she gets offered – wait for it! – **a guava drink** and **macadamia nuts!** *That's why the **guava** scene twice in the last days!* And then she suffocates on a macadamia nut and never even gets to Hawaii! ***Then she meets her beloved again in the afterlife!*** The Maui photo shows exactly the spot where many years ago, a guava related incident between Bob and me had taken place …

Jesus! How … odd! My theme! And the guava … a heads up from Bob! I'm sure of it. Why would I, of all the many things Bob and I lived to see together on Maui, "see" those guavas twice so intensely in the last two days BEFORE knowing about this series I was about to discover?

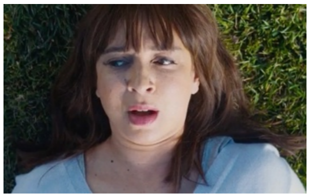
And just earlier I had talked to Bob and said to him and myself like so many times before that I'm talking to a dead man here, and nobody can even know that! I felt really lonely, like many times …

And then this! **The guava! In relation to going to Hawaii!**

"Are you having fun?" I just had to ask Bob this right now. I can almost feel him being around me and all excited that I followed my instinct and chose "*Forever*" … and I had no idea how that show even showed up online and why …

Oh oh oh! Something else! I have been drinking ***my own home made elderberry-lemon juice*** while working on putting pictures into this contact diary! So I was all into "juice" when the "juice" came on.

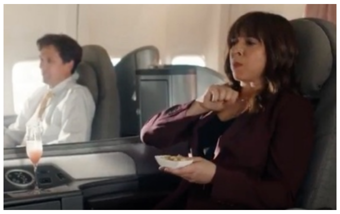
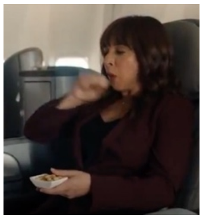
Aw! There is the scene were "June" ***wakes up in the afterlife,*** where "Oscar" awaits her, and he says that he is so happy, but she says, with an expression of such disappointed disbelief: "***Am I not going to Hawaii?"***



Oh shit now, I'm not going to Hawaii either. Oh, geez, it did suck for Bob, I so understand it now … all the plans he had, finally he was going to be free of John W. and be working with me and be "back on the map", *and then he found himself dead.* Shucks. He must have been so desperate and upset. Is that what he is telling me today? I have asked him so many times how he is and feels and how it was and who of us really fucked up.

Like this afternoon, I felt and saw him so close, and then realizing, that I'll never be with him again as a mortal … it felt like suffocating.

There! **Suffocated she has,** that "June", **on a macadamia nut!** Oh how many times have I imagined in the last weeks *walking with Bob down Haulani street after "doing the field" … by those* ***macadamia nut*** *trees at the top of the road.* I still have the mac nuts that I picked there.

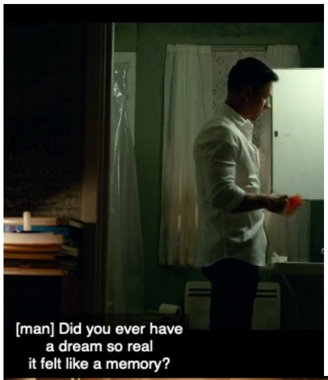
Never again. And even if he says "You can be there with me anytime in your imagination", no Bob, that's not the same.

So June and Oscar meet again in the afterlife and keep living together … Their routines … so much reflective of Bob's and mine … she even asks him *"Do you want to* ***go for a walk****?"* We used to ask this each other even though the answer was clear every day … and we must have said this sentence a thousand times each.

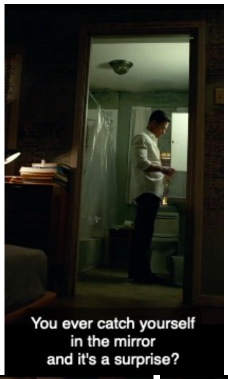
I get it, Stoneman, I do get it. I so get it.

Mahalo for letting me find that story.

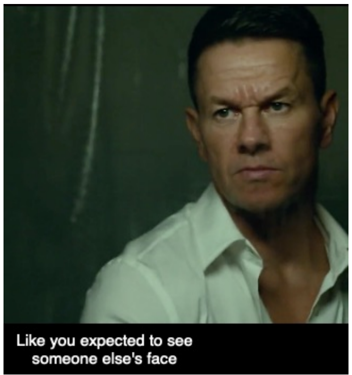
Before that I tried to watch the action flick “**Infinite**”, but it was unbearable … except for the very intro monologue … that expressed my thoughts and experiences exactly:



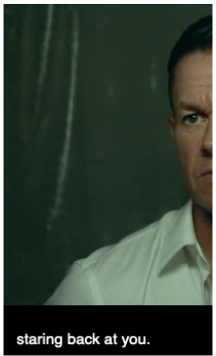
[man] Did you ever have
a dream so real
it felt like a memory?



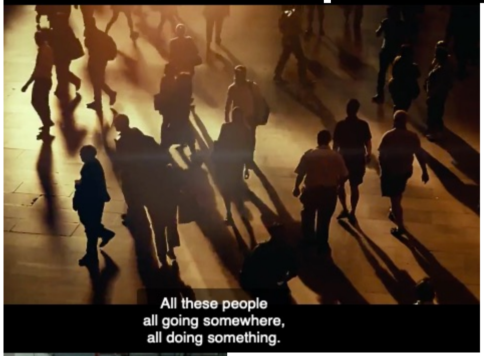
You ever catch yourself
in the mirror
and it's a surprise?



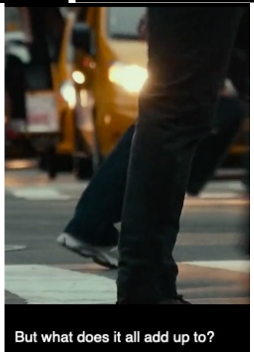
Like you expected to see
someone else's face



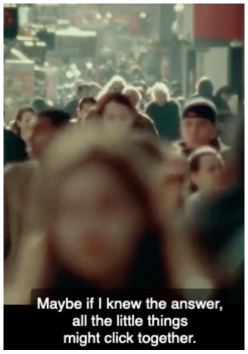
staring back at you.



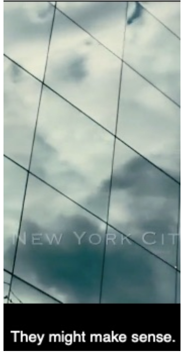
All these people
all going somewhere,
all doing something.



But what does it all add up to?

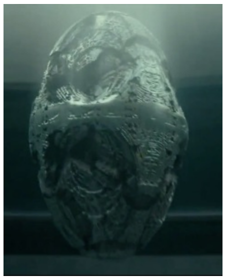


Maybe if I knew the answer,
all the little things
might click together.



They might make sense.

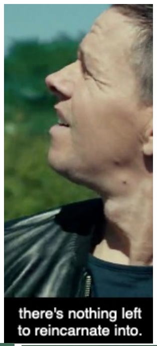
Nice to see you.
How are ya?

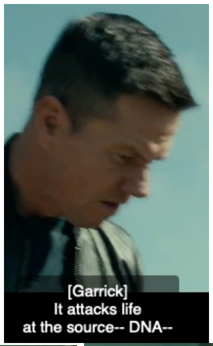


[Garrick] The Egg,
designed to kill every
living thing on earth.

[Evan]
That seems a little drastic.

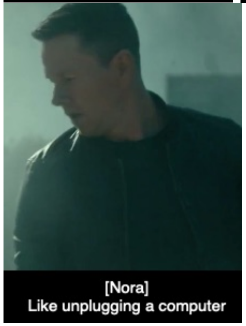
[Nora]
If there's nothing left alive,

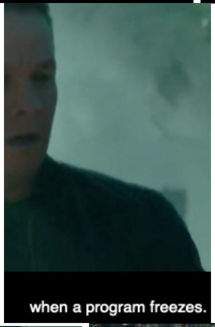

there's nothing left
to reincarnate into.

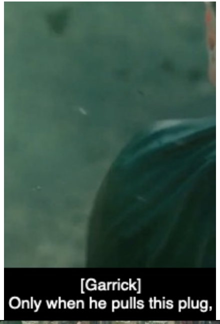

[Garrick]
It attacks life
at the source-- DNA--

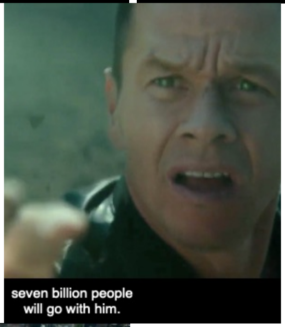
unwinding the very fabric
of existence.

Every plant, every animal
every person.


[Nora]
Like unplugging a computer


when a program freezes.


[Garrick]
Only when he pulls this plug,


seven billion people
will go with him.

Wow, it does go on … this business of inter-realm communications!

June 19, 2021 – **Forever, June, the Silverware & the SEWING MACHINE! Life-force sucking! Lemon … AND SO MUCH MORE!**

Oh wow!

I slept in today, it's fucking hot and Saturday, took Jacqui for a walk, met totally pissed looking fucking neighbor, Marshall's owner M. (nobody ever takes the dog swimming or anything or walks him!) …

Then put on "***Forever***" again … and Jesus Christ! ***This is Bob and me!*** This series is teaching me so much! I can't believe it got cancelled after one season? Was it just made for me? One thing just keeps ringing … about "pushing the limits" is what one must do when life has become stale or unbearable … and I was watching and watching and thinking: *Did Bob and I live this so that someone could make these films and so that I'd see them when Bob is dead and I'd be watching a* ***story of a couple who does meet again in the afterlife – which I've been longing for and I think done many times in the last two years –*** *and reflects so much of what Bob and I were*? We could have been so much more in our mortal phase together! We fucked up so bad. So did they fictional characters. But she, "***June***" – **hey it is June now!** – figured it out and tries to change things with the help of a new friend! Oh I need a friend like that! Who knows what I know and more and is badass!

Wow! What are the odds for me to see this just now … that it was made at all!

The woman (actress Maya Rudolph) even looks like I used to look! The same hairstyle! The face is similar, in fact!

And the man's mannerisms … kind of timid and weirdly cautious at times, just like Bob. Their being together … seeing it is like reminiscing …

“Amazing to what lengths you would go to avoid confrontation” … that’s what June just said to Oscar, when he explained to her that he didn’t explain ever why the silverware tips need to be up in the dishwasher … Oh what a true word, I should have said that to Bob … so many times! And Oscar gets totally pissed and slams the ***dishwasher*** closed. Oh Bob always put the silverware – after cleaning it – with the tips up into the drying structure to dry! And I found it odd because how would you grab a knife when the handle of that knife is not to be reached? And the dishwashing water would run down the handle, and … and maybe Bob did that because of the dishwasher situation.

It makes sense, putting silverware in the dishwasher the tips up, because they get cleaner that way. Maybe that’s where Bob got it? But it does not make sense to put them tips up into the cleaning tray slot to dry. Because then you need to grab the knives and all by their tips to get them out! Why touch the already cleaned tips and not the handles? But however often I asked Bob to not put them upside down, he’d still do it. Same thing with cutting off the two ends of a ***large ham.*** (***__Note__***: *This will have a huge meaning later today … oh wow, I can’t wait for you to read it!)*

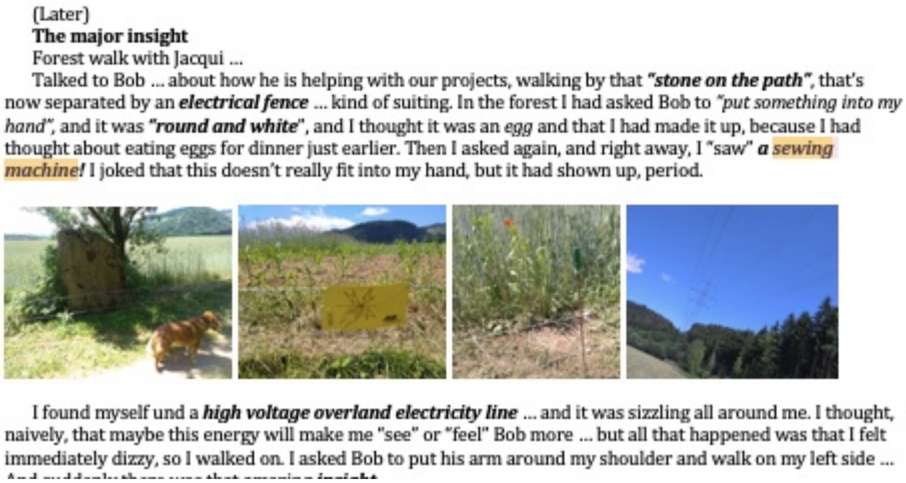
I asked him why he’d do it and he said because his mother always did. When I asked why he didn’t have an answer, but because his mother did it, he’d always cut the ends of a ham of before frying or cooking it. One day, many years into our relationship, he asked his mother, and she said that she only did that back in the day because the dish where she prepared the ham was too short.

There.

(Later)

Oh oh oh oh oh! The sewing machine!

__I “received” a “sewing machine” in my hand the other day, on June 13, right next to the big stone__ behind the electrical fence! *And today it showed up!* ***A sewing machine!*** *In* **“Forever”!** *A story about the afterlife!*



(Later)

The major insight

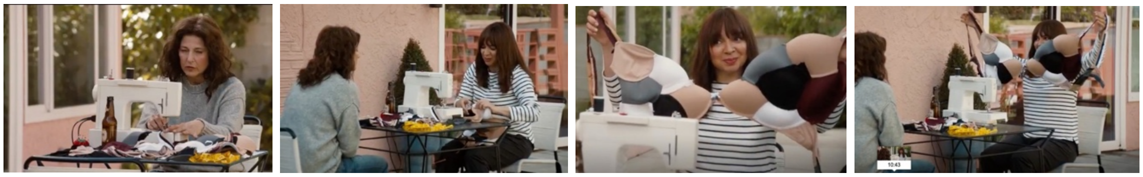
Forest walk with Jacqui …

Talked to Bob … about how he is helping with our projects, walking by that ***"stone on the path"***, that's now separated by an ***electrical fence*** … kind of suiting. In the forest I had asked Bob to *"put something into my hand"*, and it was ***"round and white"***, and I thought it was an *egg* and that I had made it up, because I had thought about eating eggs for dinner just earlier. Then I asked again, and right away, I "saw" ***a*** ***sewing machine!*** I joked that this doesn't really fit into my hand, but it had shown up, period.

I found myself und a ***high voltage overland electricity line*** … and it was sizzling all around me. I thought, naively, that maybe this energy will make me "see" or "feel" Bob more … but all that happened was that I felt immediately dizzy, so I walked on. I asked Bob to put his arm around my shoulder and walk on my left side …

Can there be any doubt, like, any doubt at all, that the "invisibles" are communicating? No!

But it takes the openness to receive! So I accepted the sewing machine when it came and was *"in the palm of my hand"*, even though there was no reason to expect a **sewing machine** to show up in my life at all. And here it is. In a TV-show that I just discovered and that is about "getting on in the afterlife"!



Also … what "Kase" and "June" are sewing – is a **giant bra**, because in the beyond you don't need bras anymore. But it almost made my heart stop when I saw it … because it has big significance for Bob's and my story: ***I cut up my foam-bra in half*** to make a protective cup for Bob's penis with the tumor so that he could put a blanket on top of him finally instead of sleeping with his mid part exposed. And there is the sewing machine along with foam bra cups.

That's a message par excellence.

(Later)

I was just putting the pictures for "*Midsomer Murders*" into this c. d., from *June 7*, and there I came across the picture with the **"Aloe gel" ointment** … which I had found so strange that a tube of ointment is in a movie … but today it makes sense! I got bitten by insects the day before yesterday, and yesterday and today I've been experimenting with ***various anti-itch-cremes*** on my neck! And just today is the day when I re-discover this ointment-image photo!

Fenis
Multodrin

(Later) Disca Oscar is tempted to "touch" a mortal …

Oh wow, it keeps going in “***Forever***”! *(Shit, didn’t find a version with subtitles!)*

In the story, there is a “**fountain**”, and as long as the disca are close to it, they feel strong, but they get weaker the further away they are from the fountain. So Case takes June to that store with a live human, who is a jerk, and of course they are very weak, as they are away from the fountain, but then they suck the guy’s lifeforce and feel great. ***Wow … so that really feels like a distinct answer right now:*** Yes, we can nourish the disca with our life-force by projecting it onto them, or not our own, but some kind of energy. **What we “send” them, they receive!**

Later, there is a very young disca who says that as a disca ***“you must touch others, use their life-force, or you disappear …”*** What if this is true in real life in the beyond? Or in a way true? There is a reason why there are *so many ancient traditions about praying for the dead and sharing food with the dead!*

Oh, now ***the women walk under the power lines***, just like I did on June 13!

Later “Kase” asks “June” if she also starts to forget things … and if he can “see faces” …

JUSTINE'S
SUPER

Ok, then ***the disca*** June and Kase ***make fun of a mortal,*** and June kisses him and flirts with him, and they crack up because he can’t see them, of course! Then he turns out to be a misogynist asshole, and ***they suck life-force out of him!*** Yes! They drain an asshole … and that’s my dream! To do that with Marshall animal-cruelty-criminal fucking owner! Oh! Is that a tip how to do it?!

Of course, I'm currently working (slowly and sporadically, but still) on "***Son of Soroyan"***, the second part of my vampire franchise, *and it's all about sucking the life force out of mortals!*

Does this plot line actually tell me that ***the disca are able to use the life force that we, the inca, project towards them?*** Is this the answer to my question if they do?

This is amazing!

And: Yesterday I said (out loud) that I need a hat, a "***cap***", actually. I don't want my face in the sun … and today: **caps**!

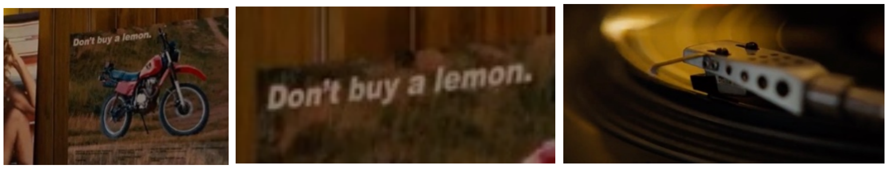
And they wonder ***if they got sucked when they were mortals by disca, too?*** They call it "juicing" people. Oh how fun that juicing was Bob's favorite way of preparing "food".

Wow, this is getting better and better … as this is exactly what I've been asking Bob all the time, and the others, whether they are around us … well. Betty White already told us that in great detail … but someone made that story "Forever" … oh wait!

Am I supposed to connect with the producers of "Forever"? They must be so frustrated that it wasn't successful! Maybe it was just meant for me … June says to Oscar, *"It's impossible to talk to you, dead or alive"* … I must say, I have been talking with Bob more since he's been dead than when he was alive. But that said, *we spent hours and hours on the phone, always … so I guess I got used to talking with him without seeing him.*

(Later) **The lemon! The record player!**

Oh! Yesterday I went to *buy lemons for my elderberry syrup*, and there were only expensive single lemons in the store. I almost bought one, but then I found a bottle with lemon juice, and I put back the lemon. Yesterday! And today, in "Forever", this **lemon poster!**



It's strange to tell something after the fact, but all I write here is true: Yesterday, on my walk with Jacqui, ***I thought about the old record player*** that I gave as a gift to "Conny" back in the Sigi-days, and my mother always was upset about this … and here it is, an **old record player, in "Forever",** too!

It's also about that woman ***"June" being really good at stuff that dead people can do, energetically!*** *Like … unusually* ***capable****!*

Oh, they live in "***Riverside***"! In Riverside! That's where "Anza" is … *where Bob is!* And just now, they met a guy, who told them that they were going the wrong way and must turn around, ***"if you're looking for answers, you might want to walk along with me" – and I understood "Anza" instead of "answers"!*** And that's where Bob is from! And where his remains ended up! And I thought about them yesterday, his remains! In Anza!

"You're still thinking the wrong way" … guy says as an answer to the question who he is.

"This place isn't for him", the stranger says to "June", **"it's for you."**

WTF?

"… I'm bored in Riverside" says the dead woman "Case" … oh, I think Bob is too. That's where is remains are. And who knows what people who hold on mentally to a past mortal body can do to the soul.

"All roads lead to oceanside", says the guy, telling the women, who don't want to come with him, and he also says that they always can come back.

Yes, all ways lead to oceanside? For me, too? I have such homesickness for Maui's oceans …

Okay, *episode 5* ends with character ***"Marc"*** saying that ***"Oscar is lucky that June is in the afterlife with him, as all the others are alone. So why do you two get to be together?"***

Yes … huh. Why?

June and Oscar on the beach … in the afterlife. Is that going to happen for Dani and Bob too?

(Later)

I rescued one of the ***herb plants*** of the three I potted for my mother for mother's day. She simply let them dry out on the lanai. It hurt me, more than I thought it should. My mother was kind of fine, though. Alone in that house, of course, but healthy … clear, mostly. But she did have that "looking away from me" attitude … and I start to think, again, that the better she gets mentally, the less she likes me. I fixed her phone, put it on ring tone again, and she was totally able to follow what I did. But she refuses to let me program her emergency button. She rejected the self-made elderberry syrup I brought for her, and the jam, but she accepted the nutrition bottles I had just bought for her.

I left with the feeling that it's just so unfair that my parents reject me that much. It's them who made my life hard when I was young, why does this have to go on?

I keep watching "**Forever**" …

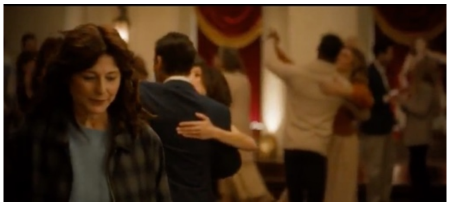
Wow, there is a whole episode about two people in love with each other but never deciding to be together and eventually not choosing each other. When the man is already old, he goes to see her again, but he learns that she passed away a few months earlier from cancer.

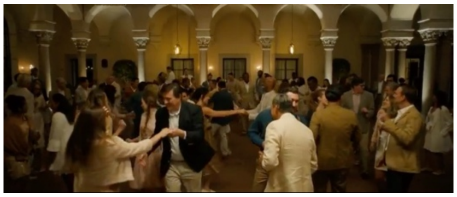
"We missed our chance, didn't we?" He says. Well, shit yes, the fuck … ***I get the message: It was our free will decisions that fucked up Bob's and my relationship.***

Next episode, 7, June and Case go to find "***Oceanside***" …

"How many times have you tried to talk to him – dead or alive?" Kase asks, when June shares that she is worried she shouldn't have told Oscar about leaving in just a note but should have talked to him.

Then they arrive at "***Oceanside***", and it's a kind of mansion where a ***gala event*** goes on. Of course, that is totally like "*Regents of Clouds" … on Laniloa* … like several things in this series.





And yes, "***Oceanside***" is a place on the ***Big Island Hawaii*** that was special to Bob and me.

A character just mentioned a "**dandelion**", and of course it's a flower, but also, just before I took the "Griffen"-exit earlier, a car passed by me, with the license plate **"Lion 1"**. On the way to Velden, **"Next 1"** passed by. So … interesting.

In the **tunnel-hallways** I saw today "a large standing up hovering ***white angel with a long white garment***"*,* ***tall white and violet orchid-type vine-like plants with a lot of dark green too,*** kind of up the wall of housie's hallway, *a*nd Bob with … well, ***sticks, wooden sticks, but tall ones, like half his size*** … It was strange. And there was something else I can't recall right now. All that was on the way to Velden.

And on the way back, I was again so much in thoughts, I even had a headache, too … but I had an intense Sigi feeling … It hasn't happened before, in the car, that I kind of "saw" Sigi the way he was. I think I said to him that his role was to fuck me up so bad … and I asked him to *"put something into my hand"* if he was present, and it was a "**Mango**".

Swam in lake Saissersee with Jacqui, and then I swam in lake Wörthersee. I felt very out of place, the whole time, weirdly.

(Later)

Direct Answers About the Energetic Connectedness of Disca and Inca!

Geez, "**Forever**" just turned into a ***full-fledged "Disca"-experience world!***

A long dead young boy tells "Oscar" and "Marc" that the only way to get far away from that fountain, is ***"to touch the others"***, so, the living, the "Inca", ***and make use of their life-force***, … *and if you don't and are far away from the "fountain" … "you* ***disappear****".* Also, if you overdo it, says little guy, you hurt the inca, and they fall down.

Wow! Is that another answer to my question if our life-energy is of use to the "**disca**"? *I have asked Bob many times … if I can help him by projecting energy towards him … if he needs it or not or wants it* … and here I find answers spoken out directly, in "Forever"!

The scenes of the ***disca wandering around the inca and trying to get their attention*** … priceless. There is a scene about how ***a disca must gather and condense his or her energy*** to affect things in the material world of the mortals … like switching a light switch or pushing something off a board …

And then came something amazing:

Actually, first, at “***Oceanside***”, *the disca got to “stand on the bottom of the ocean”!* Wow, just a few days ago I said to Elisabeth that I always thought I’d die in the ocean.

And then: ***The disca had a blast letting a truck run right through them!***

What an amazing film work! Made in 2018! It feels like it’s totally made for me!
And I was supposed to see it … now!
I think there is only one season … so, I’m now watching episode 7 of 8.
Going for a evening walk, it’s 9 p.m., taking cat food for the little ones and mom “Ilona”.

(Later)
The Conversation, the Ham & the Sticks & the Tall Flowers & even the Tunnel Images!

Wow. I’m kind of out of breath and of words. Finished “***Forever***”. ***It was like literally made for Bob and me.***
Even the **ham** showed up. I thought I don’t see right. I just earlier today wrote about Bob cutting off the two sides of a ham? And there was a ham in “***Forever***”! On the beach! (And did I mention that I just bought a ham the day before yesterday … after a very looong time?)

The storyline in “***Forever***” was that “June” would get messages from “Oscar” what he needed to build his boat, and he had written “hammer” in the sand, but the writing was messed up, and it read only “ham”.

I don't even know where to begin … the problem is, that I didn't find a version with subtitles of the series …

So … at some point ***June*** and ***Oscar*** talked about *how each of them used the other to not become what they thought they couldn't achieve anyway* … and to blame each other for it … wow! It's exactly like with Bob and me. She calls him a "*passive aggressive dick*", and that's what Bob was many times.

And in the end … the most amazing thing happened: ***They walked together across the ocean floor*** … and, oh, hand in hand … *And they walked and walked and got out on the other side.* But the episode 8 (final one) didn't reveal what they saw when they got out.

It reminded me so much of ***Bob and me walking on the ocean floor,*** but with our heads out, when he was already so ill and weak and couldn't stand on his own in the shallow water of Kihei Ohukai beach … and I stood behind him and held him … it was the last time he ever was in the ocean.

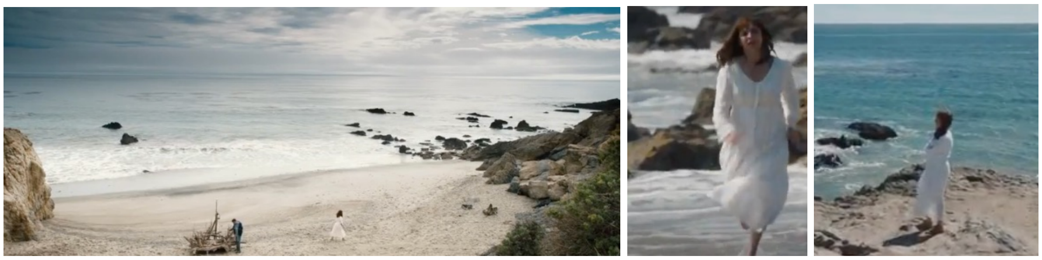
Well, as an inca. Now I know that he can be in the ocean whenever he wants to and probably is.

And there were **"Toes in the sand"** a lot … Bob's favorite song …

And in the end – *I realized that I had seen the ending in my tunnel-hallway visions today*, even though I had found those visions so … strangely present and weird …

A large standing up hovering ***white angel with a long white garment*** … well, that's what June wore, first, on the beach, where she also said to Oscar, after they really opened up to each other: *"I think we just had our first honest conversation ever … too bad we didn't when we were alive."*

Oh, how true is that … I have had the feeling that Bob and I are closer now than we were when he still had a mortal body. But just a little while later … my very mortal self mourns his loss … and it feels unbearable that I won't ever see him again.



And when June was walking across the ocean floor, she also wore that long white dress … and the ***tall white and violet orchid-type flowers … the ocean plants!*** Just look!

And I just realized what the sticks meant that Bob was holding at me … they were ***actual wooden sticks*** – *"Oscar" built a ridiculous boat with wooden sticks!*

And then the "Mango". June and Oscar tried to come up with the perfect beach food. And they realized, it's banana. But I remembered that it was my greatest pleasure on the beach of Maui to eat a Mango, because it's such a sticky horrible thing with all the juice and the sand and the heat … but then you could just to directly into the ocean, as a whole …. And be clean and feel so good.

I did that, several times. So that's why I "received" the "***Mango***" when I had that strong Sigi impression and asked for a "message".

I mean … the people who wrote this series must be in connection with Bob and me who we are in the project "The Bridge". And I do believe entirely, that "Forever" was written as a part of this "Contact Diary" project for me to experience it and write it down as the pinnacle of the whole "synchronicity" documentation that this work entails.

There is this very fun sequence where one of the disca tries to convince the other disca that it's okay to keep standing there when a material *truck* comes racing … it would go right through them.

Now I only need to finish this "contact diary" well until here, all pictures in and all … and that's still gonna be shit work, and then I'm going to send it off as USB to several who must read it.

That's my "kuleana". It kills me … pun intended! … that I can't share this with anyone. It does. So I must trust that me writing this all down is the path to sharing it with many people.

And of course … all the ***"Regents of Clouds"*** references in "***Forever***" … it can only mean that I will, in fact, be able to manifest "RoC" and then write the two sequels entirely based on this contact diaries and all my real life experiences. It got to mean that.

The scene of the "cleansing" … the *burning of personal stuff and of furniture* … it rang such a bell in me.

There are scenes with furniture on a beach … and I flashed right back to a ***commercial shoot on a beach*** for a store called "Serendipity" (or was it "Finders Keepers") directly on a Maui shore, where I couldn't be present, and Bob told me about it in detail …

This whole series has been a blast … of two days.

Wow. Even the ham showed up … **Stoneman, even the ham.**

It was discarnates telling us what life as a dead person is like. How amazing that those writers wrote that. This makes me realize: The topic isn't alien at all … to many more people than I think, probably. So the things those writers conceived, for them to fit so perfectly in Bob's and my story, were part of "The Bridge".

That's really so obvious … I want to shout it out … but who would listen. The disca are around me … and I don't even dance around and do much stuff, I'm writing this down. My amazement is very quiet. Not even visible from the "mortal" obstructed aspect of the universe.

Good thing the disca know what I'm thinking. So they know … that I "got it". I did, Stoneman. It's amazing.

In the end … ***they walk out of the ocean together to face a new life together.*** The series was cancelled, which it's very upsetting to me.

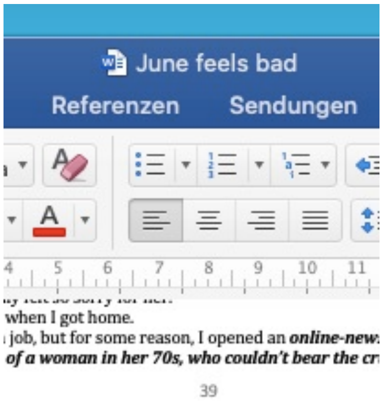
I mean … what are the fucking odds that I stumble across this!
And the tunnel images of today! They came so casual … I almost forgot to "go to the hallway" in the tunnels, I was so occupied by my thoughts of … well, father, mother, stuff …

Time to mention that I've been having amazing dreams … and they are so "close" in my mind, but I can't recall them right now. Still, they feel, in a way, as if I was still dreaming, and I'd only flip a switch and be back in the dreams.

June 20, 2021 (Shortly after midnight) – **The Title-Change**

Very weird thing … I just noticed, that the ***title*** of this contact diary document "part P / 10" ***has change – to "June feels bad".*** And I did not do this. I have no fucking idea how this happened. Look! I do know how this can be done, but it takes conscious steps that have to do with opening a document, then say "save as" and click on some other document in a folder, and the doc to be saved takes on that name. But I did NOT do that. Why would I? I didn't have to "save as" this part of the contact diary!

Nothing else to say. *It changed somehow.* That has never happened in my life before. "June feels bad"? Shit. Me too. *(**Note**: December 1 now, working to fine-edit this part of the c. d.; If I were to **interpret** this event spontaneously today, I would say that it's an amazing message from Bob telling me that **he knows how I feel.** Because "June" is the equivalent of me, with all her experiences with "Oscar".)*


June feels bad
Referenzen
Sendungen

when I got home.
job, but for some reason, I opened an ***online-new***
of a woman in her 70s, who couldn't bear the cr

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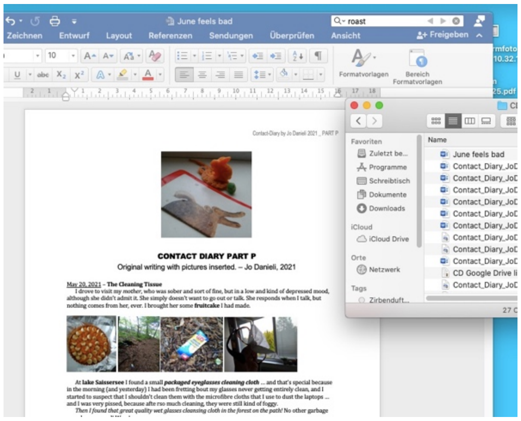
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Contact Diary by Jo Danieli 2021 _ PART P

CONTACT DIARY PART P
Original writing with pictures inserted. – Jo Danieli, 2021

May 20, 2021 – **The Cleaning Tissue**
I drove to visit my *mother*, who was sober and sort of fine, but in a low and kind of depressed mood, although she didn't admit it. She simply doesn't want to go out or talk. She responds when I talk, but nothing comes from her, ever. I brought her some **fruitcake** I had made.

At **lake Saissersee** I found a small ***packaged eyeglasses cleaning cloth*** … and that's special because in the morning (and yesterday) I had been fretting bout my glasses never getting entirely clean, and I started to suspect that I shouldn't clean them with the microfibre cloths that I use to dust the laptops … and I was very pissed, because afte rso much cleaning, they were still kind of foggy.
Then I found that great quality wet glasses cleansing cloth in the forest on the path! No other garbage

June 20, 2021 – **Ouija Warehouse & "Subsistence" warehouse**

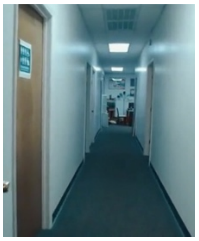
Oh yeah, found a movie about a "Ouija board". I must admit, I was just about to put an ad out to ask if anyone is around and has experience with it! Just this morning I smelled the typical "smokey" scent of the plaquette that I bought a while ago … although it's far away from me, physically. And I never smelled it before in this apartment. Probably it's going to be a dumb movie … but there is something else interesting: I've been thinking of editing my disaster movie series "***Subsistence***", about people trapped in a ***warehouse*** in which they sought refuged during a tidal wave event and got swept out into the open ocean.

Now the title of the movie is ***"Ouija Warehouse".*** And I found it because on a whim I checked movies on "123movie.show" for "2021". So now I'm curious.

Oh, cool, it starts with a ***"tunnel-like hallway"!*** Ouch, looks like a supercheap production. Oh shit, like a one-shot-floating-camera improv movie. Yikes.

Well, at least I get to watch people to work a Ouija board?

OUIJA
DEADLY REUNION



Ok, enough, 'cause – dialogue: Ouija board writes "Join us". Person: "What does that mean?" Other person: "They want us to join them."

This is unbearable, I have to skip through it. Maybe it's only about reflecting my thoughts back to me? Or me manifesting ***my frequent thoughts of using the Ouija board?***

Skipped, done.

(Later)

Okay … it has been a while, but I cried.

I kind of got "trapped" … forced to listen to a song in a movie called ***"The Space Between"*** about an old musician, and the song goes "***I see colors when you're with me***" … and I got such a strong feeling of Bob … and when the line came that "*he looks out of the window, and here are the clouds in the sky … so far away …"* I suddenly knew that Bob really missed me. I missed him always, and I miss him now and can't believe that we won't ever again be together on Maui. It's so unbearable.

We fucked it all up, Bob, didn't we.

Just earlier in the movie, the daughter, "Julia", of the musician "Mickey" said, when talking about her mother who had died, that ***"It's just so weird when they die … everything stops."***

Yes, it does.

I listened to an audio recording today, on a channel about near-death experiences (on Empirische Jenseitsforschung), and ***a medium shares in 1965 a report by a dead man of how it was when he arrived there, in the beyond.*** He thought it was a dream for a long time, until he realized that it wasn't. I felt a little closer to Bob, but at the same time it made me all the more aware that we are not together … even if we are.

We are not.

I'm a mortal. And incarnate. He is a spirit person, a discarnate.

I start to hate my getting-fat-and-heavy-body. I was always slender and athletic, and now I'm really turning into a fat old woman. I find myself so ugly. *(Note: December, back to rather slender, not sure how.)*

I watched a bit of a movie called "***Triumph***" about a handicapped young man who wants to be a professional wrestler, and they played a song, that I hadn't heard since my Africa trip in 1989, when I left junkie Sigi behind, because I couldn't bear it anymore, being the playball of another person's inability to deal with themselves. Peter Gabriel's "Shock the Monkey" belongs to a most intense time of my younger years, I heard it in a truck on they way back to the camp from a hike up Visoke volcano in Rwanda and back from there in a rain and thunderstorm … I was barely able to move, after the strenuous dangerous climb down, in the rainstorm, in the dark, in the fog jungle … it can't even be described how special the atmosphere was … well, I wrote a whole book about that trip (never published, like all of my books), entitled *"Uhuru – or The Kilometer-Makers*".

Now Appearing At

Also, the star of the movie even looks like Sigi.

I guess I have to realize that I'm getting really old now. Everything seemed possible with Bob … but since he died, I don't really know what I've been doing. So many times in the past months I've had the spontaneous insight that I can't really imagine doing anything without Bob. There is nobody else.

I'm all by myself.

June 21, 2021

Swam in **lake Klopeinersee** … one single heart was just at the spot that I had chosen … how surprised was I to discover that it was **one single flower petal**.

June 22, 2021 – **The Cap & Near-Death galore!**

Oh wow.

I keep getting surprised to the max.

Last night, it happened: I ***saw*** the kind of ***near-death-experiences*** that people talk about all the time, in the movie "***Hereafter***" with Matt Damon! And no, I did not look for a movie with dead folks … It was in a very profound way fulfillment of wishful thinking … to actually see what I have imagined so often after watching the reports about people's near-death-experiences on Thanatos.tv:

*(**Note**: Just today, December 1, I'm seeing the similarity of one of the dead guys in the movie with Bob … wow, looking right at me; and I must say, that today I said to him on the lovely meadow that I have here, with the big view, at the new place where I'm now living, that I "**must see you, Bob, actually see you**". And there is this image:*)

*(**Note**: On December 2 I describe an incident where I told Bob that I really wanted to "see" him, and under oddest circumstandes I ended up finding a picture of him on Google drive! And that was just after I had written the above note about this above picture! Of course I "blurred" and colorchanged the pic to make the similarity of expression and type clearer!)*

Plus I saw mediums practicing many diverse methods on "***Hereafter***", wow, it's an older film, I would have never been interested in that subject years ago … like reading sessions … But I was only skipping through the film, not watching it really. How often have I told Bob that *I really do* **not** *want to have a personal near death experience* – and so here it was, ***second hand*** and very clear!

How did that happen?

I was so tired, it was after midnight, but I felt compelled to take my laptop and try to watch something. Sure enough, *my internet didn't work.* Whatever I tried to click on, it didn't work. So I thought okay, I'm not really tired, so I worked a bit on editing a few screenshots for this contact diary. Then I thought *"So, I've done some of the work I intended to, how about* ***now*** *I get to watch something?"*

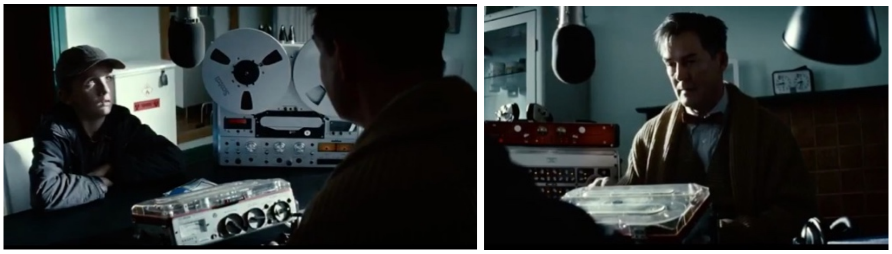
Suddenly the internet worked.

And only because I saw a picture of Christina Ricci with a ***white bob-haircut*** (and I have white hair and maybe should change my hairstyle)**,** I clicked on "**Hereafter**" from 2010. I thought it was a love-story. Sure enough – ***it was about people dying, experiencing the beyond, coming back and about other people trying to get in contact with the dead loved ones and about other people being able to communicate with the dead!***

Wow!

I didn't see that coming. On top of it all: One of the central plot-points is – a **cap**! ***Yes, a hat!***

A cap! It was in my awareness for a few days! *I have been thinking that I really want a cap because of the intense sunshine in my face*, like on June 18, and on June 19, "caps" showed up in "***Forever***"! … And I hate my face to be too dark! And there it was – ***a cap as evidential*** in the case of a young boy receiving a greeting from his dead brother!



Oh … I wish I could share all this with the world. The cap is now a double-evidential!

I got to say, though, that I couldn't bear watching the whole movie, it felt tedious and too painful for me … the way people dealt with the fact that life goes on after death … so I skipped through, very roughly, but I think I got to see exactly what I needed to see.

Wow, mahalo Bob. Master communicator!

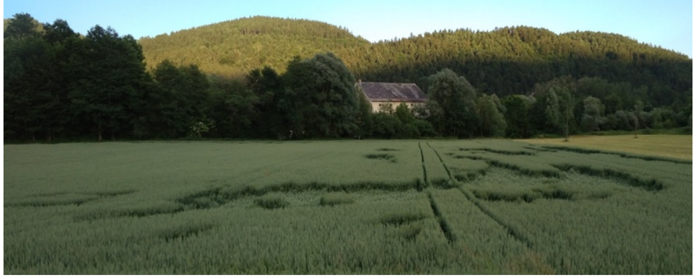
I feel a bit more motivated today.

Will go for a swim again.

Met a nice lady yesterday at lake Saissersee, she walked up to me to chat with me! And we talked about Marshall and other neglected animals, she was right on my wave length! She has two French bull dog girls. Later I thought that I should have asked her to meet up one day … well, I hope I'll see her again!

(Later)

During the evening walk I saw a very strange ***pattern*** in a crop field … from the rain, I thought, but why wasn't the whole field down … so I got reminded of ***crop circles*** … a phenomenon that fascinates me … and it felt like I was reminded about it. *(Note: I could kick my fucking ass for not seeking higher ground to check out that pattern!)*



June 23, 2021 – **Bob, Jacqui & me in the Sky!**

Oh what a **dream** of Bob!

We were in a town, and we shared an apartment, but somehow I was outside, walking around the town, waiting for Bob to join me. I don't know why I didn't go in but stayed outside, waiting … there was something I had to take care of, or something about me or about a thing I had with me or was supposed to get? But I hung out in the area of the house, one of the old Viennese public housing buildings, in crème yellowish white … and suddenly, ***Bob appeared!*** The unusual thing about this was that it felt like I was awake, it was so clear and direct, Bob was there, so material and physical, and so tall, and looked at me, while greeting me … oh, now that I think about it: Maybe he didn't come out of the house but from somewhere to enter? And I know that I had to venture out way in northern direction to get to some kind of train station, maybe? Something with a track and some kind of railing or metal fence …?

So I stood facing Bob, so happy that he was there, in his gray t-shirt, with his backpack … yes, there was an item involved, just can't really remember … ***and he bent down to kiss me,*** and at the same time he ***burped!*** And I could smell some kind of sausage breath, as if he had just eaten a snack, and I thought in my dream, while my dream persona held her breath, still tried to kiss him yet had to turn away, that it was ***such a pity that he spoiled this first kiss in such a long time by burping at the same time!***

Now that was a weird dream!

But I was so happy, and the impression of Bob being with me lingered and not just that, *it's present, right now, as if it had just happened a minute ago for real!*

(Later)

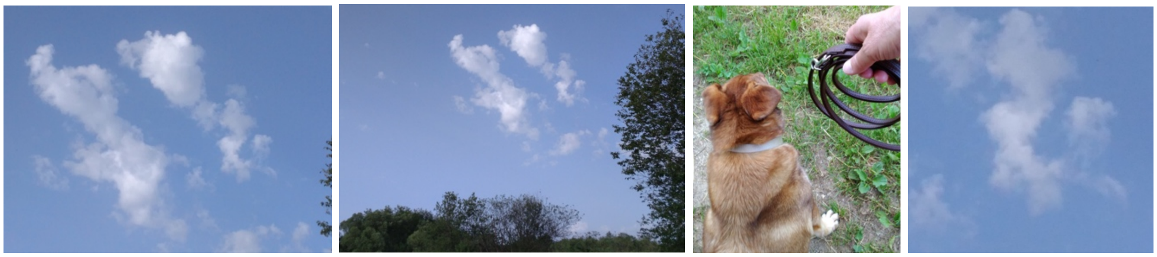
At noon, I took Jacqui up Schlossberg mountain … what a blessing to have him.

I discovered that the **tiny flower** (*Viola Tricolor,* wild field viola) I stole from somewhere there and planted on my balcony made the most amazing seeds! Good flower! So much effort! It had already ejected a lot of the tiny seeds, but I could see them on the concrete and picked some up and put them into soil. I was so touched by the plant … so much effort, it was just one tiny flower … wow and it grew so much and even fulfilled its destiny: procreation! At which I suck.

(Later)
Took a **walk** with Jacqui through the forest along the beaver creek and back by the **big stone** behind the electrical fence. I felt so close to Bob, like many times in the last days, or rather, it felt like he was right with us … and there was a very strange **double cloud** formation in the sky … with a "**curl**" on the right side. I noticed the curl right away … and I even said out loud *"Yes, Stoneman, interesting clouds, but I'd rather have you with me than looking up and seeing stuff in the sky all the time … just clouds …"*

So we walked on, but the ***two clouds with the curl were hovering*** … And eventually I stopped to take a picture, but the very sharp and clear image of "two figures next to each other with the right one holding something round", and right then I realized:

It was me walking with Bob and Jacqui, and I was holding the leash rolled up in my right hand! The clouds were depicting what was happening "in my life" right that moment … plus "Bob next to me"? And wasn't that Jacqui – the third cloud under our feet?



… and I think Bob wanted me to see it, maybe kept prodding me … to remind me that I'm involved in a very very important project, "The Bridge".

In fact,

Just the other day and the other day and the other day … ***I asked Bob*** *"Why did it all have to happen … why did I have to lose you … how do I deserve all this … how did you deserve to suffer so much … why did we have to meet …?"*

And I answered myself without missing a beat:

"Because otherwise there would be no contact diary."

Meaning … I would not have dealt with the subject "the dead are alive" along with "the human being is immortal" … in this life time. I had to meet Bob, love him, want him long for him, be rejected, learn to live without him, not seeing him, while he was still alive, without ever losing the hope of being with him one day for good … so that after his death, I would hold on to our relationship. I had been forced to practice it in the years before his death. He was the one to support all my "strange" habits, like finding stuff all the time, seeing tiny details, experiencing stuff that I had just thought about or dreamed of … so he was preparing with me during his lifetime in the mortal phase what I'm doing now. The fact that he sang the strange song "Play me" when I was first in his house with him, and that "MEA 910", "the matter 910" foreshadowed the last day we'd ever spend with each other, on September 10, 2018 … and so much more … that was all preparation.

I know, Stoneman, I know.

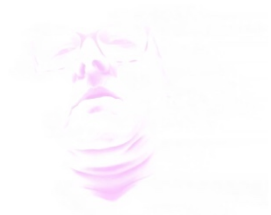
Doesn't change the fact that I really have no clue of how this should end … where to turn, what to focus on. *(**Note** on December 1: But then, that's why I had to deal with Hawaiian spirituality so much, with the basic principle, that the "**na'auao**", the wisdom in the gut, is the one aspect of our mortal being that's directly connected to the beyond and the "**po'e Aumakua**", the "disca", and can and must be trusted. And that kind of trusting must be realized and practiced.)*

I've submitted "Soroyan Hunter" to another "prompt" (horror) by a major Hollywood production company, the one that wasn't interested in "RoC" or "Paradise". Fuck them, I thought, and yet I submitted again.

Just did it.

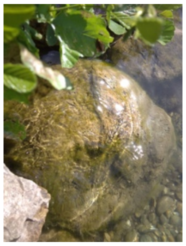
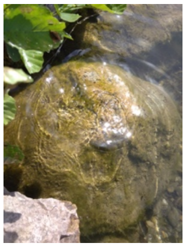
Now what?

Something else … as I looked through the photographs, I realized that one photo had kind of "made itself", it's a spooky picture of me, actually … just see for yourself … even if I had wanted to take a pic like this, I wouldn't know how … (It's outrageously ugly, too, but I'm not ugly like that!) Again, no idea how that was made. The color is not photoshopped! It really came out like this, pink-white line "drawing"! Nothing else on the pic, just white and this face from below.



June 24, 2021 **– The Sun & the Horsie**

Took a swim at ***lake Klopeinersee*** … there was a very interesting **car license plate** at the parking lot … "**888 DB**", later, as I was drying off and bent down, I heard a very loud murmuring … and it was a beautiful sight, the **golden water** over the rounded **stone** … (Now that I look at the pictures, it was a kind of "nipple stone" …)

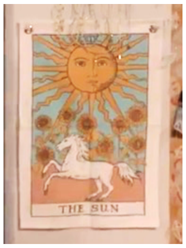



(Later)

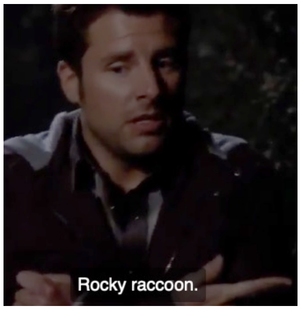
I started watching a series called **"Mad About You"** only to find that I can't stand it, even though it's with Helen Hunt, and I used to like her. But she behaves in a strange way and looks nothing like herself, like she had major plastic surgery. But … I immediately realized the greeting:

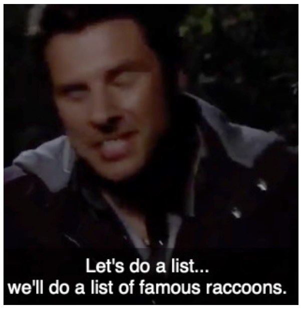
My favorite flower was in there, the *peonie* – and a poster that unites Bob and me: the ***sun and a horse.*** And of course, there is the ***title.*** It has so many implications for me … and maybe for Bob too.

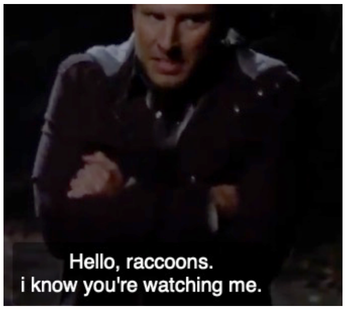
*(**Note**: This thought about the title just now came to my mind, it's the last day of October, and I'm working on the pictures.)*



This postert is really unusual … so prominent in the frame … And I checked into a series I used to like, "Psych", and took a random episode – and there they were: ***raccoons***.







June 25, 2021 – **The Dead Fetus Alive & the Bunny Rabbit Idea**

Oh wow.

My past caught right up with me. It's interesting that the Astrology Newsletter that I've been editing as a job for several months has been announcing that retrospect is ahead.

So I watched that strange movie ***"False Positive**"* about a couple who gets pregnant with the help of a self-obsessed doctor, and in the process, they discover there are twin boys and a girl in the uterus, and they had to decide on either the twins or the girl, and they choose the girl, "***Wendy***" .The story is so ludicrous and with so many plotholes, that I was surprised about myself that I kept watching – till the end! The very end!

And the woman gives birth to the twin boys, but the *tiny underdeveloped fetus of "Wendy" is attached to the placenta.* And the last shots show ***the woman (who first took revenge on the***

doctor) holding the dead fetus to her breast to "feed" her … and the tiny dead ***fetus moves and turns her little head to the tit, puckers up, wiggles her fingers and – suckles!*** The mother can't believe what she is seeing … and of course it's not real, but she smiles.

Because sometimes what we experience in our fantasy just gives us consolation.

For me … seeing this scene meant "seeing my own baby girl who was sucked out of me *against my will* so many years ago alive"! It was in the early 1980s.

She lives on, she is with Bob … I know it now. It's the strangest thing to watch a movie like this, after NOT watching movies at all, only series at times …

Okay. I'll have to make peace with that. And maybe I can, because that movie character beat up the doctor and his fucking assistant and took some revenge, at least. Oh how I have wished to be able to take revenge at the people who did that to me …

I was left with the experience, which I suppressed for decades, still am suppressing the trauma, and I have barely ever told anyone.

It was truly a special moment, **the ultimate dream come true, *seeing the fetus alive.*** I can't believe, looking back, that this happened to me. That I tried to stop the abortion for which I was not ready, but the doctors and the nurses said that I should have thought about that before and now they wouldn't let me hold up the whole line-up … they held me down and gave me the anesthesia … I hope they suffer from their conscience and have been for the decades since.

After writing this I had the urge to drink some ***chocolate milk*** from the fridge, and I did. And suddenly I remembered the ***little wooden bunny rabbit*** that I carried around while I was pregnant, and that was the happiest I ever was "with myself". I can't believe why I went to the abortion clinic at all. I was so confused. I had nobody to help me, advise me … and just now I realize that my father had already abandoned my brother and me and was nowhere to be seen … and today he is giving me shit, and I'm the one trying to help him? Fuck him.

So I was wondering if ***I can actually feed Miriam (my "daughter") by projecting the food experience onto the tiny wooden rabbit, a stand-in for my baby, while it still was in me?!*** I remember the feeling exactly how that was … being with child. Oh what a fucked up life I have.

So I tried and projected some of the chocolate-milk-drinking to the bunny rabbit image. I'll be curious if I'll receive some kind of communication about that …

Back then, I put the ***wooden rabbit*** on the grave of my *friend Heinzi, who killed himself* in the time shortly after I was forced to have the abortion … or was it before? I don't remember. (*The actual rabbit was something between all of the ones depicted, but it was kind slim and sitting upright.*)

Oh a lot of things I've suppressed memories of … and I could have prevented Heinzis suicide, he called me that day, but I never picked up the phone, but stood next to it when it rang … stuck in that ruined life situation of mine … but that's another story. Already the my life was so fucked up. And my parents both give me shit now even though they made my life hell already then by never being my parents. It's not their fault, of course not, but still it was their responsibility … They didn't know better, but that's not *my* fault now.

…. ***Just realizing that it hasn't occurred to me to "connect" with Heinzi the disca.*** He feels very close suddenly, I remember him exactly. He was a love of mine, in a way. That he committed suicide … another trauma for me. He was tall, with very dark thick hair, somewhat "native American" looking, we really liked each other, but there wasn't ever anything romantic between us. Anyway … wow, how did I get to all this right now? During a walk today, I admired the lush greenery, and the destruction within.

Oh! Just remember! ***Last night***, when Jacqui and I went to feed the cats, ***a big rabbit sat on the path*** and looked right at us and then took off! (That's not it in the photo, only a stand-in courtesy of Google.)

There was an amazing light effect in the evening … a pink light shining through the clouds, but not in the East, where the sun set, but in the North …

June 26, 2021 – **Hawaii Aloha, Bob's Psychology & The Bird**

Drove to Velden to visit mom, she was fine, but it kills me that she just sits in her apartment watching TV, apart from driving to shop. She seems so well, mentally, entirely coherent, not forgetful, and if she only would be more active, she would rejuvenate so much. But she just doesn't want to, and if I try to motivate her, she gets mad at me. I can see her resentment flare up at times, when she looks at me, and her glance kind of gets dark. Mostly she just looks away and lets me talk, she wouldn't ever ask about me or have any interest in what I'm doing. It's so stressful at times. *(**Note**: Oh geez, looking at the date today, Dec. 1, I know what was about to happen … what a year.)*

I took Jacqui for a hike & swim at lake Saissersee, that was nice. The water is so warm, no cooling down effect at all. After the visit I went to swim in lake Wörthersee, and it was grand.

On the way to Velden and back I tried to "***be in the hallway***" in the ***tunnels*** and I asked Bob to connect with me.

Something odd happened:

I found myself drawn around the corner of the hallway to the ***front door in housie,*** facing the ***brown waving scarf*** that had been a gift from Ines and that I had put there as a curtain so many years ago. ***And Bob was outside, knocking, and he smiled big as I let him in!***

It was interesting … and I kept thinking what it could mean, that *he was not in the house, but I was.* Had he moved on? Was it really my home? I did recall how much time I actually spent alone there, many months … and how I felt at home there. Of course with Bob, too … but that he was outside today, that was special.

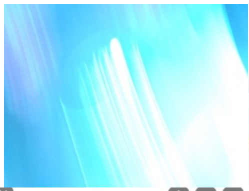
Also, as *Bob was inside the house*, in the next tunnel I found myself in the hallway again, with my back to the kitchen, and there were ***huge large white plastic bags,*** tied closed on top, like trashbags, all the same sizes and white color, and they contained something bulging ***rubbery but fluffy,*** rubber foam … they were light, and they formed some kind of barrier between me and the corner and thus the path to Bob's editing room and the front door.

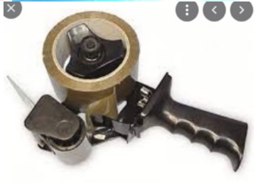
I had seen something remotely similar the other day, some kind of "egg carton" or "marshmallow display" or "snowballs on a tray" … just something white and smooth and bumpy …

I had other "flashes" of *impressions in other tunnels* … like an ***"eagle with spread wings"*** … I doubted the image, and in the next tunnel, Bob "emphasized" it and spread his arms, and the image turned into a flying bird of prey again!

After visiting my mother, I took Jacqui into the **forest** closed by – and a **huge bird of prey took off from a tree branch right in front of us!** In the forest! A huge bird – which is unusual, because it's kind of hard for that big bird to fly there! Was that the image I had seen in the tunnel? Of course it was.

Also, there was some kind of forest camp that appealed to me. *(**Note**: Going through the pictures … somehow I managed to take a photograph … with nothing on it but "spooky blue" …)*





I also saw some kind of “***tray***” that Bob was carrying, with some square thing on it, like a ***wooden cube*** or something …
And in “housie” I opened the sliding door to the storage and took the ***heavy sharp instrument that dispenses clear tape*** to tape parcels closed … Bob was good at handling it, but it kind of scared me a bit. And in my “tunnel vision” ***Bob grabbed it and threw it away!*** Flung it away! So strange.

The palm tree in front of my window cast a perfect shadow … *“as above so below”.* Also:
I felt drawn to the documentary film “***Free Solo***” last night about the free climber *Alex Honnold’s conquering of El Capitan …* climbing the steepest wall way way up without any securing rope or anything … talk about motherfucking playing the mortal shell *…* and started watching … only to end up hearing the story of *Alex Honnold’s* **dad** … along with an image of Waikiki in ***Honolulu*** … felt like I was supposed to learn something about Bob …
Like when the mom Dierdre says about her late husband “Nobody had an emotional bond with Charlie.” That’s what one of Bob’s friend (and a former lover) said to me about Bob once.

DIERDRE: Nobody had an
emotional bond with Charlie.

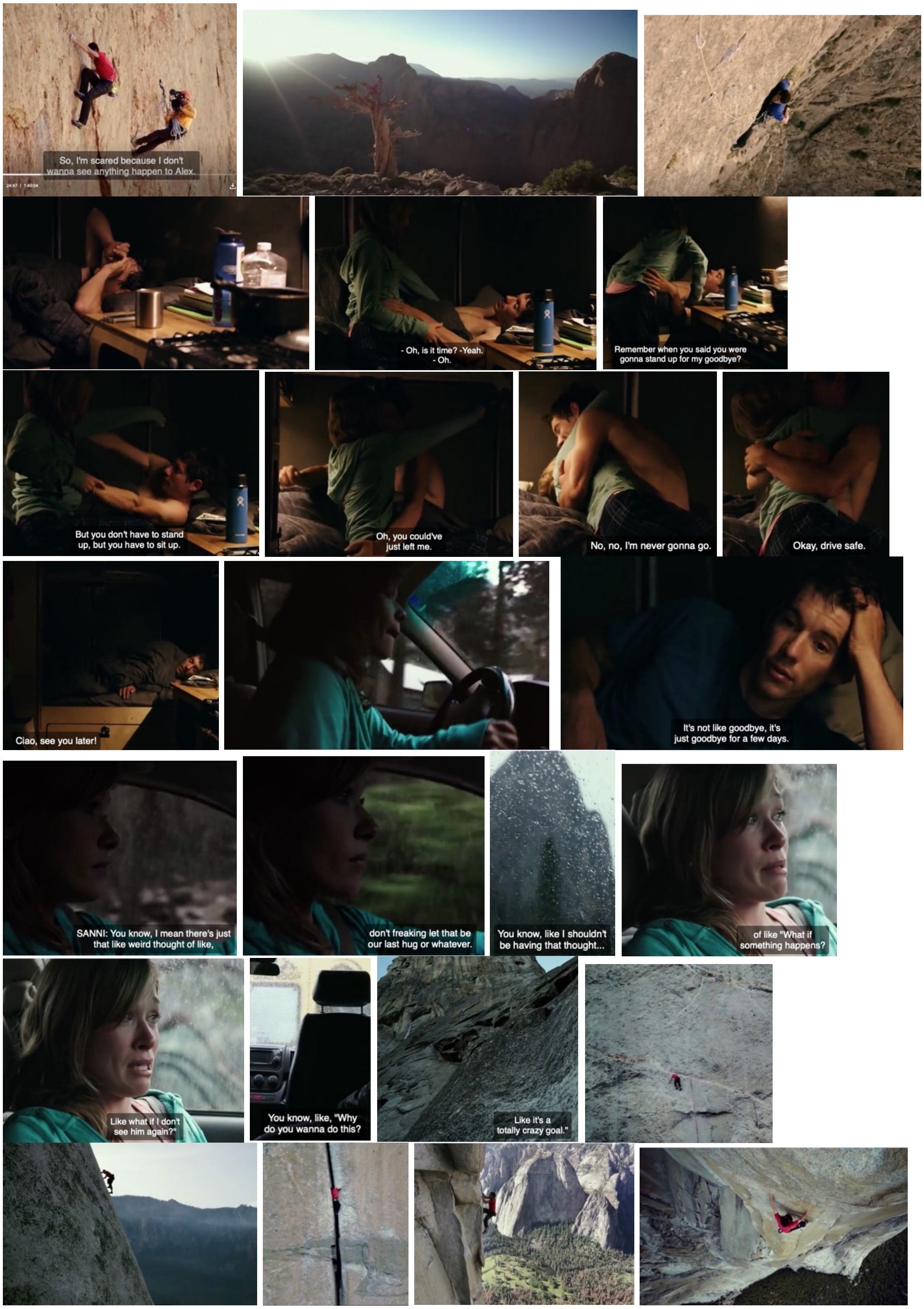
Charlie's obsession, what
everyone called monomania.

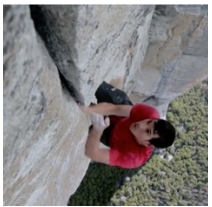
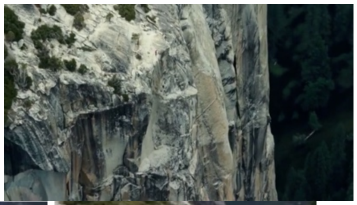
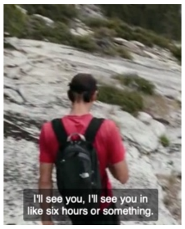
Charlie was probably what
we call nowadays Asperger's.

and then my dad didn't
talk about anything.

Aloha from Hawaii

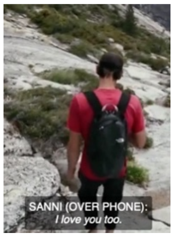
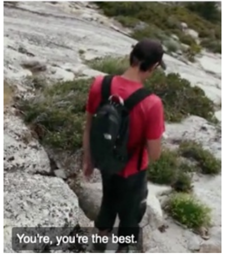
And there were **conversations** between Alex’ girlfriend Sanni and him that reminded me so much of Bob and me … also about **the evening when I left to never see him again**, and I *had to ask him to at least sit up a bit so that I could embrace him and say good bye* … it was spooky to see that in the documentary …


So, I'm scared because I don't wanna see anything happen to Alex.
- Oh, is it time? -Yeah.
- Oh.
Remember when you said you were gonna stand up for my goodbye?
But you don't have to stand up, but you have to sit up.
Oh, you could've just left me.
No, no, I'm never gonna go.
Okay, drive safe.
Ciao, see you later!
It's not like goodbye, it's just goodbye for a few days.
SANNI: You know, I mean there's just that like weird thought of like,
don't freaking let that be our last hug or whatever.
You know, like I shouldn't be having that thought...
of like "What if something happens?
Like what if I don't see him again?"
You know, like, "Why do you wanna do this?
Like it's a totally crazy goal."

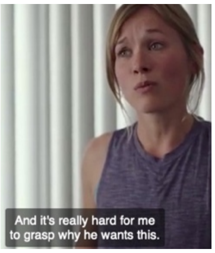



I'll see you, I'll see you in like six hours or something.

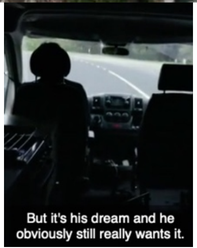
SANNI (OVER PHONE): *And I'll see you soon, yeah.*

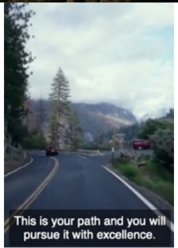
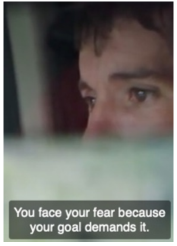
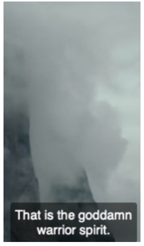
Yeah, okay, I love you.

Thank you so much, I appreciate you.

SANNI (OVER PHONE): *I love you too.*

You're, you're the best.

SANNI (OVER PHONE): *And I appreciate you and I'm really proud of you.*


And it's really hard for me to grasp why he wants this.

SANNI: You never wanna feel like you're getting in the way of someone's goal.

But it's his dream and he obviously still really wants it.

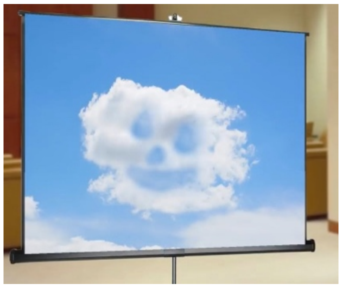
ALEX: It's about being a warrior.

This is your path and you will pursue it with excellence.

You face your fear because your goal demands it.

That is the goddamn warrior spirit.

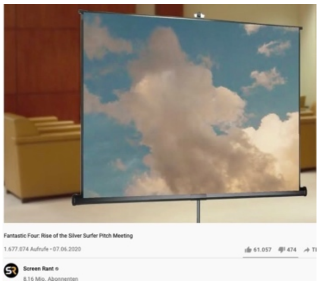
But I mean … his girlfriend Sanni saying that she is scared because she doesn't want to see anything "happen to" Alex … Jezaz, "to him" nothing will happen, it'd be entirely his own doing if he fell to his death. And the chances are 50:50, doing stuff like he does. So that woman loving this man and living with him and not dealing with the chance of his soul kicking his mortal shell out of existence … what a huge ignorance. Like in my case … when I left dying Bob believing and trusting that he would be fine, that he would make it … I didn't give him a proper good-bye, I didn't want it to be a real good bye, as he had asked me, "But you'll be back, right?" And I had said "Of course, I'm almost back already" … and I said that already turning to leave housie, and he didn't understand me and called after me "What was that?" And I never turned around, I just left.

Oh Bob.

I really sometimes don't know what to focus on. I'm struggling to reconnect with my niece Julia. I emailed her a few days ago, didn't hear back. Tried last year. I'm kind of very tired of trying to be good to people and be there for them … feels like nothing comes back to me.

Last, but not least … I watched a “Pitch Meeting” to close the night, and the theme was how there are ***“messages in the clouds”.*** No shit.




Fantastic Four: Rise of the Silver Surfer Pitch Meeting
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June 27, 2021 – **The Kiss on the Hand & the Dream Burp**

Woke up feeling so nauseous and sick, that I had to get up and throw up. Wow, that hasn’t happened … in a long time. So strange. But didn’t vomit much, just a little bit, then felt better right away. Some small red thingie was in the vomit, not bigger than the tip of my pinkie … it reminded me of the piece of tumor that Bob gave me one day so that I could look at it from close. But that piece from Bob’s tumor was kind of white outside and red in the middle, it looked like some tiny dumpling with a filling … yikes.

So I do feel strange today, and I slept until past 11 a.m.! So did Jacqui! Such a good boy. Not a sound. Slept and snored with me. I just love the little guy.

Something funny: Around the time that I had to go vomit, a **fly** was all over me. As I lied down again, fighting the acidic taste of the vomit with water and more water, the fly tried to sit down on my face or on the pillow in front of it … I don’t know. Whatever I did, ***the fly tried to look at me.*** Eventually, I fell asleep. As I woke up and sat up to check for Jacqui, the fly sat on the pile of blankets right next to Jacqui! Then she flew into the kitchen with us. Now that I’m writing this (actually filling in details), it’s 6 p.m., and the fly (the same?) came again, and it’s sitting on my other laptop right next to me, cleaning itself, rubbing its little front feet like a tiny maniac.

Then I got up and started working on editing the many screenshots for this contact diary. Came across Maui pictures of “Forever” … oh wow, that went deep: The Maui feeling … that’s me. That was “ME” there. I felt it so intensely how much I belonged there. Still do. Saw beautiful Lilly today … Maui-feeling, too.

Yesterday, driving, I thought of the “Kaweli” project … and if I was ever to manifest it, I don’t have to do it on Maui … I even thought of contacting my niece one more time …

But today I woke up with the thought that I have been trying so hard all the time all my life to be connected to my family members. I helped and cared … and nobody gives a shit ever … so why try again?

Maybe I try just one more time with my niece. But that’s that.

Also with my mother … I keep caring and trying and giving … she refuses, and if I’m honest with myself, she always has rejected me … maybe not always, but for decades … My father … oh wow.

So what am I doing here?

Bob is gone.
Bob was my life.
And now …
It's a strange day.
Thunderstorm in the middle of the night. I woke up thinking that it would be nice if it could always be middle of the night and thunderstorm. Oh I miss my Maui life so much, it makes me sick.

Last night, Inge called and told me that she has some cold cuts and yoghurt for me … and I went to pick it up, and then snacked some sausage and cold pork roast and liver pastete … maybe that's what got me to throw up? I don't know. Food didn't come up when I vomited, though …
Whatever. Reminded me that my body is a shell.

Last night, late, I also listened and danced to some ***trance techno***. Closed my eyes, headphones on, full blast … then I imagined Bob being there and me putting my hands on his face, felt his sideburns that I loved so much, and he embracing me … then I imagined other disca around me … my brother Peter, Edith, Sigi, Raylene, Charles, Anthony … so surreal. But I did imagine it … at least, I was open for "them" to pop up in my awareness so that I saw them in front of my inner eye.

Then I stretched my hand out because I thought ***Bob wanted to kiss the palm of my hand …***
And a ***searing, pinching electrical feeling was right in the middle of my hand*** … wow!
I really got startled! It was one spot, hot and sharp!
Was that a real kiss from Bob the disca? And was I able to feel it because I was in such a detached taken-off-state myself engulfed in the trance-techno?

(Later)
Ok. Some blood with pooping. What does that mean? Nothing, I decided. Feeling a bit weak though. And honestly, I look horrible. All gray and worn out.

(Later)
Oh my God – the **dream burp** appeared in my life!
The other day, remember, I ***dreamed of Bob***, and we were so close, and he bent down to kiss me – and then he burped, and I had to turn away?

I'm not paying for that.

Not when a good burp would've saved you.

I discovered a new series that I actually enjoy, called ***"Why Women Kill"***, and it's actually fun and smart, a satire … about inadequate unfaithful men and their wives in different decades or generations …

And just now, Lucy Liu's character said it … after she first yelled at her in ***unfaithful husband who turned out to be gay*** and had ***terminal cancer:*** *"Oh no, you're not getting out of this by dying!"* Oh finally! Again a movie that seems to be a message vehicle! I've missed this!

(Later)

Okay, they are **dancing** – a lot, passionately! Tango! – in ***"Why Women Kill"*** … *like* ***I danced last night with the disca!*** And of course there is the memory of that one day at the Maui Arts and Cultural Center when we prepared a shoot for a big event, and the guests had already settled down, and the band was practicing. When Bob suddenly put his camera away, grabbed me, and began to dance with me, entirely alone on the dancefloor … Wow. People were watching us and found it so romantic. It was. I was blown away. That was such an intense expression of affection by Bob. Feels right now like "part of the plan".

And, forgot to mention! In the goodies that Inge gave me last night, were two pieces of ***Danish pastry,*** already cut, so leftovers … but the important part of it is: I have thought many (!) times in the last days how I went to "***Foodland***" on Maui in the evening to get the *down-priced pastries!* They were in bags that contained diverse kinds … and they were cheap, and I would cut them up and ***make small assortments for Bob and me as late night snacks! And there they were!*** Cut up pieces of pastry – I received as a gift!
What are the odds?!

Also … lovely tiny Malvae flowers during the afternoon walk … nature is full of treasures.

June 28, 2021

Drove to **Velden** around noon, felt like seeing my mother …
Saw a weird helicopter propped on a pole a few meters from where I live.

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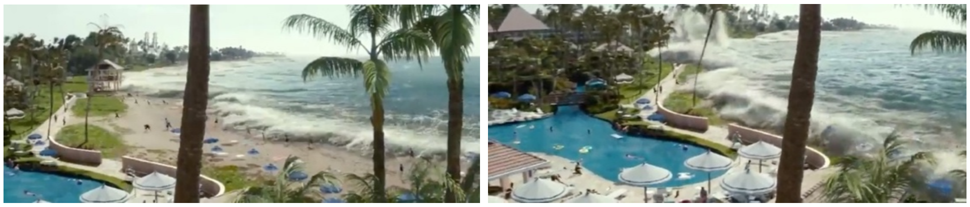
After very strange **dream** of me arriving by plane in **Lihue**, on the island of Kauai, and I didn't find my way out of the airport that was at the same time the city of Lihue itself … there was a **woman** who I thought I knew from real life, and she knew her way around, and I kind of asked to join her so that she'd lead me out of the airport, which was some kind of ***industrial area with huge halls*** … close to the ocean, few people …. And somehow I ended up carrying a kind of ***dish with a handle full with vegetable soup***, like whole small potatoes, and pieces of carrots and other veggies … and I followed that woman through the fabric and the halls, there were dirt *pathways*, winding upwards, and for some reason there was some kind of tidal wave threat … (***Note**: Well, I've been always fascinated by tidal waves* …)



And all the time I thought that I remembered Kauai differently … and there was a heavy, deep unbearable sadness, because *I thought in my dream* about how Bob was dead and would never be with me again.
That woman whose vegetable dish I carried wanted to bring the stuff to a family, I think, but suddenly I realized that I had ***spilled*** it. She saw the empty container, just as we were hiking up some steep dusty hill, and I could she the long mountain ridge where I was supposed to walk along to reach the part of Kauai I was heading for … but I did not see the ocean. Even now, writing this in the evening, that ***heavy sadness*** of not being with Bob and him being so far away, kind of descended on me like a big heavy shadow …
In the dream, I tried to play innocent, like I had no idea what happened to all that soup …
And it remained unresolved, and I woke up …
Late, again, past 9 a.m., and it's Monday.

Took Jacqui for a hike to our swimming spots at **lake Saissersee** …
Then visited my **mother.**
Breaks my heart to see her alone, always in front of the TV. Her face had weird red spots, especially her nose, and she was ***tipsy*.** It was horrible to see, her drunk gesturing and slurring her speech while she was weirdly clear and spoke just fine, but the way she spoke … and when I tried to mention that I'm worried she's deteriorating because of her refusal to go out, she immediately got bitter and angry and said that I should "stop criticizing" her, even though I had not done that at all …
And then she started to do her hateful hissing again and said something like "Verschwind, du Hex", which means "Get lost, you witch". And my heart sank, really sank deep.

I was so numb and disappointed, that I really had to leave soon after. She hates me. In what's called "alcohol psychosis" she expresses herself … but I can't handle this right now.

*(**Note**: Today, December 1, I don't know what to do with myself out of agony for not having stopped my mother from drinking earlier … looking back, what was I thinking, just driving away again, all the time, leaving her alone? But on the other hand – there was nothing I could have done. She was in "too good" a shape for any intervention, as she was able to say "no", and that would have meant everybody had to back off. The "solution" was to come, though …)*

My mother did say something interesting today … that she has so many thoughts, about all kinds of stuff … she told me about the hailstorm in the era of her apprenticeship in Völkermarkt, when the hail destroyed all the roofs on the main square …

I wish I could stay longer and chat with her, but today, it was so hot, and my dog was sitting outside … and in my experience, as soon as I start to ask questions, my mother begins to feel pressured and gets upset when she can't remember. She did tell me about people she used to work with, even said a name I'd never heard before, Inge Frankl, I think … it was nice for her to reminisce.

She wants to travel around the world, she said, too. And when I said that it's a great idea, but she should start with smaller trips to practice, she got upset right away. Also when I said I could check who does those trips, she got upset and said that she'd find out on her own. So whatever I try to contribute to something she shares, it's wrong. And many times I feel the old frustration … that it's always about her.

Truth be told, she asked me about my jobs today, out of the blue, just "And you? Your jobs?" And then I explained that Mondays are slow, and while I was talking, she started talking about something entirely different … but that was something she has done for decades … and it was a reason for deep frustration already back in the day, because she just couldn't keep listening or have real interest in what I was doing.

I was thinking while driving that none of my parents has given a shit for a while, like several decades … and I could be dying or dead, they wouldn't notice, self-absorbed assholes they are.

Tomorrow is my brother Peter's birthday, a reason for my mother to get drunk, probably, but I swear, if I hear her drunk tomorrow, I'll be with her the next day, and then I'll speak clear text.

I broke out in tears several times today,

Don't know why.

I thought much about ***Edith*** and how much she suffered, and I miss her. I felt like Edith could have been a real friend, but even she is dead. Then I ***swam in lake Wörthersee*** and thought about her and projected the swimming bliss onto her … I hope it reached her.

In the tunnels … I asked her what to do about my father and Sandy, and I put my hand out for her to put something in it … and first it was a **red "bommel"** like the little dangling thing on a knitted cap, and then it was **a piece of yellow cheese with holes.**

In the tunnels I had a few hallway impressions, one was that a ***bright yellow small tissue****, like a woman's scarf, with golden and maybe orange and red patterns and ornaments* was flung out of nowhere, near the right hand wall. It looked kind of oriental or expensive, elegant. Another one was a figure, slender, kind of in ***blue and white,*** like a ***figurine***, almost cartoonish, but could have been Bob, but not clearly, making some kind of dance motion but also like with a "presenting" gesture, like someone saying "ta-daa"!?

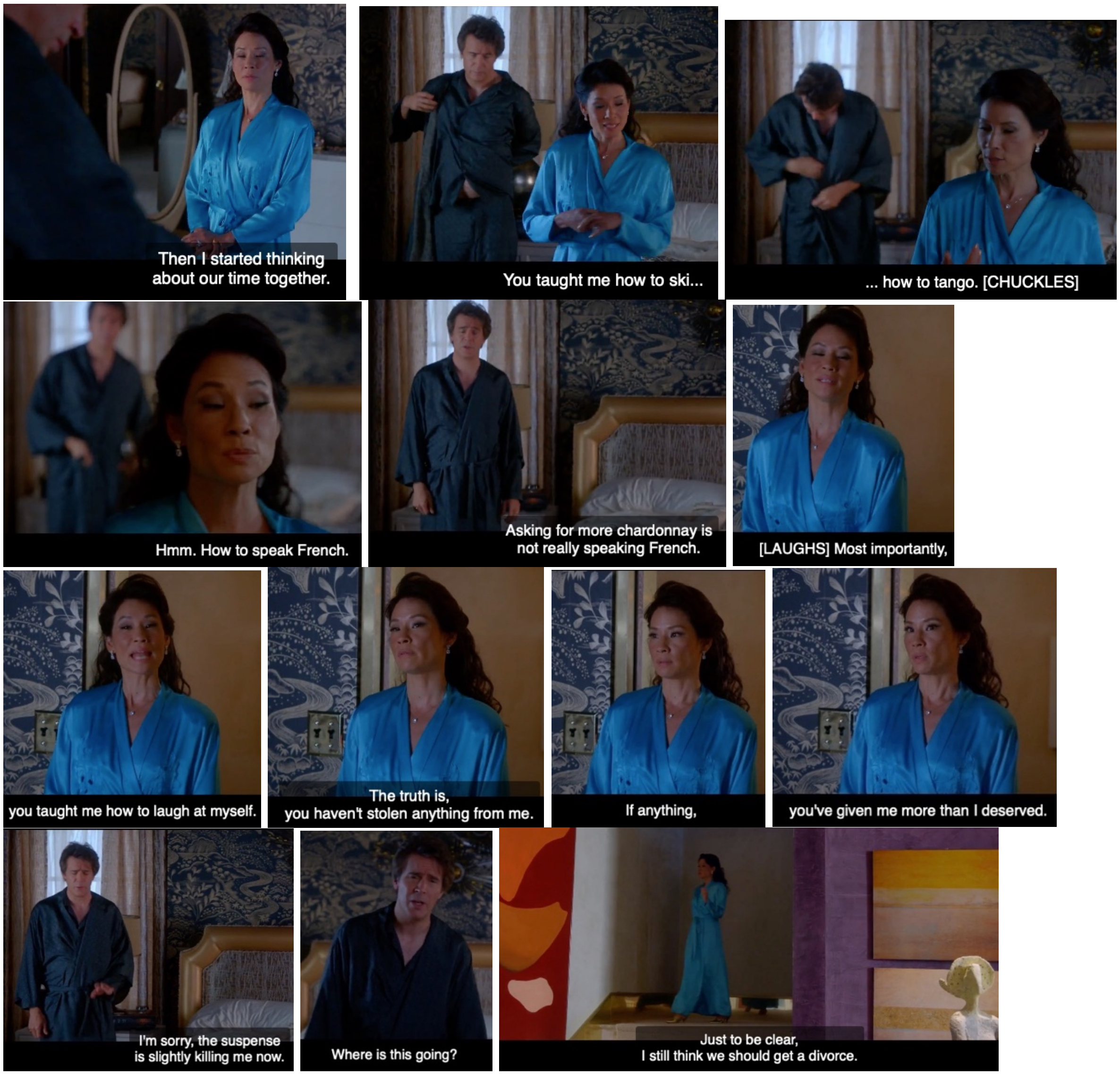
(Later)

Made oatmeal-zucchini soup, then kept working on the screenshots of this c. d., I'm at "*Forever*" now …

And at the same time I kept watching *"**Why Women Kill**",* which is really enjoyable. And there are amazing dialogues … *right out of Bob's and my relationship* …

But when Bob fell in love with that country singer and I noticed it, he'd only admit it once, and then went right back into the denial he kept up all his life. Bob was if not gay at least bi-sexual. When I told his sister, she said that she'd take this to her grave, because if her parents found out, it would kill them. Now, that attitude sounds like a good reason for Bob's suffering … ***I encouraged him to live his feelings***, I wanted him to be in love and be happy with whoever he chooses, I let him go.

Well, the "wife" does what I would have done for Bob, too: She "gives" the one person who her husband really loves to him …



Then I started thinking about our time together.

You taught me how to ski...

... how to tango. [CHUCKLES]

Hmm. How to speak French.

Asking for more chardonnay is not really speaking French.

[LAUGHS] Most importantly,

you taught me how to laugh at myself.

The truth is, you haven't stolen anything from me.

If anything,

you've given me more than I deserved.

I'm sorry, the suspense is slightly killing me now.

Where is this going?

Just to be clear, I still think we should get a divorce.

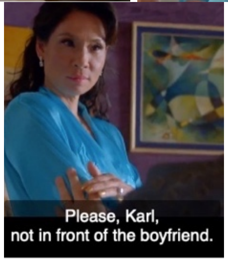
Uh, yes, I assumed as much.

But just because I can't
have you as a husband

doesn't mean I can't
have you as a friend.

And I do like to keep my friends happy.

I have never loved you more
than I do in this moment.


Please, Karl,
not in front of the boyfriend.

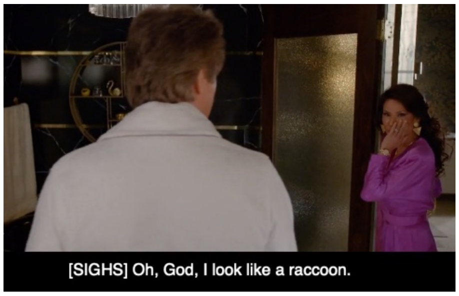
In the series, my wishful thinking “came true”: The guy living his true nature and being happy – sucks that he then died of cancer. But he had those short time of full bliss. But Bob did nothing with his hidden love(s), he only allowed himself to be enslave by a toxic person, that fucker of a producer J. W., who made 13 years out of a 6 months production. It’s just so bitter ironic that Bob, who had such a big problem with arrogant aggressive people spent YEARS doing what that man wanted him to do. I know why … because once he had invested so much time and had taken so much emotional abuse, he wanted to “get something out of it” … but J. W. never “closed” their “collaboration”, he kept demanding and that way not fully paying Bob , not finalizing their deal. It was the exact same thing with Kenny B., Bob’s collaborator of the time when Bob and I met. K. would use Bob’s skills and time recklessly and would not pay him! He’d be seriously putting off paying and kept saying that they needed to “do one more production, and then I’ll be able to pay you in full”. I think he never did. Bob was so desperate. When I was in his life, he mustered up the courage to call out K’s behaviour and demand him to pay his dues. But K. is not a person to honor someone else’s rights. He saw that his “slave” was bucking out … and he turned everything around and accused Bob – who had been so patient so many years – of “ruining their relationship”.

Jesus Christ … I had forgotten about all of this … (***__Note__**: I’m adding some of these thoughts on Nov. 2, as I’m putting in the photographs …*)

*But **it takes two to Tango** …*

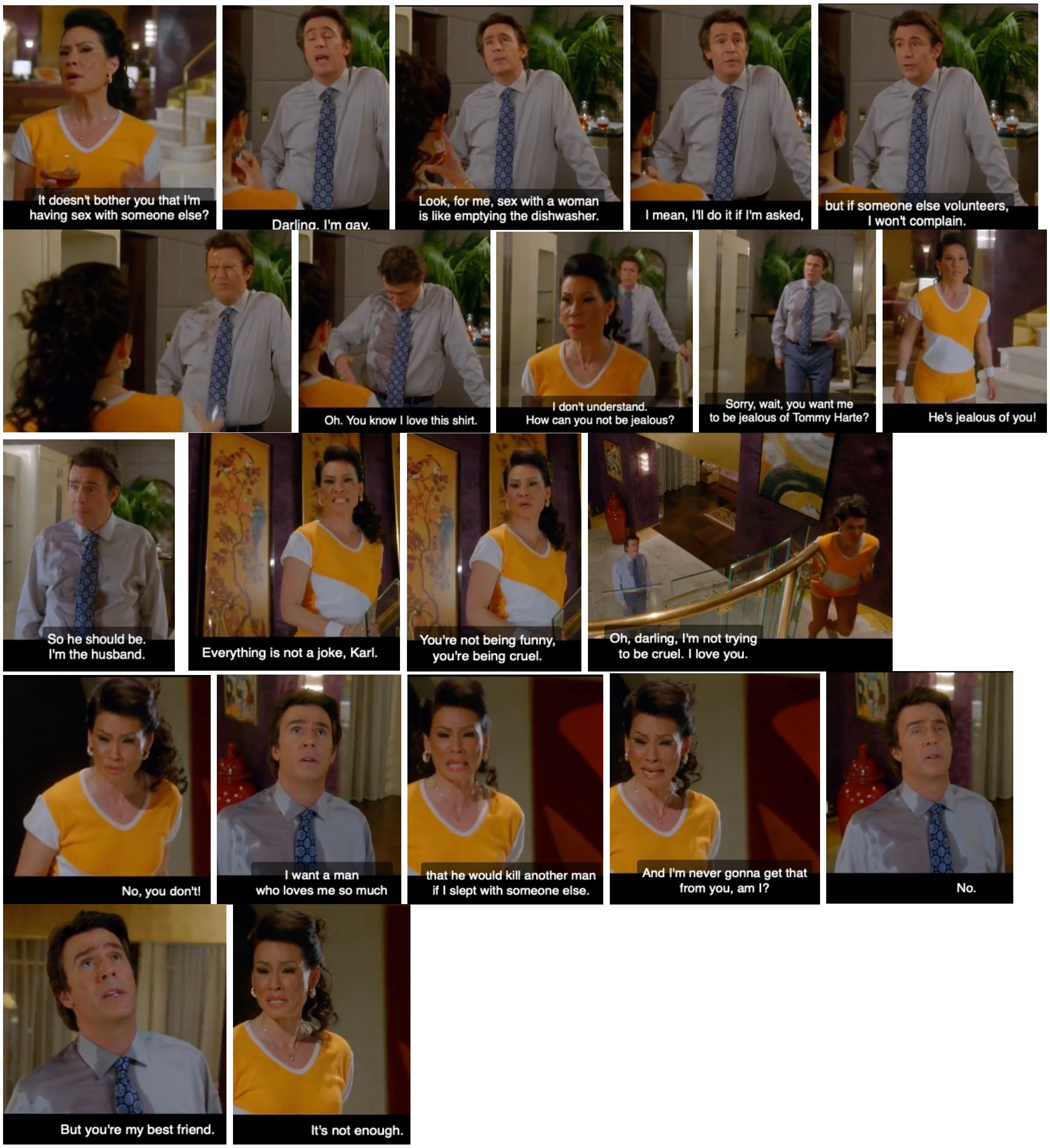
Oh, great, this thought just came to my mind … *(**__Note__**: Also on Nov. 2 …)*

So ***husband "Karl", has turned out to be gay*** … and he is the one who then discovers a ***tumor*** on his shoulder, looks like a mole that is growing … wait, where have I seen something similar! (***Note****: Oh I wish I could show you images of Bob's tumor that grew out of a wart on his most private part! But I won't do that to you.*) ! Of course a "***raccoon***" appears, too!



Can this be!? I'm just fascinated.
And sad.

I feel so lost and alone. Abandoned. But that started long time ago … and it was refreshed when Bob suddenly lost interest in me and I wanted so much that he cared. He did, in the end. But for a long time … he didn't want to commit to any feelings. And that really sucks in a relationship. He started making fun of nearly everything I said. It was hard … I've not been thinking about it for a long time.



It doesn't bother you that I'm having sex with someone else?

Darling, I'm gay.

Look, for me, sex with a woman is like emptying the dishwasher.

I mean, I'll do it if I'm asked,

but if someone else volunteers, I won't complain.

Oh. You know I love this shirt.

I don't understand. How can you not be jealous?

Sorry, wait, you want me to be jealous of Tommy Harte?

He's jealous of you!

So he should be. I'm the husband.

Everything is not a joke, Karl.

You're not being funny, you're being cruel.

Oh, darling, I'm not trying to be cruel. I love you.

No, you don't!

I want a man who loves me so much

that he would kill another man if I slept with someone else.

And I'm never gonna get that from you, am I?

No.

But you're my best friend.

It's not enough.

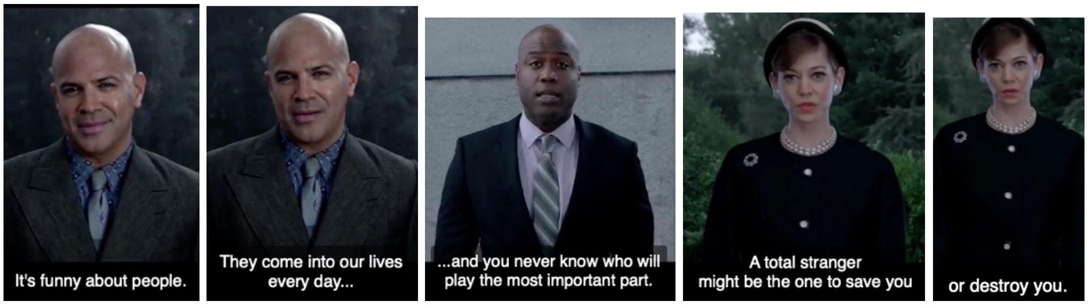
(Later)
At the cat place … tiny kitten already knows me and comes running for food … so touching. Mama cat came too.

Today, while driving, the thought occurred to me, that maybe the fact that older people who develop dementia are becoming so nasty is some kind of natural means of making us the farewell easier? There got to be a reason why younger people can't help but feel aversion against the behaviour of elderly who give them an entirely undeserved hard time. Nature could have made our death also similar to a switch-flip: zack, done. But no … we must deteriorate if we live to old age, and our personality must change … to the worse in so many cases.

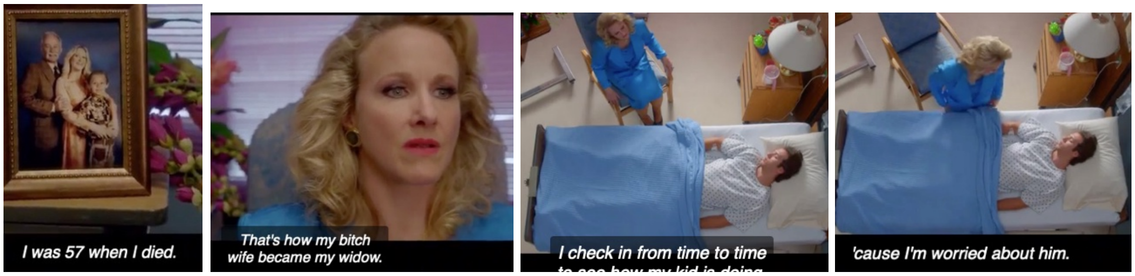
I can't help but think about my father, lonely, nasty, and so aggressive and bitter, that I just can't do that to myself.
I feel so sorry for dog Sandy, that's something I'll have to take care of. I owe this to Edith.

Surprising sharp rubbing pain in the right side of my abdomen, felt like in my bladder almost. Lasted for a while, felt it while walking. But then it subsided, and I forgot about it. Gone now.

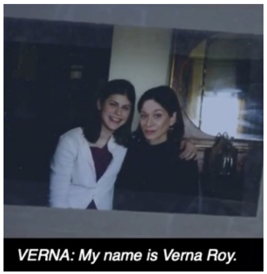
(Later)
Yes, we all play roles for each other … It's mentioned in "Why Women Kill".


It's funny about people.
They come into our lives every day...
...and you never know who will play the most important part.
A total stranger might be the one to save you
or destroy you.

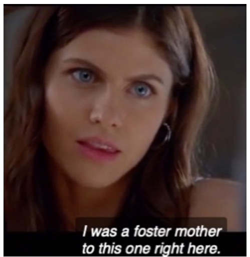
Oh geez! Even the **dead** *get to speak* in "***Why Women Kill"***! This really is an amazing series. No wonder I found it. I actually thought it was a documentary about serial killers … but no, it's a fine satire drama series.


I was 57 when I died.
That's how my bitch wife became my widow.
I check in from time to time
'cause I'm worried about him.

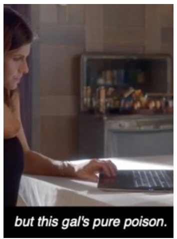
Yeah, all these themes, "not telling what's wrong", "betrayal", "innocence abused" … I'd laugh if I wasn't extra sad today. I really wish I had someone to talk to, someone who would understand me.


VERNA: My name is Verna Roy.

I was 32 when I died in a fire.


I was a foster mother
to this one right here.

I don't like to talk
bad about the living,


but this gal's pure poison.

I can see she's now living

in a fancy house with pretty things.

That means some man
has fallen for her act.

He don't know what she's capable of,

but I got a feeling
he's about to find out.

So the dead can be "worried" and they can anticipate something bad to happen to the incarnates, but why the fuck can't they intervene? Oh, and the cliché-perspective: The dead are watching "from above"! Why that? They are right here, on the same level, next and in front of us. That's what Betty told Stewt and us all. And "Stephen" did, too. Oh – I know! *Because there is no inter-realm communication happening because they simply don't know how!* And that's were I come in, right?

A **song** there is, too, very beautiful, very telling … about looking back, …

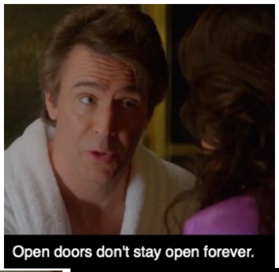
You should go.

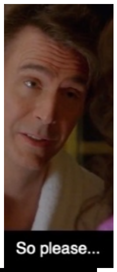
Really? I mean, it's a hectic time,
with Amy's wedding,

- and the gallery...
- Listen, listen.

I have spent my entire
life putting off things

that I thought there'd
be time for later.

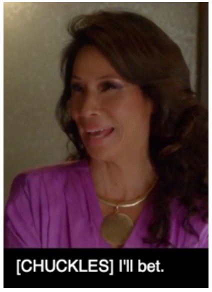

Open doors don't stay open forever.


So please...

go.

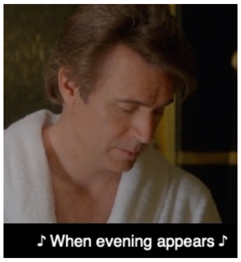
You'll be okay?

I'll be delightful.


[CHUCKLES] I'll bet.

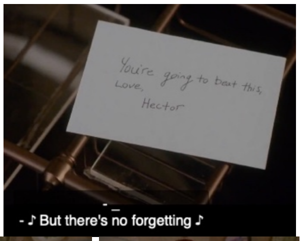
Judging from those flowers,
Hector must be smitten.

… regrets and insights.

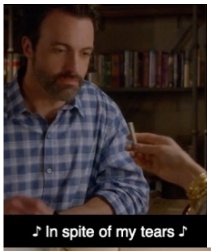

♪ When evening appears ♪

♪ I sigh ♪

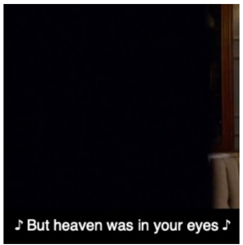
♪ But there's no regretting ♪



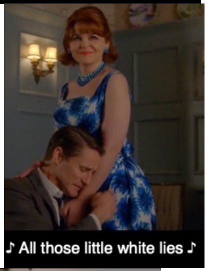
- ♪ But there's no forgetting ♪


♪ In spite of my tears ♪

- ♪ The devil was in your heart ♪
- [SNIFFING]


♪ But heaven was in your eyes ♪

♪ The night that you told me ♪


♪ All those little white lies ♪

I look down on Mama from heaven.

I watch her because
I'm worried about her.

She's not happy,

but Daddy doesn't know...

because she keeps smiling.

There is one thing I didn't get that the wife gets … she is there when her beloved best friend passes away.

June 29, 2021 **– The Shovel & Maui Lounge**

Oh my God – the shovel!

Today was intense.

My mother sounded drunk. It's my brother's birthday. She didn't slur her speech on the phone too much, but she spoke drunkenly, and I was very desperate.

Before that, in the morning, I went to Inge to bring her some Elderberry sirup that I had made as thank you for all the good stuff she keeps giving me, and to return her jam glasses, and we chatted. Right then, a little after 9 a.m., my phone rang … and it was Gabi Sch., an acquaintance who is directly related to Hawaii!

My friend Rebecca told me years ago, when we were both still in Hawaii, that she knew a German woman by the name of Gabi that she thought I should befriend. Years later, I met Gabi by chance in a dog park, where she was with her dog Kali. Gabi is a very cool cat of a woman, tall, gray hairs, now retired and living in Germany. And she called because she is in Vienna!

Later, after calling my mother, I called her back. Gabi will come to visit me! And I'll be able to just be me! Oh I had wished so much for someone to talk to … ***Gabi is probably the only woman who will be able to understand me.*** She used to live and love in Hawaii, work in theater and had a demented father … oh, sweet Jesus!

Then, towards the evening, I took a long walk with Jacqui … and I told Bob that I really want to prove to Gabi that he and I are in contact, and I asked him directly to prove to me that he was there right now, by ***putting something into my hand.***

It was a *shovel.*

A shiny metal shovel with a wooden shaft.

Later, after the astro newsletter job, I thought that I wanted to watch the first episodes of ***season 2 of "Why Women Kill"***, because I finished season 1 yesterday.

I didn't think I'd make it through episode 2 … I was tired. But I did. And in the end of it, the story leads to … *the two main characters looking straight at a* ***shovel.***

A shovel.

The proof.

It feels … so … so … unbelievable. It's like really being with one foot on another dimension.

I will tell Gabi about the contact diary. I will ask her to read it. I will do with Bob what I do, and I want her to witness it.

The shovel appeared in the tv-show *after Bob "gave" it to me as a proof that he was there this afternoon.*

There are no odds.

That's the truth of it all: The disca are always with us. And depending on the connect we have and how open and able we are to receiving inner images and impressions, we can and should communicate.

Communicate.

I fell my calling so closely right now.

I must bring "The Bridge" forward … and I will.

Furthermore, in ***"Why Women Kill"*** season 2, a character is a ***singer*** in a place called ***"Maui Lounge"***, and there is a *"hula doll"* right in perfect sight … oh my. I don't need to say more, do I?

MAUI LOUNGE

The astrology job I edited today told me that the universe "knows" that *a big change must happen*. And it's about my mother. I must drive to her tomorrow – but before, I'll consult the nice psychologist I talked to in 2019 and who offered help.

Oh Jesus, the shovel.

I remember the ***feeling*** on the field when it appeared as an image in my awareness. There is a certain light and clear and "sneaky" quality to that kind of image. It's entirely different than imagining something or recalling something. It is a weirdly "soft" feeling, a quiet feeling like motion or a glimpse in a vacuum. It's just there, in natural and matter of fact kind of way. It appears, and is gone.

Bob gave me the shovel. I trusted and I said out loud, on the field "*a shovel*", because I feel it's important to say out loud what you recognize as the message. You say it right away, as soon as you receive or see it.

That's important I feel, it lifts the impression on a different level and kind of locks it in. It takes some kind of "force", an inside stream of energy to "make yourself say it", because in that moment you are acknowledging that something appeared in your mind, in front of your inner eye that's not your own making or memory.

And to say that out loud is the most exciting part of that kind of communication.

I just heard myself say ***"I should be teaching this".***

I really should be, I guess.

June 30, 2021 – **Niko & the Mustard Tube: THE FIRST**

Oh sweet Jesus.

It has gotten "concrete", in a way.

I went to see Inge to help her with her laptop. We got into chatting, and I told her that I talk with Bob. She said that she believes that because recently very strange things had happened when she had been looking at pictures of *her beloved dead grandson Niko* – photographs and phone messages had popped up that made it seem as if Niko was really talking to her.

I said that he likely was, and that he also was happy that she was sensible and open for it. She said it happens that she stands somewhere, not even thinking of Niko, and suddenly she has the feeling as if he did what he had done as a little child: run up to her and bump his head against her belly. She said that it felt so real, that many times she was baffled speechless.

I was very stunned, too, about her stories … and then she said she must quickly go to the bathroom.

While she was out of the room, *I said to Niko, "If you're here, please put something into my hand"* … and I stretched out my palm, and I hadn't even finished the thought, when I "***saw***" ***a tube of mustard*** in my hand.

It was strange, but it was spontaneous … so I said it out loud, ***"Mustard, is that it?"*** (In German, of course, "Senf, oder?")

The Inge came back – and I took my courage and told her what I had just done and I told her about the shovel-experience just yesterday.

I said it would be interesting if mustard had any relations with Niko … and she made big eyes and said that ***Niko loved mustard and ketchup so much, that he could have lived of mustard only!***

There.

THERE.

I must admit, it was a new experience of trusting myself and trusting the image – as it's about someone I have not known.

I explained to Inge how this is done, and I tried to get her to realize that she had just received a message from Niko.

She said "yes, yes", but I'm sure she was confused and not certain what to think about this.

And for me it was special …. Because I had done it purposefully and also reported, like in the case of a "reading", and I had given Inge a full-fledged evidential information.

That was a first for me – I had done it on purpose consciously with a different person than myself.

After that, I drove to my **mother**, and I found her drunk and very weak on her feet. She said she had been at the hairdresser's in the morning, and she was very happy. I was so sad, we could have such a good time … but … When I tried to talk to her, she started whispering and cursing me again, and I left. Swam in lake Saissersee, and so did Jacqui …

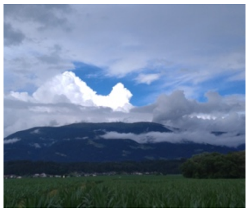
… and in lake Wörthersee, but I was very absent minded.
Drying myself off, I saw a piece of a card in the gutter, a “**king of hearts”**.

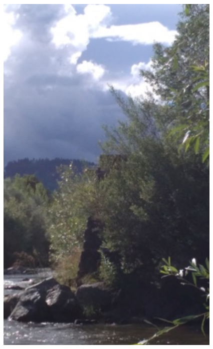
alth benefits of pomegranate seeds..
nesofindia.indiatimes.com
143,781 Pomegranate Stock ..
istockphoto.com

I asked Bob at some point to *put something into my hand* … because I couldn’t manage to enter “housie’s hallway”, I was blocked, because I was so desperate about my mom … and it was *something **red** and also a little **yellow** or **golden** with some kind of **crown**,* so I thought it looked like a *“Granatapfel”, a pomme granate.* Strange, but okay.

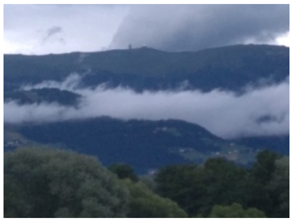
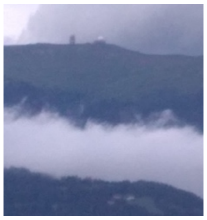
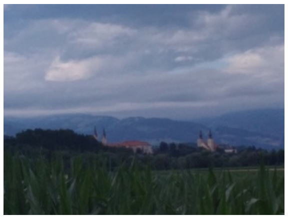
July 1, 2021 **– The “Pomegranate”?**
I called my mother this noon, ready to drive right up to her in case she sounded terrible, … and like many times before: She was absolutely fine and clear and in a good mood! Wow! It broke my heart even more and I had such a longing to just be with her and do stuff with her …
I think I’ll drive to her and talk really directly with her. I must do something.

Then I drove to ***St. Andrae*** to take Jacqui on a walk between the fields and along the **river Lavant** … the ***sky was seemingly mimicking a tall stone wall*** …





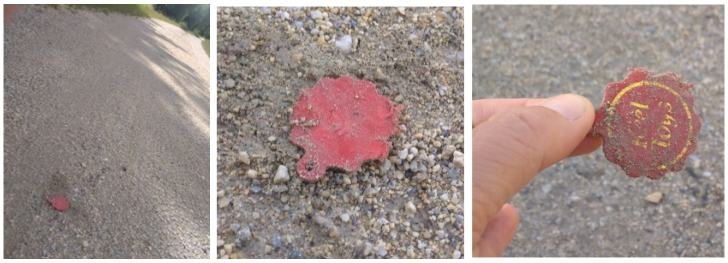
It was cool, as it had rained this morning, so nice … the temperatures had dropped from 33 to 17 degrees during the day within a day.

So I took photographs to be able to share with my mother, of the asparagus and corn fields … and on the way back, I was talking to Bob, how I’m unable to even focus or feel anything … and I jokingly said ***“And what about the pomegranate, huh? How about throwing one my way?!”***

And I swear (!) just then, in that moment, as I said that out loud, I looked at the path in front of my feet, and there it was:

The “pomegranate”! ***Something red and golden with a sort of “crown”*** … wow!



This counts! My subconscious had given me a “pomme granate” … but along that path at the river Lavant has always been a very communicative energy with the beyond, and this little red “toy label” was on my path … and I had been given a heads up by Bob. Or was it different? Was there no pomme granate available, and that was the next close thing?
My subconscious of course couldn’t make up a “red round toy label with golden writing”, so I had “seen” a similar shape in the right color, and I had “made” it into a real fruit in my mind, but it’s only a piece of material.
Still. *I had received the “pomme granate” in real life. In a way*

Also, the **cloud** had **mimicked** what I was seeing … the observatory, the two big churches, and even the wall at the riverside!

There was **broken glass** on the field path, which seemed to have significance …

Also: Right on the path was a **piece of wood** that first I suspected to be a bone or a fish or a snake … it looked like something out of the ocean, a sea cucumber.

July 2, 2021 – **Dying Bob in his Bed**
Happened to check out an old series called „**Big Love**“ because of the actress Ginnifer X., and it’s with Bill Paxton as a Mormon husband … but the most fascinating thing I saw right away, and I won’t watch the series, only needed to see it … ***a white haired dying man lying on the floor***. Also … one of the characters woke up sweating in his bed and lied down on a towel and also covered himself with a towel … just like Bob had done.

I got to see Bob's last hours … when he lied down on the bedroom floor to sleep, to never get up … His death scenario has been haunting me more in the last days. *(**Note**: It feels like him saying to me "So, now you've seen it, been there … better now?")*

Today, I ate a whole 330g ***chocolate*** *pudding*, and I shared it with Bob and also with ***Niko*** … based on a photograph of him in Inge's house … that enables me to connect with him. I really would like to try out if I can get in contact with other people's disca loved ones …

I said to Bob „I have the feeling you are further away … or different. But I think you have to, you have been advancing, doing what you do over there."

It's such a shame that I can't share this with anyone.

I just switched on „***Hannibal***", a very violent crime series with Mads Mikkelsen starring as "Dr. Hannibal Lecter" from "The Silence of the Lambs" … as I must watch something about killing, as my hatred against my neighbor doesn't subside … he broke my heart, and little dog Marshall's and my dog Jacqui's, and I want his heart and the heart of his wife broken, too, when they are the most vulnerable, like I was, so close after losing Bob, and they mistreated me and my dog and their dog so badly. I will never forgive. As long as I live I will hope and pray for them to experience the pain that the dogs and I had to endure because of them …

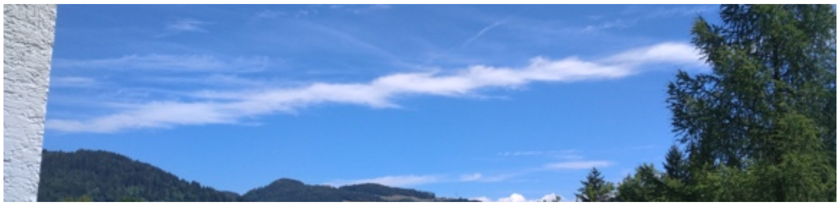
I want J., Marshall's owner, to be desolate and neglected and left out and isolated and not able to do what he needs to do, move, be out, have friends, I want him to be lonely and full with fear and hungry and afraid and sad and locked in and tied up and confined in full consciousness … with his heart being broken in many tiny pieces.

That's what I want.

I said to Bob yesterday at the river Lavant, that I am aware that I may be a monster, but I stand to this. I want J. and M. to suffer, because the way they treated me and have been neglecting their dog, must be punished. They will not get away with hurting innocent creatures.

July 3, 2021 – **The Toy Car & the Cancer Scenes & The Rooster Bob**

I started watching „***Hannibal***", and I somehow enjoy seeing the ways people kill other people and the twisted mindgames they play on themselves. (***Note**: There was an amazing long cloud today …)*



There is an amazing sequence about cancer and how the patient withdraws from her beloved partner … it's like Bob is explaining something to me yet again …

It's clear you love your husband.

Women who love their husbands still find reasons to cheat on them.

Not you.

Still, you seem more betrayed by Jack than by your own body.

I don't feel betrayed by Jack.

And there's no point in being mad at cancer for being cancer.

Sure there is.

Cancer isn't cruel.

Tiny cell wanders off from my liver, gets lost,

finds its way into my lung,

where it's just trying to do its job and...

Grow a liver.

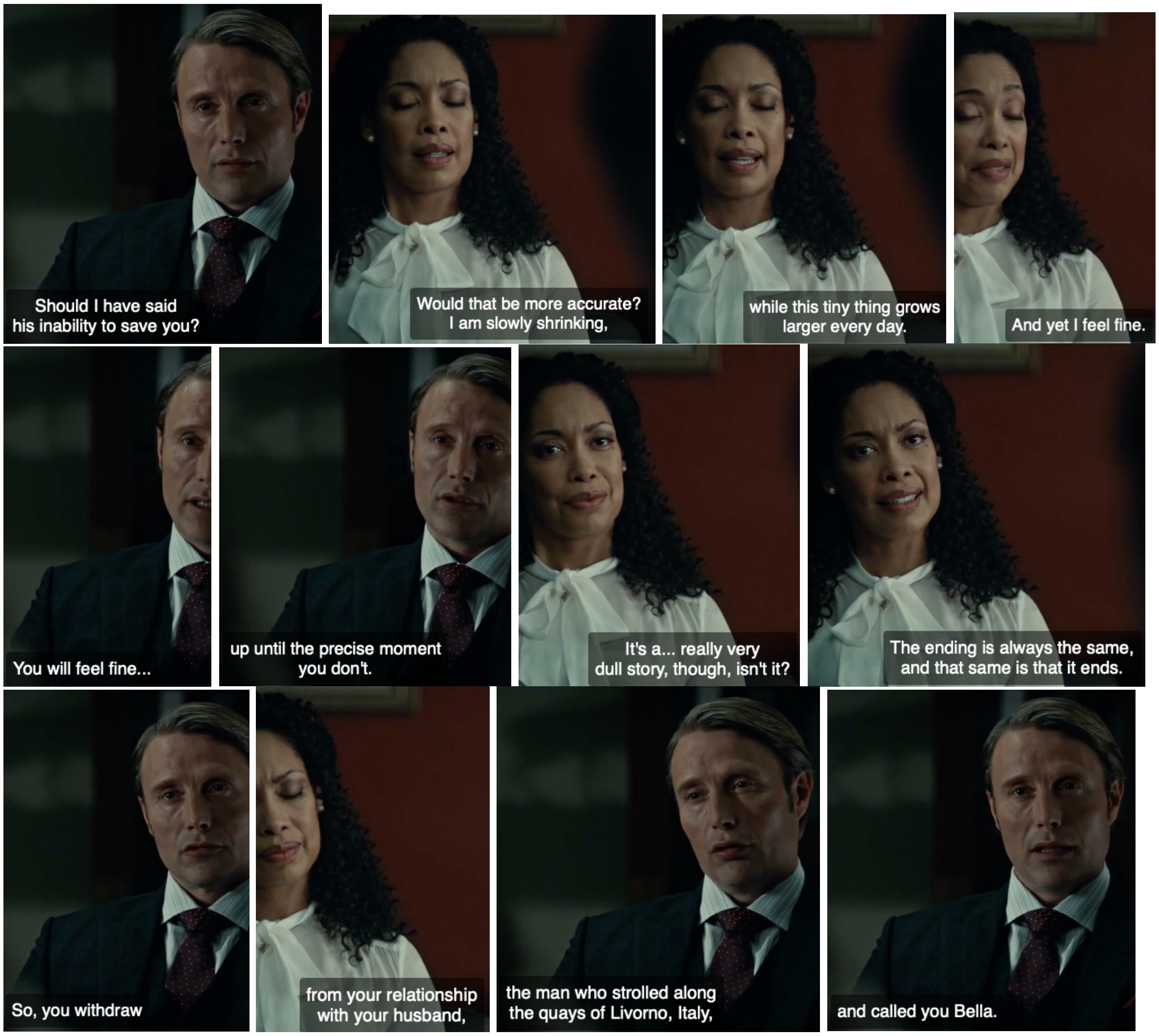
What it grows and where it's growing it will likely kill you.

Not likely.

It will kill me,

and no amount of blueberries or antioxidants can change that now.

But you hold Jack accountable for his inability to cure cancer.



Should I have said
his inability to save you?

Would that be more accurate?
I am slowly shrinking,

while this tiny thing grows
larger every day.

And yet I feel fine.

You will feel fine...

up until the precise moment
you don't.

It's a... really very
dull story, though, isn't it?

The ending is always the same,
and that same is that it ends.

So, you withdraw

from your relationship
with your husband,

the man who strolled along
the quays of Livorno, Italy,

and called you Bella.

Drove to Velden to see my mother,
first to the Drau river bent, and Jacqui had a lovely swim.

On the highway I realized that the strange *piece of wood* that I had though was a fish or something at the river Lavant the other day, was actually a „***kaweli***“, not just a ***sea cucumber***, but the wooden sea cucumber, the central piece of my story „Kaweli“, a film that Bob and I really wanted to make. So I started thinking of what it meant … that I should film a kaweli-type story in Austria, not the real Hawaiian version?

I thought I saw *Bob dancing in Austrian folklore leather pants in the housie hallway*, as I was driving through a tunnel, but maybe I just made it up myself … true to the topic.

I found my mother in her night gown, and she said she had just showered and refreshed herself, but she was about to go to bed, it was about 3.30 p.m. She was entirely sober. It's just heartbreaking to see her alone and in her night gown, but she was in a good mood. When I asked her if she'd go for a walk with me, she got upset and angry again. No, she doesn't feel like going outside period. I didn't insist, glad that she accepted the piece of Kuchen I had brought her.

Swam in lake Wörthersee, always pure bliss for me.

Then driving, I happened to start singing a Hawaiian song, and broke out crying, missing Bob and my life with him so much and at the same time having such a strong impression of him and of being right on Maui.

Entering housie slightly exhausted after a swim … like we did so often … Bob saying „I'm gonna jump in the shower", I even said it out loud for him, and me going to prepare dinner … oh life in housie, oh bliss, oh real me.

I cried really hard, and in the next tunnels, I saw a structure like a ***„lego" tower*** or a ***„matador" tower*** or even some kind of tall towered sand castle. Also, a ***fishing rod***. Also, in the next tunnel there was some ***kind of inflatable „rescue ring"*** that Bob kind of softly flung towards me …

Then, he squatted to my left in the hallway, holding a *small paper notebook* at me, and he held a pencil or a pen, as if he was about to write something down, but he also pointed at something written in that notebook … and if felt like he wanted me to explain that to him … maybe asked me if I knew what it meant.

I said to him that I really want to know if he is here, when I feel him so close … right then I drove through another tunnel, and right away, there was Bob holding a ***small toy car*** in his hand … and I left the tunnel, and right then, a ***white „toy car", a very small Porsche-like vehicle***, passed by me, with the license plate number „***732 SM***". And „SM" was Bob's signature … and I haven't seen it in a long time.

It was one of those „synchronicity" events that prove to me right away, that Bob is in fact here. He holds that kind of toy car at me, and right then, a very unusual „toy car" drives by … he told me that he was with me.

On the way to Velden I saw a license plate number „COU 222", and it struck me because of the „222" and the strange rhyme …

Anyway.

Doing Kaweli in Austria … maybe not? I did think about that, on the way to Velden, while driving, and I even asked Bob what he thought about it and whether this thought came from him?! And right then, a car drove by with a license plate number that was very significant, … what was it again … geez, I hope I'll recall. But right after that, I entered a tunnel, and there was ***Bob with a (live) chicken!***

And as soon as I got out of the tunnel my thoughts began to flow, „chicken" in Hawaiian is „pupule", which also means „crazy". But in Carinthian dialect, „chicken" is „Pipale", and that's really very strangely similar, isn't it? So in order to make „Kaweli" in Austria, in my culture, I'd have to turn to „my" ancient traditions and use dem … and maybe „Pipale" would be the title? I was kind of confused about the intensity of the thoughts … and there were other associations I made that flooded my mind, but I can't recall right now.

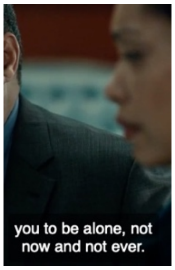
The word „Pipale“ respectively „pupule“ for „crazy“ and „chicken“ was a topic that Bob and I talked about many years ago, when I worked on researching „Native of Owhyhee“, and I found amazing things in history … all that material is … I don’t know where, actually. Maybe with Joyce? Maybe with Kahu Finberg … who, I suspect, is not well mentally … I don’t know, he was strange already years ago, got to be pretty old, too, maybe starting to be demented …

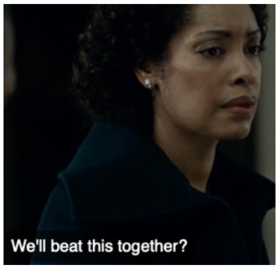
Also, I had the most amazing **dream** tonight … so intense, such an adventure, so that I thought, when waking up „Wow, I’m already dreaming entire epic drama stories now“ … and shit I forgot, but it’s of the kind that will come back. I have a horrible headache right now, just got home, sat down to write it down to not forget.

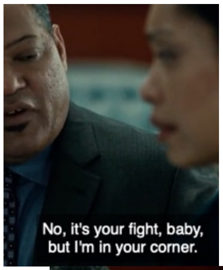
Had to treat my heart with hawthorne in the past days, at times I thought it will break or stop.

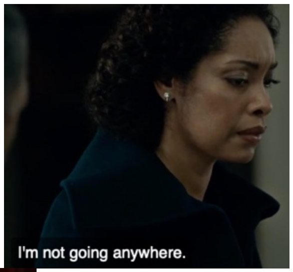
(Later)
With my dinner I watched more of „***Hannibal***“ … and it’s about a person dying of ***cancer*** and not telling their spouse. So … okay, got it, Bob. Me crying earlier today was connected with me asking Bob why he didn’t tell me in time, why he didn’t let me in, why he was so distant and pushed me away … There. The answers in a film … again.

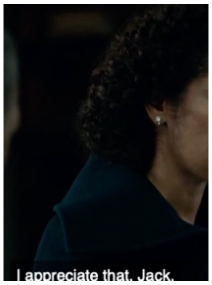
When did you find out?
Twelve weeks ago.
Lung cancer.
You don't smoke.
The irony.
Is it treatable?
It's stage four.
And we know there's no stage five, don't we?
When were you gonna tell me?
Far enough into the future that I'm really
not prepared to have this conversation
- right now.
- Neither am I,
but we're having it. We're having it right now.
Were you just going to wait
until you were in the middle of chemotherapy?
When you couldn't hide it anymore?
I don't think I want to do chemotherapy.
I want you to know that I don't want

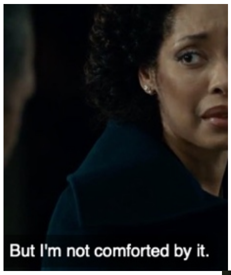

you to be alone, not now and not ever.

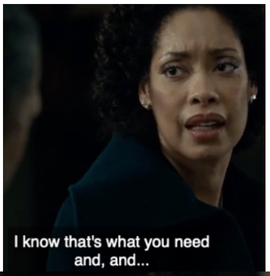

We'll beat this together?

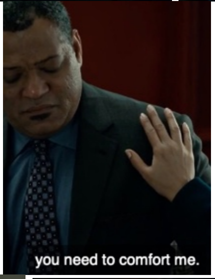

No, it's your fight, baby, but I'm in your corner.

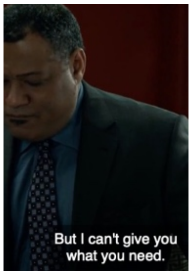

I'm not going anywhere.

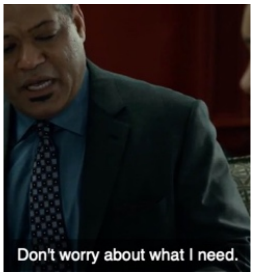

I appreciate that, Jack.

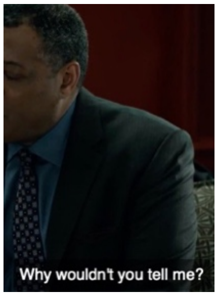

But I'm not comforted by it.

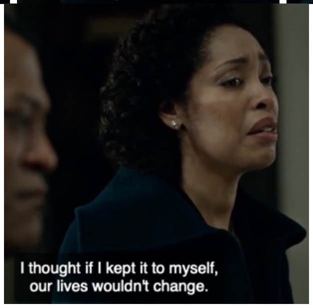

I know that's what you need and, and...

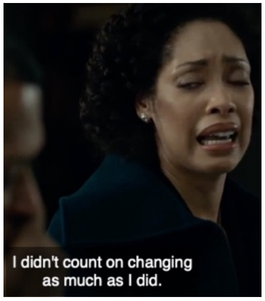

you need to comfort me.


But I can't give you what you need.


Don't worry about what I need.


Why wouldn't you tell me?


I thought if I kept it to myself, our lives wouldn't change.

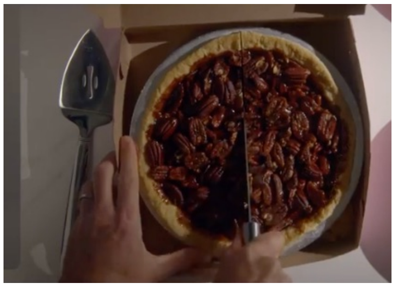

I didn't count on changing as much as I did.

(Later)

Going through my many screenshots for this contact diary, I realized something I had overlooked:

I had taken a screenshot of ***someone cutting a pecan pie*** … because *Bob loved pecan pie more than even pumpkin pie.*

And in the morning after that, Inge called to tell me that she had good stuff for me again, and among it was a bag of nuts that she didn't know: ***pecan nuts!*** I have never ever seen pecan nuts in Austria, only with Bob, in Hawaii.

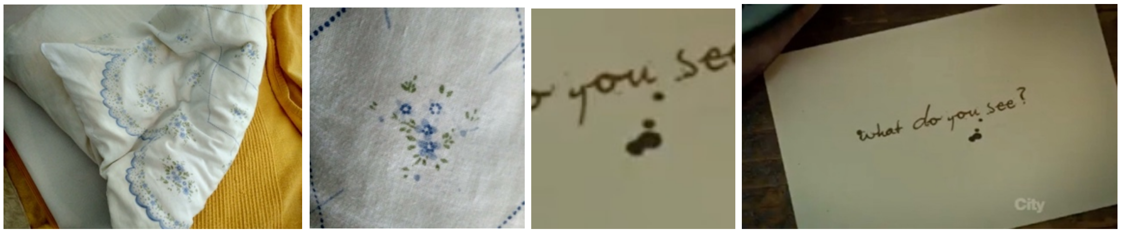


Pecan
ZARTE BUTTERNUSS

July 4, 2021 – **„See?" & The Shoulder-Scene & The Story-Line & The Sea Urchin & The Fishing Rod & the Pomegranate & Housie Hallway Scenario!**

Woke up way too late, thinking about Bob, imagining Maui, being so deeply „there" … I realized that my body isn't that old after all but in pretty good shape, swimming does it for me …

And then just before getting out of bed, I ended up staring at my bedding from close … and I „saw“ he covers pattern, *the little flowers* … and I was baffled, because I saw that before, just yesterday, on „***Hannibal***“ … with the text ***„What do you see?“***



(Later)

After breakfast I picked up watching „**Hannibal**“ again, but jumped from episode 6 to 13, just have no interest in watching the others … and there is a theme, promptly, that also concerns me: Who would take care of my dog if I had to travel or if something happened to me?

It's a very „poipu“ - stuffy, hot - cloudy day today … and „poipu“ just popped into my mind … oh, my Hawaiian days. Even before Bob … they are so close. Poipu was a place on Kauai that I was fascinated with, but never went there, but I learned what the word meant, and one day I was there with Bob, because of a shoot we did with Emme Tomimbang … and it kind of has historical meaning.

It feel like „Hawaii“ is catching up with me, wanting to tell me something … I can't shake off the closeness-feeling, keep going back, also to the early days with Bob …

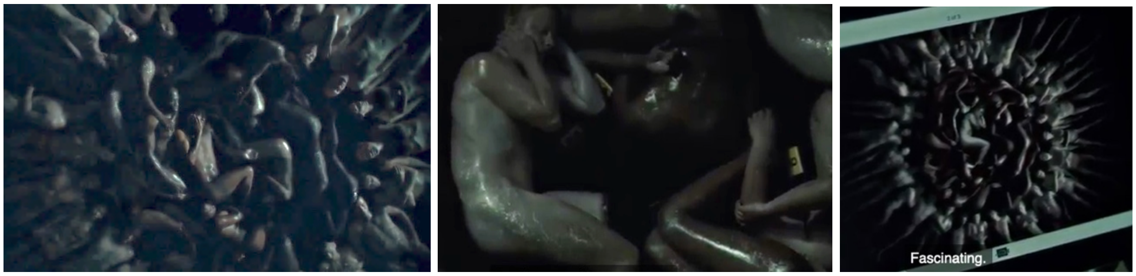
This morning I thought about how he was strange always, ever since I met him, and that I always suspected that there was something „off“ about his mental state … and this morning I knew that I have suppressed and have been suppressing many memories, a lot of painful stuff … and that I'm picking the good stuff, the stuff that was good for me … and I think that's meant to help me get stronger, somehow? For another task?

I also lay awake this morning and thought that finally I understand why in Buddhism it's the highest goal to not be reborn again. I totally got it, my mind was filled with „Oh no, not again being a human, suffering and not being able to stop it, unaware“ … Jesus Christ, I don't want that.

I need to accomplish things in this mortal go-around.

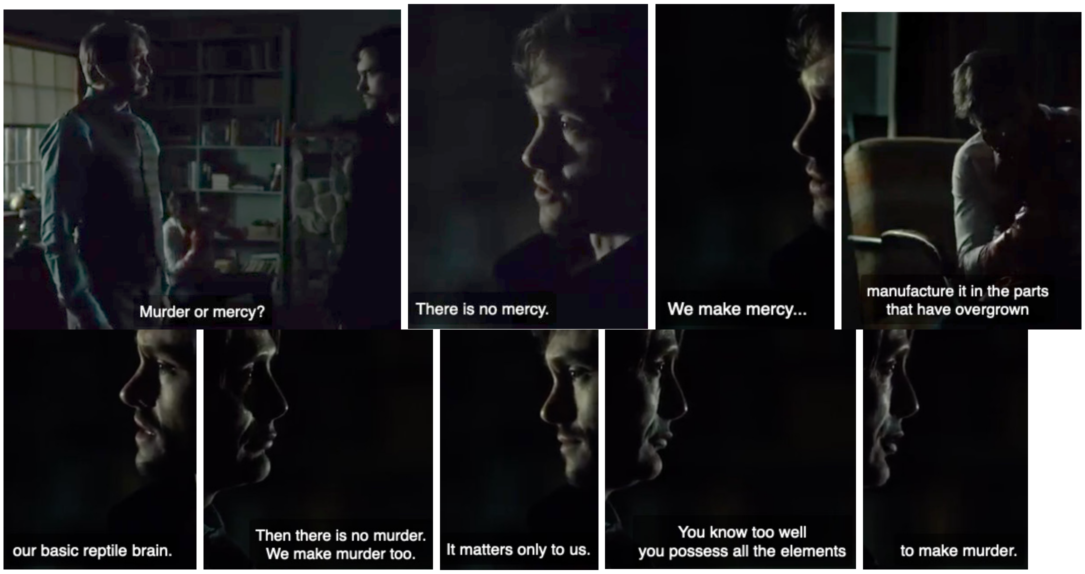
I also have been thinking how my urge, my need, my thorough wish for revenge on my neighbor J., who hurt me and disrespected me so much, when I was so very vulnerable, has maybe a good reason. I will take my revenge. I want his heart to be broken like mine. I want him to be desperate and caged like little Marshall, lonely, ignored. I'm serious about this. I never was a vengeful person, but I have experienced so much emotional abuse, that a part of me is now fully vengeful. And since I believe that I know „in my gut“ what to do, that I must trust even the dark aspects of me. What would be the point to dismiss it as „evil“? I *have* made those experiences. I was in that situation to be mistreated and disrespected again by that neighbor, who hurt me and two animals so much, and his wife isn't better. There is a reason why it was me and why I did what I did and why they were such assholes to me. I keep watching „***Hannibal***“ with those gruesome crazy murders … and I only see discarded bodies. I don't see „poor dead people“, no those are only remnants. Why their life ended? Was it premature? Or did their soul just find the perfect „tool“ to get rid of the body when it was time?

Capital "punishment" is all wrong. It's no punishment at all. Very bad people must be given a very long life and the opportunity to really suffer to finally "get it".



Fascinating.

Maybe some of us are meant to be the punishers of others? We are eating animals and think it's okay. We - as a species - treat animals horribly brutally, and think it's okay. So yes, some of us hurt others, but some punish bad people, some kill others, intentionally or not, accident or murder. But isn't it truly normal and a part of people's mortal stories? I was baffled to hear a conversation reflecting my thoughts on "Hannibal":



Murder or mercy?

There is no mercy.

We make mercy...

manufacture it in the parts that have overgrown

our basic reptile brain.

Then there is no murder. We make murder too.

It matters only to us.

You know too well you possess all the elements

to make murder.

I certainly do not possess those elements – because death is an undeserved graduation for an evil person. I can't and won't get over how J. behaved towards me. I have seen him in ways his family does not. This is not a good person. This is a bad man. Things will happen, with me not being there anymore. Something is brewing, because J. is a disturbed person hiding his dark side. He said to me that he is oh so harmless, never even had a fight at school … but as he said that, he looked like a fucking arrogant prick. I saw him bite his nails in his car. I can see in his eyes that he is deeply self-doubting and possibly full of complexes with an entire lack of self-confidence that he overplays by a cold upright and self-possessed attitude. This person is capable of bad stuff. He put an electrical collar with an inch long electrodes on a puppy.

I have to yet figure out what to do about my father and his insane hateful crazy behaviour. Right now, I had a flash of „*Edith*" in my emotional „being", and it said *„He must learn that he is wrong".* Okay, I'm willing to teach him. Just not sure how. I've been trying to get close to him and to care for him in the nicest way, inspite of all that he did to my brother, my mother, Edith and me. He is a mentally ill creature, and when my mother said about him in my childhood that he was a cruel psychopath, she was right. I only now know what a narcissist and a psychopath are, and my father is picture book-ish both. He plays the innocent poor one, he lies, he manipulates people. Not me. That's why he hates me. That's why he had to keep me from Edith, because I could have opened her eyes. Because I can see right through him, he doesn't want me close to him.

I must make sure Sandy is okay. But he wouldn't let me near the dog either.

It's a strange Sunday.

Took some kittenfood on the „morning“ walk with Jacqui, and sure enough, nobody was at the chicken farm, the bowls all empty, and I poured the liquid kittyfood in there, and the tiny cat heads popped up! So sweet! I should have taken a photo!

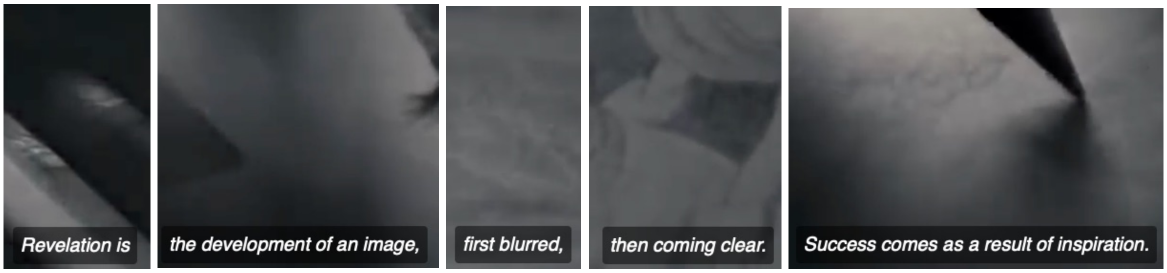
Also … just remember: I walked by the old mill on my and Jacqui's morning or rather noon walk … and a car parked on the path, and a man got out – ***with a shovel!*** I have never seen a man walk around with a shovel, but ***Bob „put a shovel in my hand“*** the other day, and it had already appeared in ***„Why women kill“*** … and today in real life, too! I just couldn't photograph him just like that, I mean, a stranger … so I tried from far away.

It was a heart-stopping moment, seeing the shovel glitter in the poipu gloomy light.

Also, this morning, in my pensive mood, I thought about how people who „report“ what „the dead“ are saying always say that the disca say that „they are right with us“ when horrible things happen. What the fuck, I thought? Why are you with us? To watch, you shitheads? Why not help us to not experience horrible things, to not suffer? How is that supposed to help or comfort, knowing that „you are with us in our darkest hour“? Shared suffering is not half suffering! Especially not if the observer is freaking invisible.

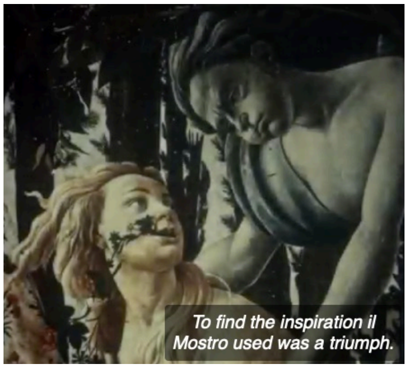
Damn'd. Fucking bullshit all over the fucking place.

Help us achieve stuff, disca, when with our free will we ask you to! Are you doing that? No! So why the fuck are you even close? But then … I should know. I know.

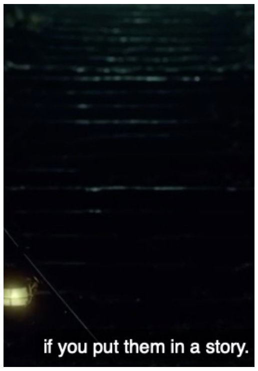

Revelation is
the development of an image,
first blurred,
then coming clear.
Success comes as a result of inspiration.

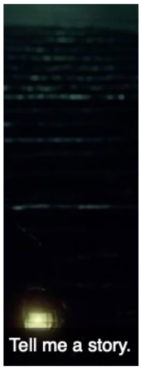
There was a chilling sight of an artwork … ***a man looking over a woman's shoulder*** just like Bob had done in our last weeks together and like I've felt him do it so many times since his passing, when he suddenly approached me in housie's kitchen, embraced me and said that he did care so much about me and had realize that he had been "such an ass" to me. It was a horribly dramatic moment. I turned towards him, just like the woman in the artwork, and I embraced him. I can't remember what I said.

And then the reference to me as a ***storyteller*** and to the one ***Hawaiian line***, that Bob and I used to say all the time and that's part of every Hawaiian legend and history: ***"Ha'ina ia mai ana ka puana": Let the story be told.***


To find the inspiration il Mostro used was a triumph.

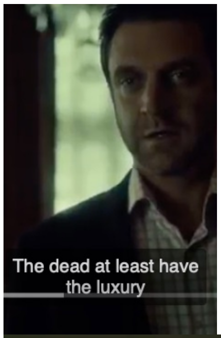
All sorrows can be borne...

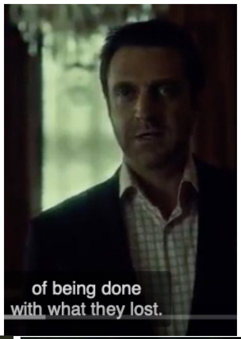

if you put them in a story.

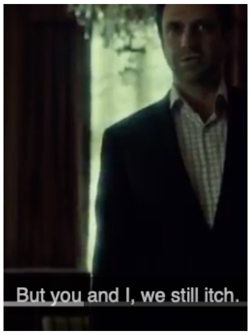

Tell me a story.

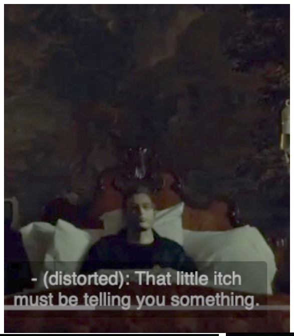
“My writer” … that’s what Bob called me. Yes. And “My researcher”. Shit yes. It was a very deep and intense message there, on “Hannibal” again.

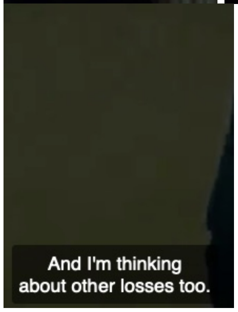
There were more insights through “Hannibal” … confirmations what I already know.

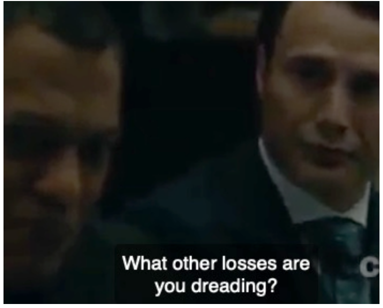

The dead at least have the luxury

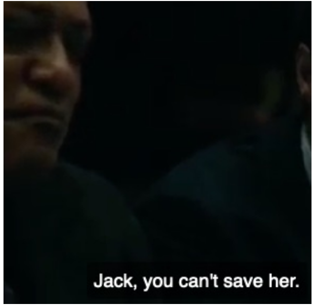

of being done with what they lost.


But you and I, we still itch.


- (distorted): That little itch must be telling you something.


And I'm thinking about other losses too.


What other losses are you dreading?


Jack, you can't save her.

She won't let you.

I couldn’t save Bob in terms of keeping his mortal body alive longer. I only could save our relationship by being there for him … as it seems. And: Our bodies only serve. They aren’t the achievements – that, what we take with us in our consciousness, that’s the achievement of this individualization process we go through during our mortal phase.

- All I need is... A stream.
- In those moments where you can't overcome
your surroundings, you can make it all go away.
- Put my head back, close my eyes,
wade into the quiet of the stream.

*(**Note**: Editing this part on December 2, I'm right now thinking that the "**stream**" suggestion is something I could really use right now. Because exactly in the last days my life has become so much harder … given the fact that I'm supposed to pay insurance for two years back … and I don't have that money and have no idea what will happen now. So "make the surroundings go away" could help me communicate better, "be there" better? I'll try.)*

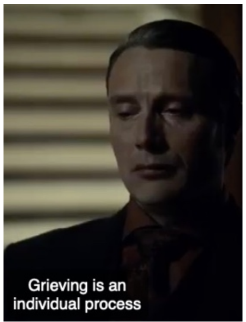
And then there is the monologue how we can certainly live in our memories … and actually literally so, once we are in the unobstructed phase of life, after stripping off the material shell … Really like a confirmation of the stuff I've been dealing with.

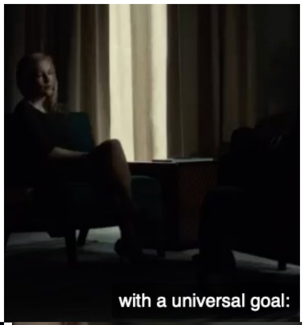
- If I'm ever apprehended, my memory palace
will serve as more than a mnemonic system.
I will live there.
- Could you be happy there?
- All the path's chambers are not lovely,
light and bright.
In the walls of our hearts and brains, danger waits.
There are holes in the floor of the mind.
When we have gone from this life, I will always have this place.

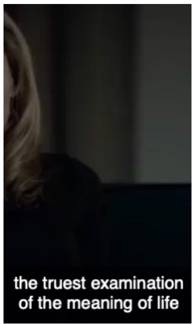
I want to win in the lottery! Time to help me with that, enable a huge win so that I can „imua" properly! With my free will I'm asking you, Bob or anyone who can have that influence, even my own disca-persona, to get me a big lottery win today!

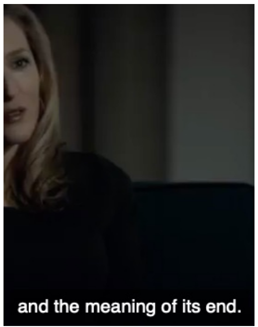
(Later)

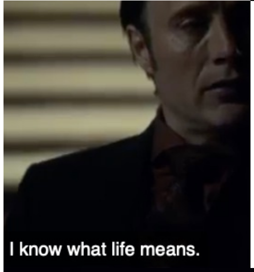
As I keep watching „***Hannibal***" … there is a dialogue about **grief** and loss and the meaning of life .. wow. Didn't see that one coming. It's so poignant … it almost makes me feel … better.


Grieving is an
individual process


with a universal goal:

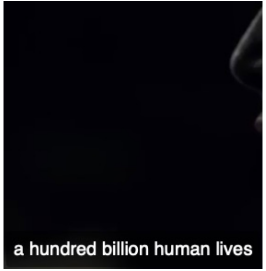

the truest examination
of the meaning of life


and the meaning of its end.

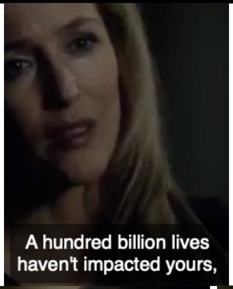

I know what life means.

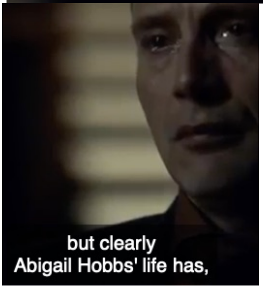
We've existed for
a hundred thousand years.

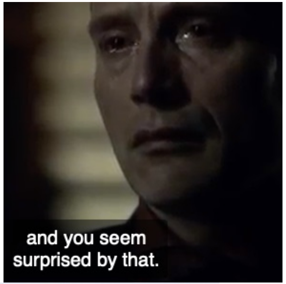
In that time,

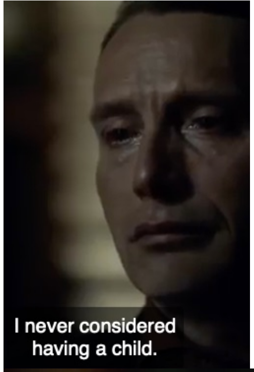

a hundred billion human lives

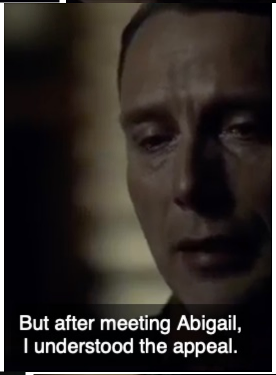
have had beginnings and ends.

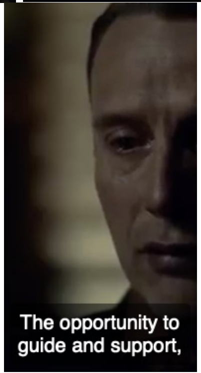

A hundred billion lives
haven't impacted yours,

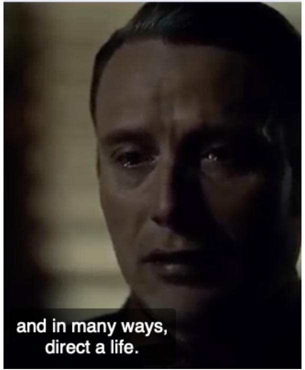

but clearly
Abigail Hobbs' life has,

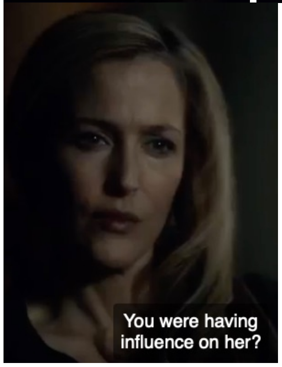

and you seem
surprised by that.

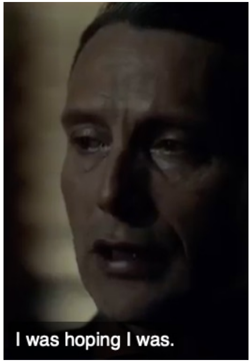

I never considered
having a child.


But after meeting Abigail,
I understood the appeal.

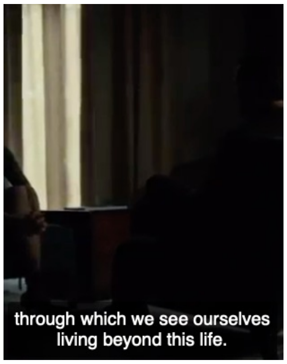

The opportunity to
guide and support,

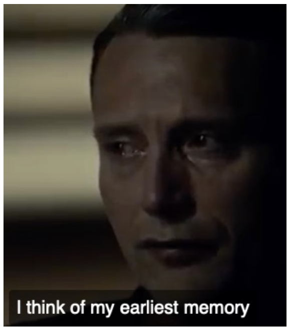

and in many ways,
direct a life.

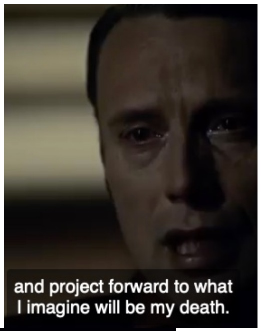

You were having
influence on her?

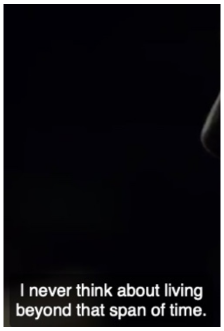

I was hoping I was.

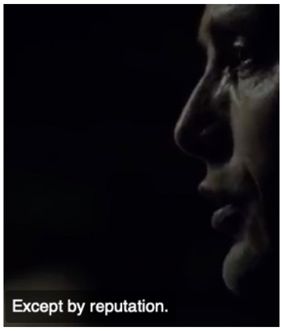
Young people are
supposed to be the lenses

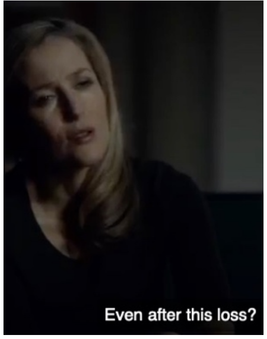

through which we see ourselves
living beyond this life.


I think of my earliest memory


and project forward to what I imagine will be my death.

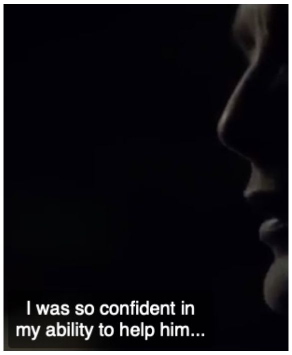

I never think about living beyond that span of time.

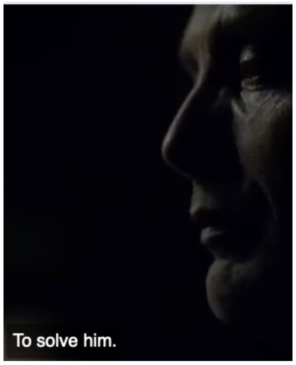

Except by reputation.

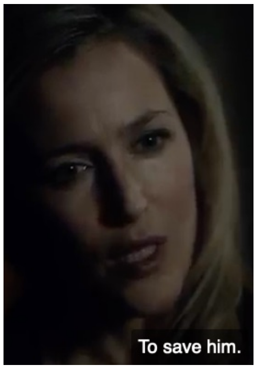

Even after this loss?

More so after this loss.

And then:


I was so confident in my ability to help him...


To solve him.

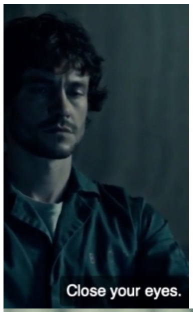

To save him.

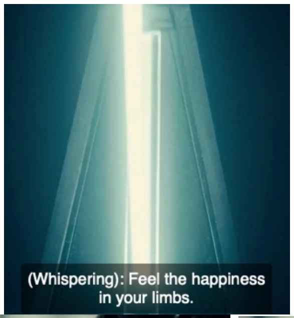
Shit yes, I was.

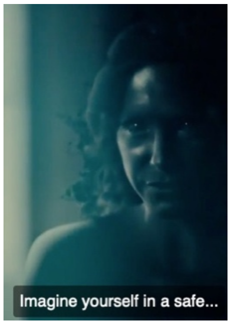
(Later)

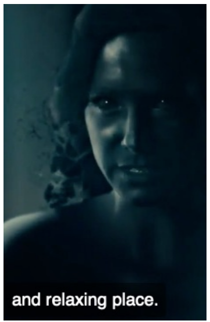
Another dialogue … about something I had just pondered upon this morning … about the mental impairment of somebody who doesn't know he has a problem … but then, Bob did suspect, I think. Already early on in our relationship I used to find tons of mental health supporting and brain functions enhancing supplements. I was always taken aback … but then, Americans are known to be very supplement loving. Bob and I did have many conversations about this … I told Bob that to me it looks like he doesn't trust his own body, and that he needed to stop using all those supplements! They were expensive, too. He had so little money, but he would keep ordering always new supplements ….

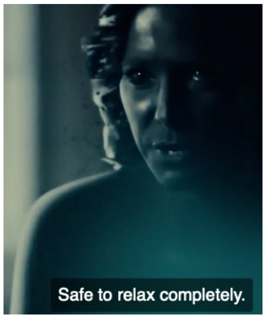
And: A "dead person" visiting with a mortal … beautifully executed …


Close your eyes.


(Whispering): Feel the happiness in your limbs.


Imagine yourself in a safe...


and relaxing place.


Safe to relax completely.

No matter how deeply you go...

my voice will go with you.

The Sea Urchin „Kaweli“

Oh my god!

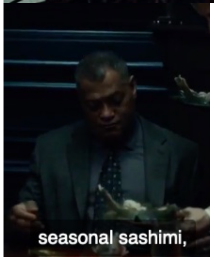
I just started season 2 of „***Hannibal***“ and „***Kaweli***“ showed up - ***the sea urchin!***

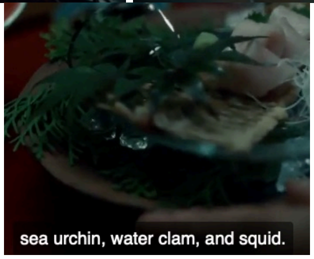
A sea urchin! On „Hannibal“!

When my thoughts have been about a sea urchin in the last two days, my and Bob’s project „Kaweli“!? In what other film do sea urchins show up? In none!

But in „Hannibal“ they do. In really fucking didn’t see that coming.

This course is called *Mukozuke -*

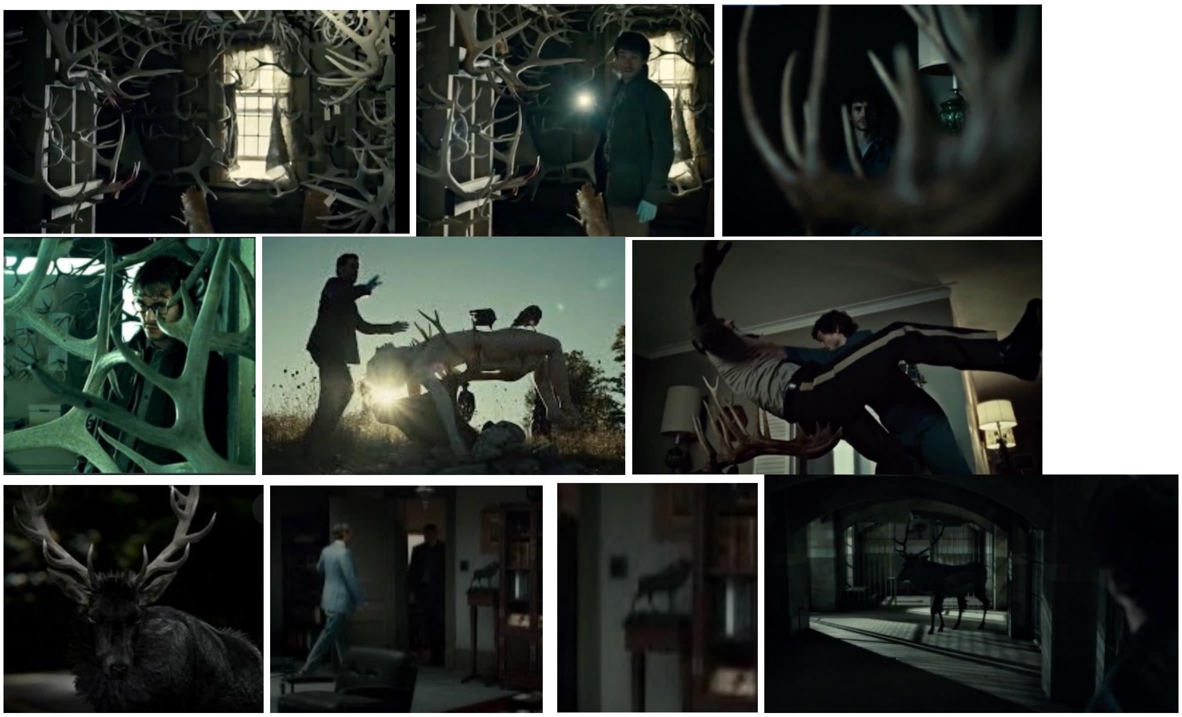

seasonal sashimi,


sea urchin, water clam, and squid.

So … what's the message here?

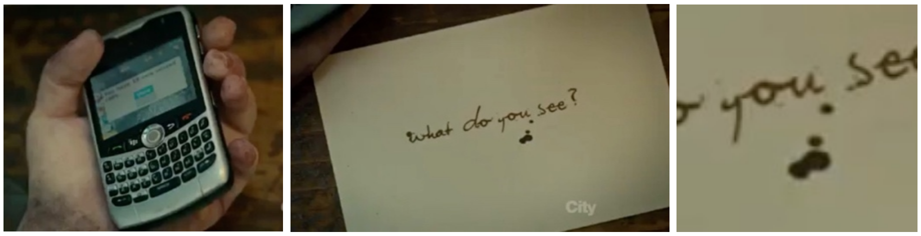
The „***fishing rod***" just showed up again, too!
Flyfishing. Wow. *Bob showed me a* ***fishing rod*** *in a tunnel hallway vision yesterday* … and I wasn't sure if I could trust it, because it was only a glimpse, and I felt so „out of it" …

Just realizing that „***Hannibal***" is a lot about „***antlers***" … remember the antlers I saw a few weeks ago in behind the front window of a car …? Right: *Antlers in a car, and near the windshield next and in front of the driver!* That's what was driving behind me and then overtook!
„Will" keeps seeing a „stag", and there was a murder by impaling someone on a stag's antlers …

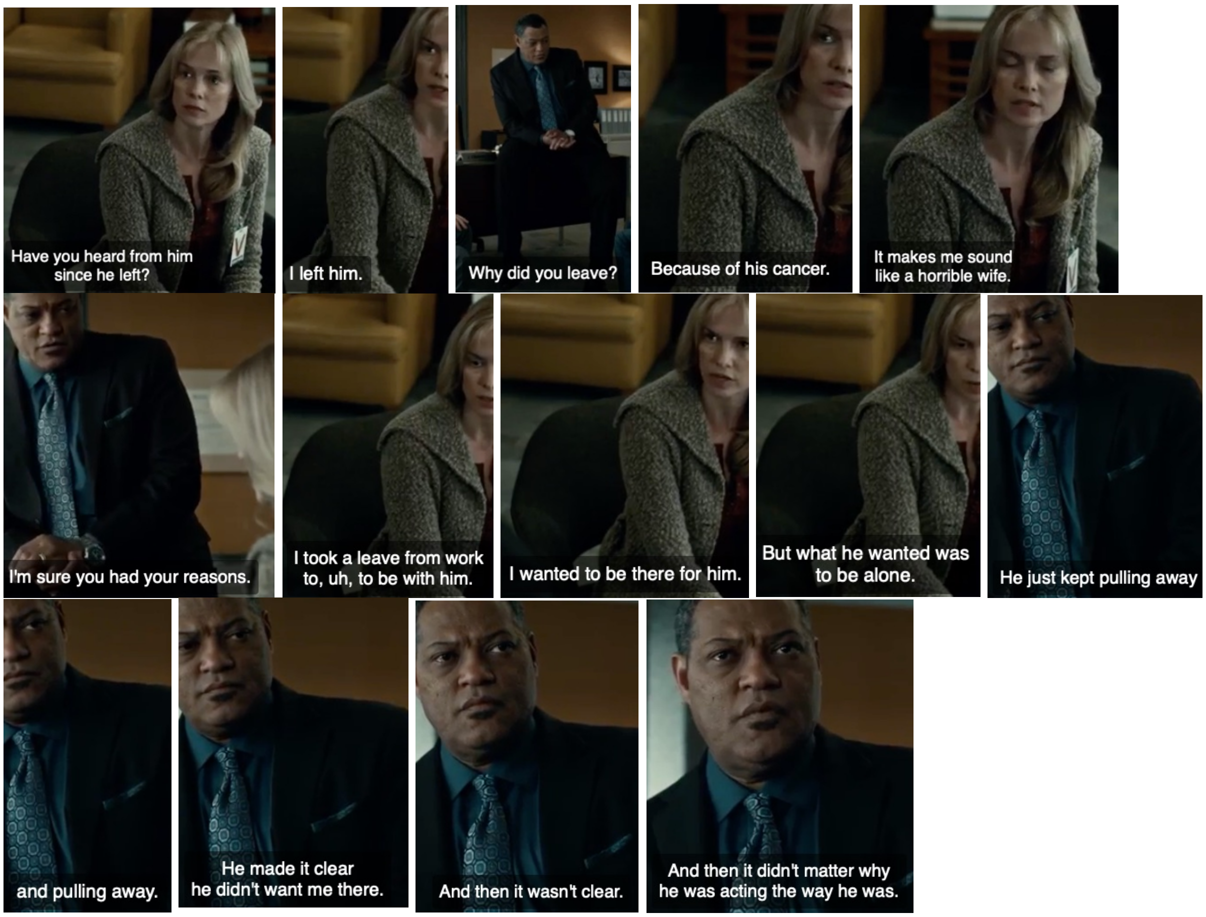


(Later)
Oh wow! The **Pomegranate** showed up on „***Hannibal***"! Even the pomegranate!
In a beautiful scene of „going to a safe place" … like I do in the housie-hallways!

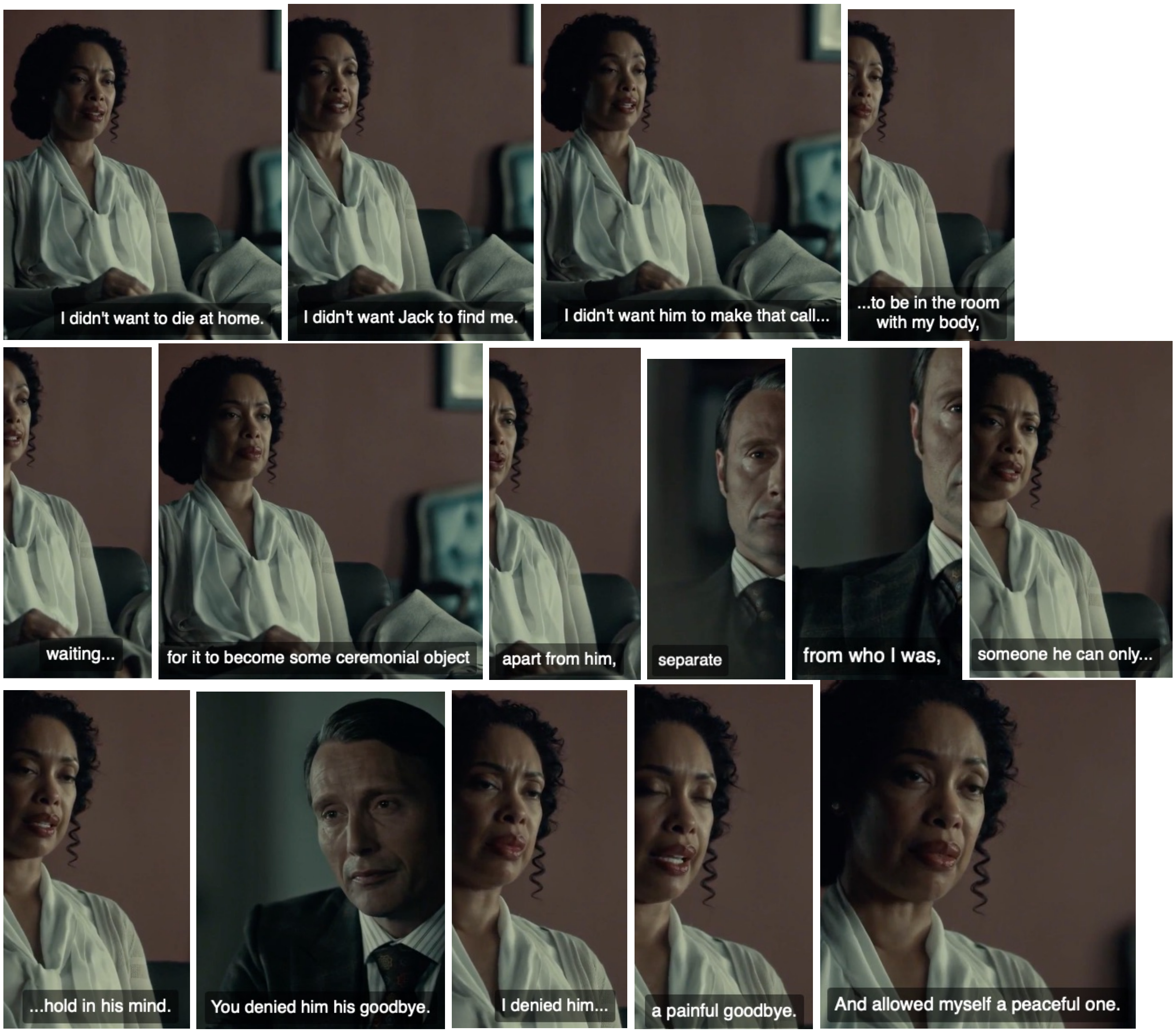
I was going back to find the scene with the „*Rorschach dots*“ that I „saw“ this morning in my bed sheets …


what do you see?
City
you se

… and instead I found the „cancer“ scene where a wife describes how her husband who was sick with cancer pulled away from her and wanted to be alone. Thank you Bob, okay. Got it.


Have you heard from him since he left?
I left him.
Why did you leave?
Because of his cancer.
It makes me sound like a horrible wife.
I'm sure you had your reasons.
I took a leave from work to, uh, to be with him.
I wanted to be there for him.
But what he wanted was to be alone.
He just kept pulling away
and pulling away.
He made it clear he didn't want me there.
And then it wasn't clear.
And then it didn't matter why he was acting the way he was.

The above is exactly reflecting my situation with Bob … over years, maybe even starting in our second year together. Plus, there is another, similar storyline, when a cancer patient explains herself.


I didn't want to die at home.
I didn't want Jack to find me.
I didn't want him to make that call...
...to be in the room with my body,
waiting...
for it to become some ceremonial object
apart from him,
separate
from who I was,
someone he can only...
...hold in his mind.
You denied him his goodbye.
I denied him...
a painful goodbye.
And allowed myself a peaceful one.

(Later) 10.17 pm
Watching „***Hannibal***“ season 2 episode 4 … and the „***chicken***“ that I had seen in the tunnel, showed up. In a quote about a „***rooster***“ that death had offered to Socrates … oh wow. After Bob's death I named the rooster in the movie we meant to make, „Hulihuli Moon“, - Bob.

So was the chicken a tongue in the cheek „Bob“, who knew that I was about to see a rooster in connection with death from cancer?

Oh fascinating!

The rooster story goes on - and it involves a baffling piece of evidential! I once „stole“ a ***silver coin*** *from Bob.* He was collecting them … receiving one every few weeks by mail. I had noticed it, but of course, it was something Bob kept from me … and I was very furious, because often we barely knew where to get the money for food, and he was supposed to pay me for my assistance work at video shoots, he would have had to pay official assistants too, but he simply didn't stand up for himself and ask people who owed him money … but even when we barely had any money, he'd still buy his expensive supplements and his silver coins. Turned out that he kept them stashed, as Joyce found some hidden in the house … after I asked her to look for them.

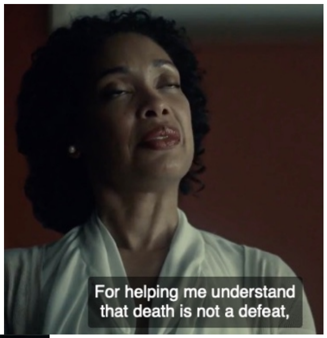
So one day, when Bob was again with Tom and John, I found one of those coins in the mail … and I simply kept it. I still have it. Haven't thought about it … until just now. When the character „Bella", who was dying from cancer but also killed herself with a morphine overdose, gave a coin „***Coq Galois***" to „***Hannibal***" … of course ***„Coq" means „rooster". It's „the Gallic Rooster",*** I just googled … And here is the chicken again!

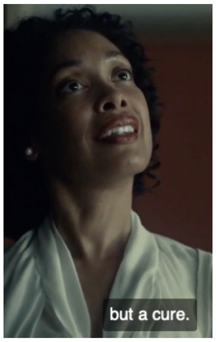
Wow! Wow! Wow. And I had thought the glimpses of hallway impressions when I felt so distracted had „meant nothing". But yet, they keep manifesting.

The coin „Gallic Rooster" is not silver, but it's a large coin, a symbol of the French Revolution and of freedom and and … I immediately flashed back to Bob collecting the silver coin. It's very sad …. he suffered hunger and poverty, but it didn't occur to him to make his coin collection into cash to survive better …

Paying my debt.

Coq Gaulois.

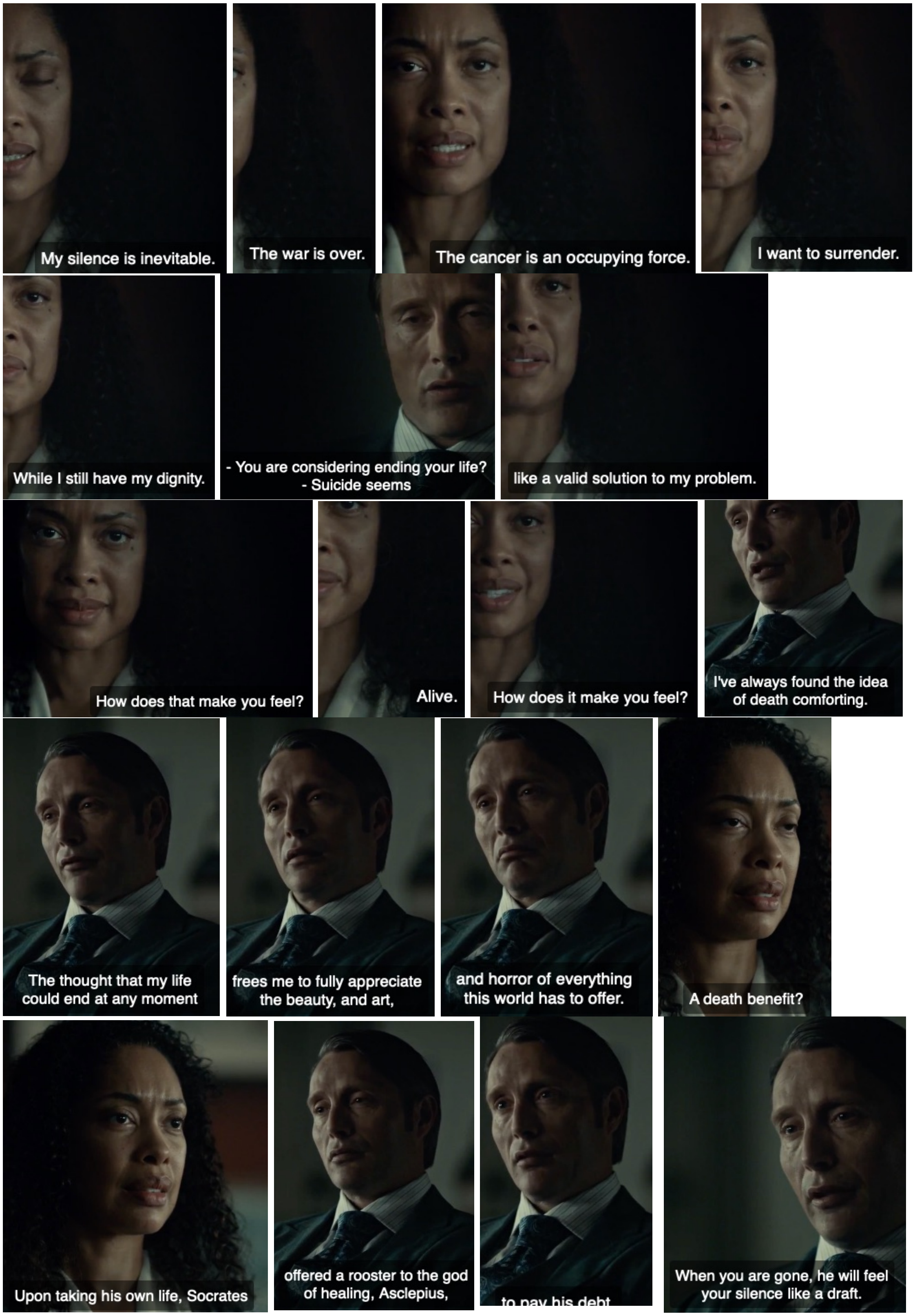




LIBERTE EGALITE FRATERNITE
20
1904

There is a brutal aspect to the movie story … „***Hannibal***" doesn't let the woman take her own life, and he watches her „die", but then brings her back to life with an injection … ***so that she'll now suffer her horrible end by cancer.***

*(__Note__: Months after this I've come to realize why humans should live out their lives even if their dying takes long and is horrible: They must serve others as means to develop by watching them. Still, we should have a choice – because it's all about **free will** – in what way we offer our own life as a means of learning to other mortals who don't even realize that they are immortal and only living an obstructed phase.)*



My silence is inevitable.

The war is over.

The cancer is an occupying force.

I want to surrender.

While I still have my dignity.

- You are considering ending your life?
- Suicide seems

like a valid solution to my problem.

How does that make you feel?

Alive.

How does it make you feel?

I've always found the idea of death comforting.

The thought that my life could end at any moment

frees me to fully appreciate the beauty, and art,

and horror of everything this world has to offer.

A death benefit?

Upon taking his own life, Socrates

offered a rooster to the god of healing, Asclepius,

to pay his debt

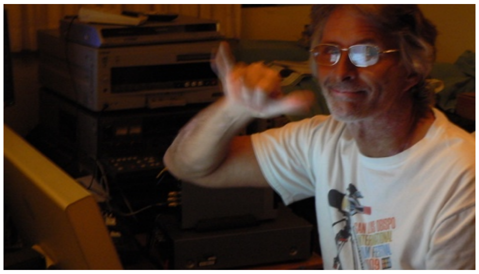
When you are gone, he will feel your silence like a draft.

Nicely said … feeling Bob's silence "like a draft".

Also, took a walk along ***treehouse field*** today … felt drawn to "*the end of the road"* … and yet again I realized how deep the message is here, a treehouse at the end of a road, when the project that killed Bob was about a treehouse commune, and *the original title was "The End of the Road"*. Yes, I have been in the right place. But it still feels like I haven't accomplished shit.

The grains with the different colors … such nice views … like searching for a motive with Bob during one of our shoots …

I picked some "Spiraea", "Maedesuess" (girl sweet), a plant against headache … a shitload of work, so hard to get the fucking bugs out … *(Note: This has no relevance no this day, but look what picture would surprise me months later: It was taken by me on July 3 2010, eleven years ago, in Bob's edit room. It's like him being kind of amused about all the amazing things I experienced today, July 3, 2021.)*



July 5, 2021

Worked until noon, then drove to treehouse field path before continuing to Völkermarkt and Velden.

I suddenly ended up holding a full-fledged spoken out loud ***speech*** about how we mortals are not supposed to let the evil people and the wrong-doers get away with being evil by being „oh so understanding and loving". It leads to more people getting hurt and evil and wrongdoing spreading when the evil ones and the wrongdoers are not punished and taken out of regular human society. My speech was long, and concrete and detailed … it dealt with the *„eye for an eye" idea of the old testament making total sense*, as evil people and wrongdoers ***must learn what they have done to others***, best by experiencing something similar … done to them by a vigilante or another wrongdoer.

If a bad person gets a way with being bad, it will hurt more people, and the people who let him or her get away, are responsible for all the subsequent pain and damage.

I realized what a bad person my father has always been, due to a broken mind … and I've been thinking about what my neighbor did … it's absolutely not right and necessary for me to forgive and forget. I want vengeance. I want them to realize, to repent, apologize and / or experience just as much pain and heartbreak.

I'm not a bad person, but ***I'm an aware incarnate.*** Towards myself, too. I broke out crying again today, thinking about what my dog Kimba went through because of me and through me. I said to myself that it's no wonder that I'm suffering now. I deserve it.

My mother was tipsy and like a very fragile old woman who loses her mind. I brought her three new white T-shirts, as hers are falling apart. It took some persuading for her to even accept them. I'll see what will happen next.

Her condition was such that if there had been a way, I'd have like to have her put into a hospital for detox and mental care. I must figure this situation out, now.

I also suddenly had the idea that I should ask my father if he wants me to come visit, even if he doesn't like me. I think I will write him a postcard with that question.

On the highway to Velden, I saw 3 times „***222***" on license plate numbers, with very poignant letters after it, like „DB" … I forgot the others.

On the way back, „***911 CY***" drove by, 9/11 being the last day I ever saw Bob. And right after that, another „toy car" like the day before yesterday, a small Porsche style very fast sports car drove by, with „***NEUN 11***", which is „9" written out … Which struck me strangely. The eleventh of the ninth month. Not only an international disaster date. But my personal horror date, too: the day I left Bob to never see him again.

In the **tunnels**, on the way there, I saw Bob standing to my right, at the wall, almost leaning, taller than he was, way over 2 meters, but he looked ***all-white like made of wax, or wrapped into something white,*** and the background was also strangely white, stiff, and *he held his arm bent, high up, as if he was holding a big knife … as if he was about to stab. He didn't look alive, but strangely serious and „unreal".*

On the way back, I suddenly broke out in a non-existent song, singing with no real melody about how I feel like singing to describe what I see in the tunnels.

I came from swimming in lake Wörthersee, it was already past 7 p.m. Before that I had been, after seeing my mother, at lake Saissersee, for Jacqui to swim. As we arrived at the swimming place, *a big **branch** with green leaves fell from a tree right next to me*, with a lot of noise! I first thought the entire tree was breaking down. It was an eerie moment. I also found a ***strange box*** at lake Saissersee … Some kind of game.

Actually, the "tunnel visions" or rather the spontaneous impressions were many today and very distinct:

In the tunnels on the way to Griffen, while I was singing, I saw ***Bob squatting*** *and kind of dancing and clapping his hands,* wearing nothing but ***trunks in bright blue with white polka dots.*** Something else … oh yes, he held a ***tray*** in his left hand, with ***an old fashioned maybe golden tea pot or can*** on it.

Then I had the impression of a *sheet of* ***paper*** *sailing to the floor out of nowhere*, then lying on the floor, on that *old brown dusty worn carpet floor* … it was all so very brown in that hallway … and that carpet I can really feel under my feet when I imagine being in housie.

Ever since I left my mother and that branch fell of the tree, I have a weird feeling.

I could have called my mother, but I didn't dare to.

Instead, back in Griffen, I worked briefly on a job, then went with Jacqui to feed the kittens. Only two of them showed up.

As I drove up the hill, I saw Andrea, the landlady, walk down the path with Marshall. That gave me a very happy feeling …

I feel gloom and doom … and it's not „Hannibal" … it's this real world.

I don't know why … maybe it's just my worries about my mother. I really love her, but I can't get to her to help her. She is so stubborn, but I think I can't let her be on her own for longer.

I asked her to not drink alcohol, and she swore she never does. Slurring her speech. In her night gown. At 5 p.m.

I will get her a new nightgown, like a summer dress.

I don't know what to think … I feel so dumb and useless and helpless and stupid.

I called the dementia counsellor, but she didn't call me back. That other counsellor, S., who I talked to in the beginning, has told me a little while ago that she has nothing more to say. As long as my mother is able to say "no" and sounds coherent to people, there is no way to force her into anything. So I'm supposed to watch and … oh, I just can't even think about it.

July 6, 2021 **– The Baby**

Oh what a **dream**!

There was some kind of event or venue or gathering along a ***river*** … like a fair, or some gathering, and I was there in an official function, like part of a video crew, but that's only a feeling. I only know I wasn't one of the crowd, but I was more observing in an official function. It may have had something to do with horses … or with flying … something about animals and a lot of people … there was a very large room, and I think other people also kind of flew or levitated in it, or they were doing an exhibit or attending the exhibit that was there … there were small … things, parts … there was a feeling that I know from real life, it has to do with me being a painter, and people looking at my paintings like I had experienced at my real life vernissages …

There was something sportive, something to accomplish, and either I had accomplished it already or I was advanced or wasn't supposed to participate …

There were people I observed, women, that seemed my age, my real life age, mid fifties, and one of them was a dark one, like drunk or on drugs … there was something about drugs, yes. Like it was some kind of drug orgie? And something was on display, like at a large, long flea market … actually, the flea market in Vienna at Naschmarkt with the river next to it and running under it is somewhat like the scenario of my dream, except that in my dream there was a wild big river … and again, that flying theme, and a large room and a stylish building … and some kind of competition …

And suddenly I saw ***something fly into the river*** … yes, there was something about things being thrown or moved rather than flying on their own … it was about … I want to say some model train track thing … but that's not right … anyway.

I jumped right into the river … and there was ***a baby submerged****!* It was wrapped into some kind of thick blanket, and I dove and got the baby out and yelled for help. I kind of woke up, not sure whether I had yelled for real or not … but I got back into the dream.

And there was that strange ***dark haggard older woman***, with greasy strands of dark hair and long wide dark clothes, and she saw that I was holding the baby trying to keep it warm and at the same time trying to get it out of the soaked blanket, because it was very cold all of a sudden, like deep in winter …

And the woman came and said, *„Oh yes, the baby rolled down from the street"*, and she wanted to grab it, but I refused, and I said that I knew that she had *thrown* the baby. There was a ***man, younger than me, light brown hair, someone elegant***, and I think he observed me. He was a major character in the whole situation … and I know I turned to him, but at the same time he did nothing, and I was alone holding that baby.

People were looking down from some kind of street or market place that was separated from the river where I was with some kind of balustrade or railing, and I called out for help.

For some reason I was suddenly back in that kind of competition situation where I was so advanced, and I think I even ***hovered or flew, holding the baby***. I was thinking, in my dream, that if nobody claimed the baby, I was to keep it! I wanted to keep it.

The dark gloomy woman went away and left me alone …

Oh now I know! The man was „Wolfgang Winkler", someone I know in real life, the first man I had real sex with, he still lives at Velden …. and he was there … I don't know why, but he was the main player in the entire scenario with that kind of gathering and all.

I just now remember that I dreamed similarly themed things before, of Wolfi being a very important person and in charge of … stuff.

So I held the baby, I think I showed it to him and finally managed to unwrap it a bit and to lift it out of the heavy soaked wool blanket … and ***under the baby, was another baby!*** It was kind of flat and it cried with a very low voice, but it looked at me with *clear blue eyes* … and I cried out that there was another baby! And I reached for it … I was so happy that it was alive, too, and I knew, in my dream, that both babies would be fine.

And then I woke up.

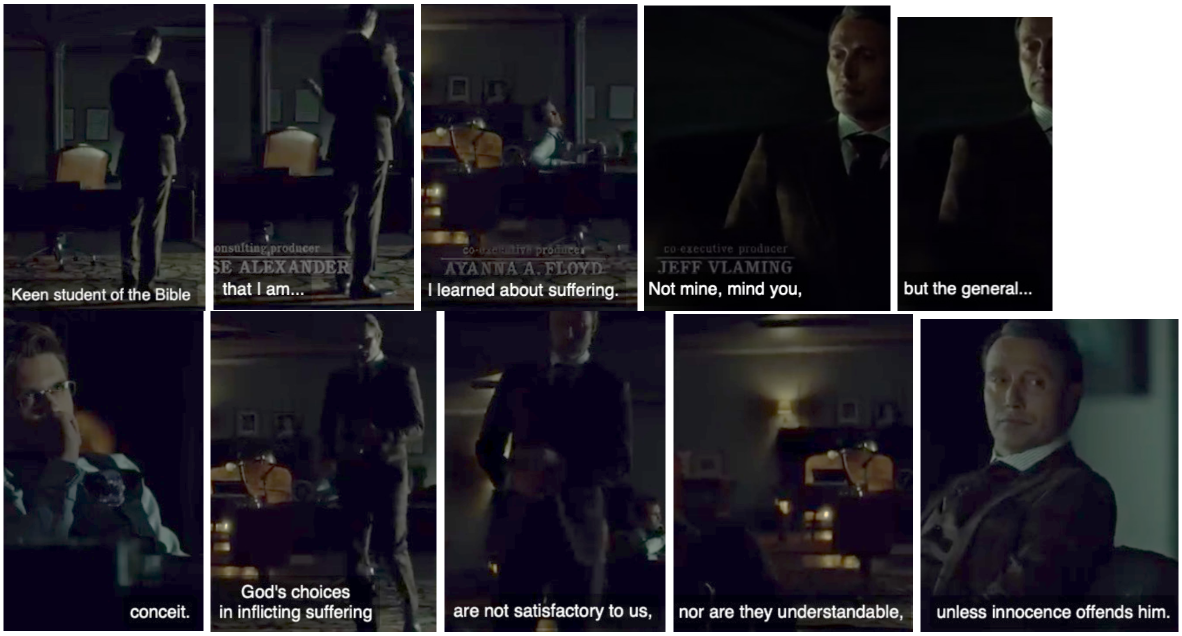
I was lying in my bed, kind of baffled to find myself in a different world than the one of my dream … because that other scenario had felt so entirely and totally real.

(Later)

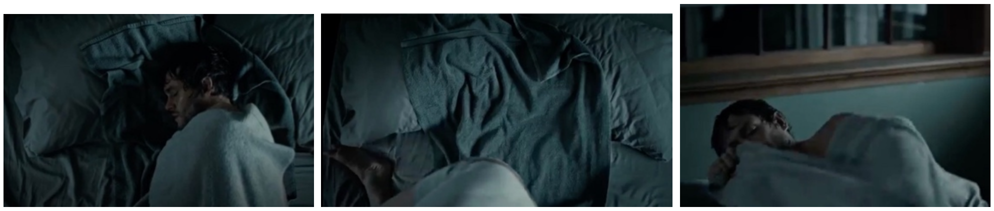
Opened my email … and *found a picture of a newborn* ***baby*** that Elisabeth had sent me … of a relative.

Oh-kay. I dreamed of a baby tonight.

It’s very fascinating how in „***Hannibal’s***“ ridiculously artificial dialogues themes are discussed that I’m discussing with myself … like just now, in season 2, about „suffering“ and how it’s not fair how Gods distributes the suffering-experiences among humans. Yeah, no shit.


Keen student of the Bible
consulting producer
SE ALEXANDER
that I am...
co-executive producer
AYANNA A. FLOYD
I learned about suffering.
co-executive producer
JEFF VLAMING
Not mine, mind you,
but the general...
conceit.
God's choices
in inflicting suffering
are not satisfactory to us,
nor are they understandable,
unless innocence offends him.

(Later)
The character „Alana“ talks about how she can’t sleep … and that was ***Bob’s problem for years, he couldn’t sleep.*** Oh had I only dealt with it differently … I don’t remember what it was about the sleeping scene … but here it is.



But now … seeing this … I realize that I’m in a space of clear and close connection with the „po“ the „dream“ world, the „realm of Aumakua“, the „beyond“ … and whether it’s my own Higher Self giving me those glimpses into something I will see in the future or whether it’s Bob or other disca … it is happening.

It is happening.
I’m into it. I can do it.

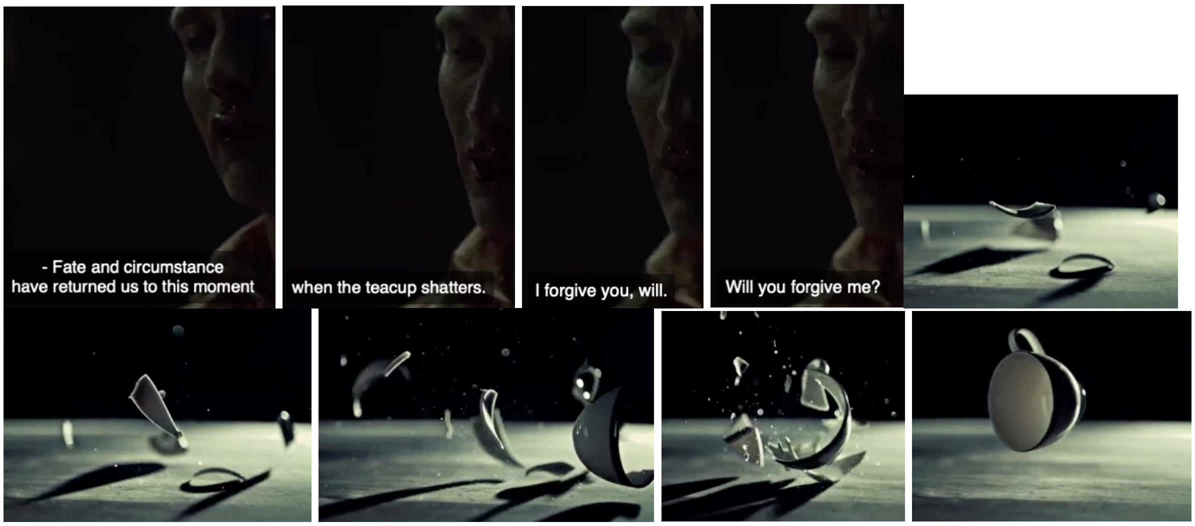
Checked my emails … no response from my father’s neighbor Klausi, who did email me that my father had said that he „had tried six times“ with me and „won’t try with me again“ … oh my god, how ridiculous! I have tried and tried only to be rejected all the time by my father. I had thanked Klausi and offered him my „Native of Owhyhee“ series DVD … no response.

Elisabeth wrote that her boyfriend is doing better after the cancer operations and has now begun with alternative meds, like Cat’s Claw … Well, he is a little late. Ignored alternative treatments, had surgery, didn't really do it, and now the stuff that he never dealt with suddenly is supposed to help?

No response from the agencies I queried. Well it does take time, I know that, will be patient. I got to do something about CineDip. I'm so tired of feeling small and insignificant. I am significant, my work is. I look terribly old right now. The worries and pain about my mother eat me up. Just now, writing this, I felt a very deep and sharp pain in my abdomen.

(Later)

In the final moments of "***Hannibal***" … the talk is about a ***„shattered tea cup"*** … and I saw that ***„tea kettle" on the tray!*** There is no way this is a coincidence!



- Fate and circumstance
have returned us to this moment

when the teacup shatters.

I forgive you, will.

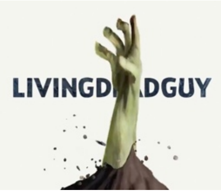
Will you forgive me?

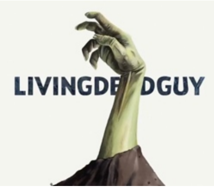
Oh, and then the image of „***Hannibal***" in the rain! *Rain, „Ua", the blessing from heaven* … and „Hannibal" walks away with that strange „wax white" „curtains" behind him! Wow! That's really like in the tunnel …

And in the end … inside a ***plane*** … oh, ***my dream of flying back to Bob again …***

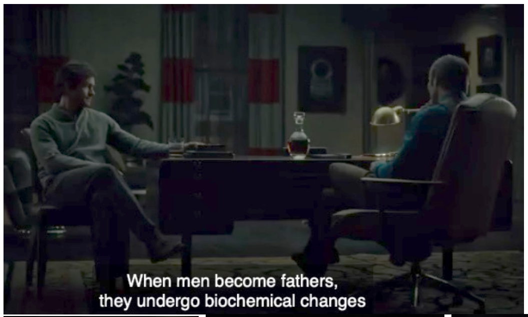
A ***windchime*** is shown … a major plot factor of my spiritual Sci-Fi-franchise "Regents of Clouds" … and a perfect ***sky shark***. I can almost hear Bob say "Sky shark!" as he points at one rising from Kahului airport.

Odd (Funny?) was also the ***„Living dead guy" logo*** in the credits! How weird. Maybe it was there all the time, but I never looked at the credits before …

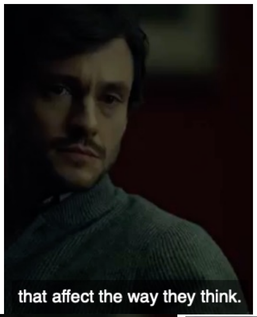




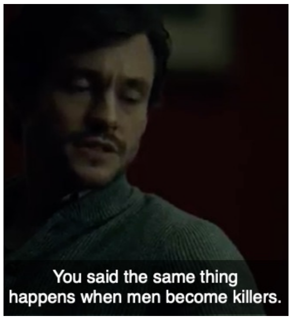
(Later)
Oddly, too, when I went back to episode 11, at a random spot, it was just about the „***tea cup***" again … that had broken and was „coming together". A scene where the shards of a tea cup rise and reassemble the cup. Wow. And before it was about „***fathers***". Hahahaha, some that was said sounds ridiculous to me. Still, strange, that of all places I „found" the father-part.



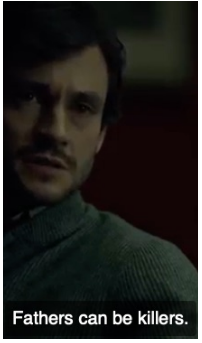
When men become fathers,
they undergo biochemical changes



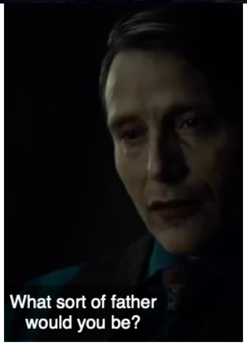
that affect the way they think.



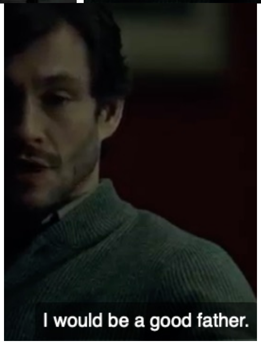
You said the same thing
happens when men become killers.



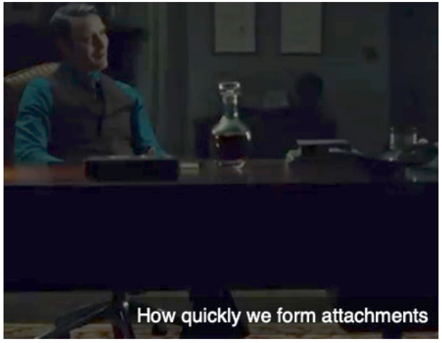
Fathers can be killers.



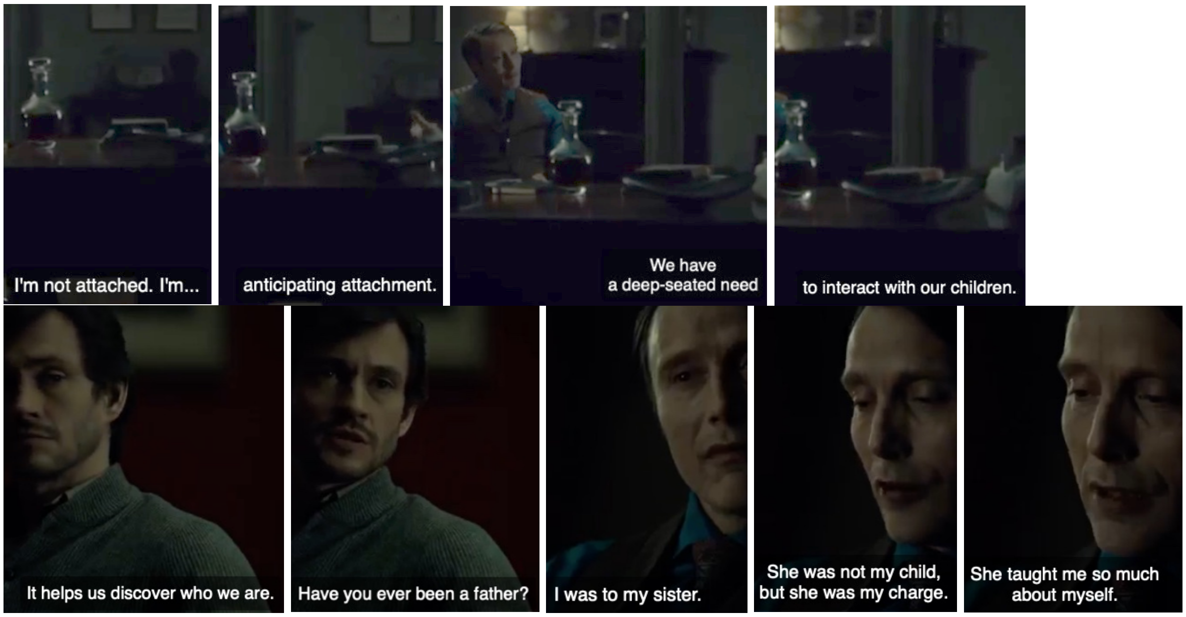
What sort of father
would you be?



I would be a good father.



How quickly we form attachments



I'm not attached. I'm...
anticipating attachment.
We have
a deep-seated need
to interact with our children.
It helps us discover who we are.
Have you ever been a father?
I was to my sister.
She was not my child,
but she was my charge.
She taught me so much
about myself.

I just sent a postcard to my father earlier, with just one word on it: „Schade“. Which means „it’s a pity“. And I meant by it that he is not able or willing to make a relationship happen.

FORTUNATO CERLINO
JULIAN RICHINGS
JULIAN RICHINGS

It's not healing to see
your childhood home...
but it helps you measure
whether you are broken...
how and why,
assuming you want to know.
I want to know.

July 7, 2021 – **808 DB & The Paper on the Floor & The White Figure**

Wow, what a **dream** …

I had a romantic get away with a married man, and somehow his wife joined us, too, and there was some kind of ocean resort, and a hotel room, and a fancy car, and he disappeared, and was found sleeping by my side … while I was in the process of accomplishing something really complicated and difficult … and somehow I got along with the wife … but it’s all blurry.

I went for a swim in lake Klopeinersee today, it was glorious.

I talked to Bob a lot, especially while driving back, about how I have no idea what to prioritize and how to move forward … and I talked about Hawaii and Maui and how I miss it … And I also talked about my father and how it's just so sad and bad that he keeps rejecting me … while I just need to make sense of my life time as a mortal … so that I don't go crazy and become an avenger.

And just then,

on the large bridge between Völkermarkt and Eberndorf, a car with „**808 BD**" passed by me (in the opposite direction). I „heard" in my mind and said it out loud ***„Bob and Dani in Hawaii will always be there"*** … this almost made me cry, because it's so true and nonsensical at the same time. No, Bob the mortal is dead, and I feel like dying every time I become fully aware of it … and as I thought those thoughts, a care with „**818 BS**" drove by, like *„Bob Stone is still in Hawaii",* because „818" is area code Hawaii too. Right now, writing this, I feel like suffocating and can't help but breaking out in tears because I won't see Bob again and because I'm so much aware of what happened to him … maybe he is right here, with me. When I feel him so very close, I'm flashing back so hard …

And then „**70 UP**" drove by, which seemed to have significance, and right after that „**RUDI 3**", and „Rudolf / Rudi" is the name of my father. All that *on the long bridge across the Drau reservoir!*

So … ?

I called my mother, and she sounded totally clear and fine and sweet. I really want to be with her. I miss her.

Yesterday, I took a long walk in the evening, and ended up walking by a car with the license plate number „**242 ST**". And *„242"* was the number I heard Bob say for commercial voice over recordings all the time, as the phone number of the Maui art and cultural center is *„242 SHOW*". Oh my life there … Oh Bob, „**ST**oneman" …

Today is a day I can't fucking believe that he is gone.

How did that happen?

I talked to him so intensely today while driving how we were so close to making all our films together … and the „Maui feeling" of being with him, planning, anticipating, living on Maui is creeping into me right now … and it's very painful to realize that it's not gonna happen. Ever. Again.

How shall I live like that?

How the fuck?

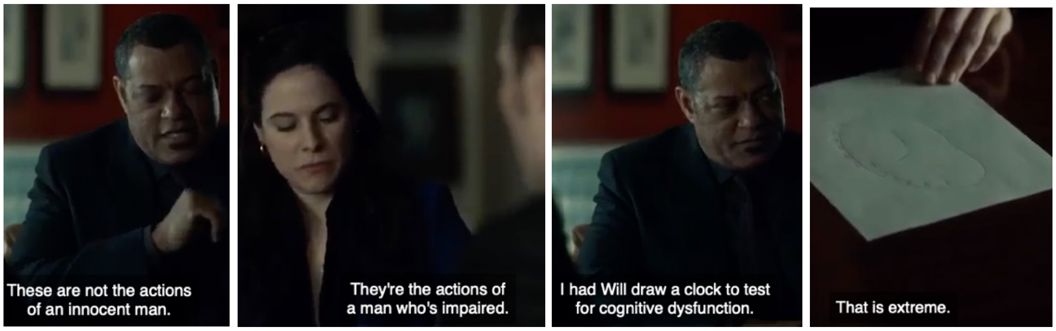
(Later)

Oh wow. Just started episode 2 of season 3 of „***Hannibal***" … and the ***„paper on the floor"*** that I saw in the tunnel the other day, July 5, totally manifested. And all those papers show one drawing: a clock, as drawn by someone with a mental disorder. (***Note****: Oh wow, in a few months I'd have someone close to me draw this clock, too.*)

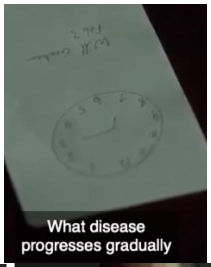
Or, in my case, does Bob tell me some kind of confirmation that „time doesn't exist the way it does in your world where I am"?

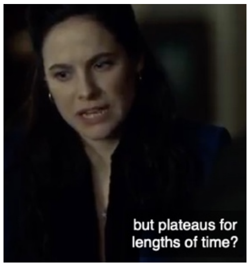
I'm just so baffled that the ***paper*** was an actual insight … when I caught a glimpse of it, *how it* ***sailed*** *to the floor in housie's hallway „out of nowhere".* ***See how the papers "sail" in the movie scene, too?***

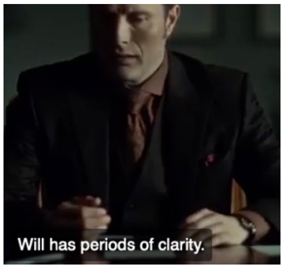
Here it is. In „*Hannibal*" … which was my nickname at school when I was about 13, 14 years old, and because of my second first name they called me „Hannibal", but after the guy who went across the alps with elephants.


These are not the actions of an innocent man.
They're the actions of a man who's impaired.
I had Will draw a clock to test for cognitive dysfunction.
That is extreme.

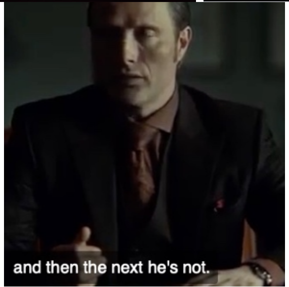
Now this is the clock he drew for me two weeks ago.

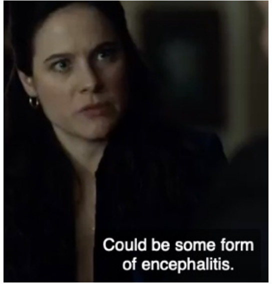

What disease progresses gradually

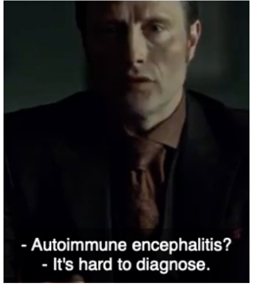

but plateaus for lengths of time?

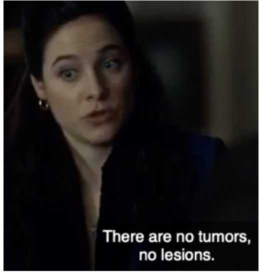

Will has periods of clarity.

We've seen him lucid and aware one moment

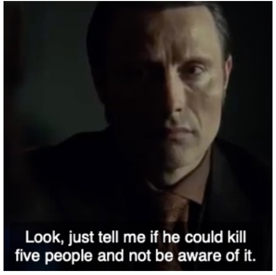

and then the next he's not.

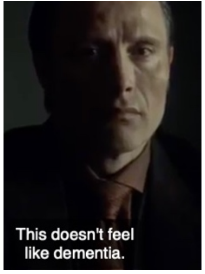

Could be some form of encephalitis.


- Autoimmune encephalitis?
- It's hard to diagnose.


There are no tumors, no lesions.

It wouldn't even show up on a brain scan unless you were looking for it.

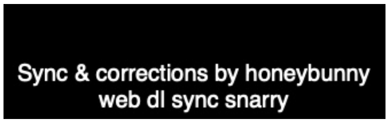

Look, just tell me if he could kill five people and not be aware of it.


This doesn't feel like dementia.

Also … just realized, as „***Hannibal***“ takes its audience to Italy … there was *a lot of Italian speaking in „Hannibal“ … and* ***I was approached twice in two days by Italians*** *who asked for the way* in Velden … hm.

Sei ancora qui, signor Graham, con me?

Dove sei?


Sync & corrections by honeybunny
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(Later)

Oh wow! The *pale* ***white figur****e* that I saw … showed up as itself, too! Directly! A pale white figure, like Bob was, like wax, not real, stiff and strange … on the right side of the onlooker, too! *Like I had seen it to my right!*

July 8, 2021 **– 70 up!**

Fun! Great! Wow! So cool … I'm trying to express my excitement about the synchronicities more! Got to! It's amazing! Really is! Yey!

Yesterday, driving back from lake Klopeinersee, right after seeing „808 BD", I saw „70 UP" as a license plate number … and it kind of struck me as important.

Oh well, it was.

Because today, when I drove for the noon break and brief swim for Jacqui through Griffen, it was plastered with printed out flyers that were hung up on nearly every pole in the small town, along with balloons, reading „*70*"! ***It was two people's 70th birthday!*** And all of Griffen was supposed to know! And there was the „***70 up***"! It can't be clearer, can it?! (***Note***: *Adding the pic of that day's sunset here.*)

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!!!
70

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!!!!
70 70 70 70 70 70 70 70 70 70

70 70 70 70 70 70 70

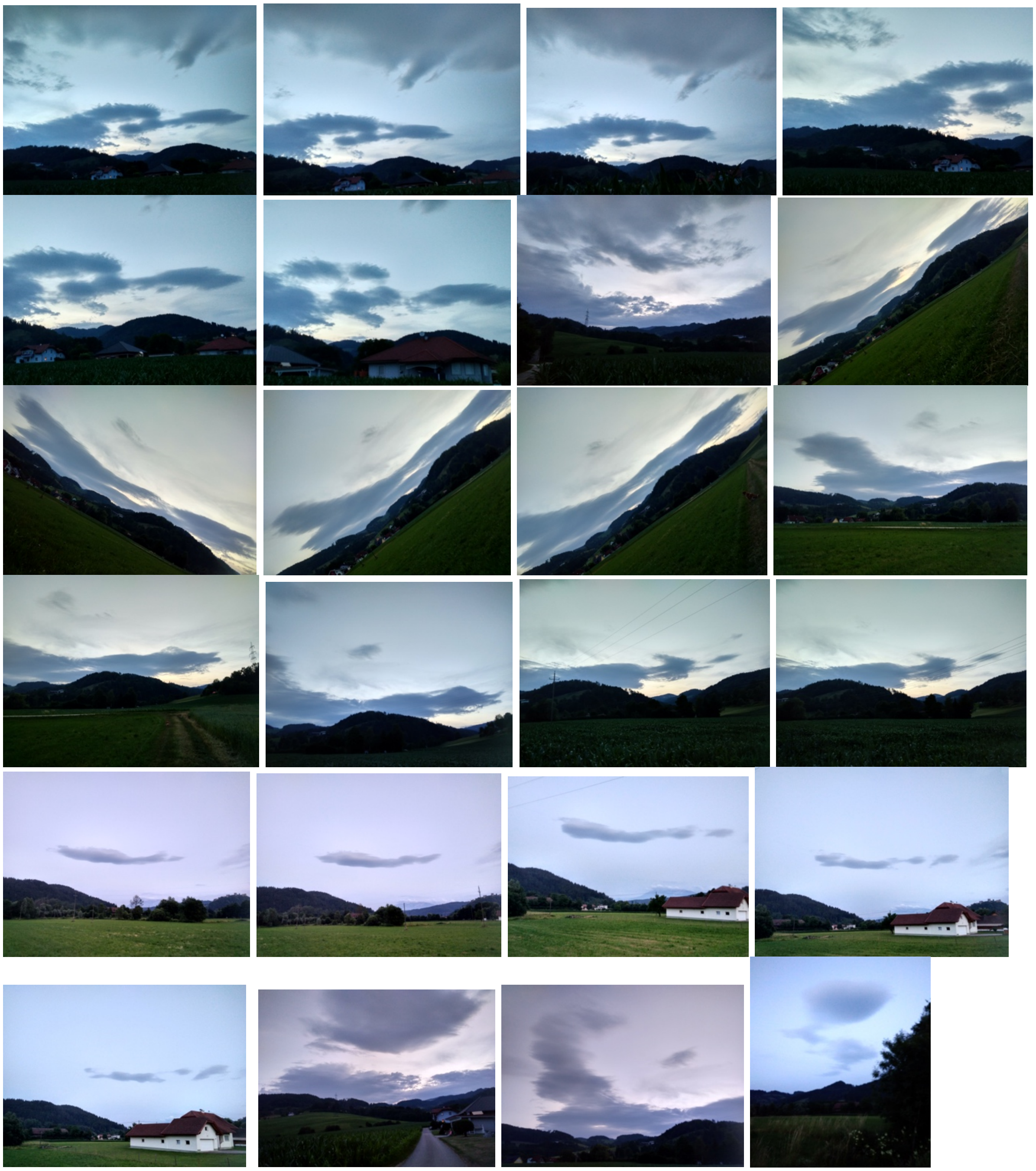
So the communication is in full swing, isn't it? If I only wouldn't feel so odd about what I'm doing.

I can barely handle that nobody takes Marshall anywhere, not swimming, not hiking … he is alone outside all day … I hate them so much, I can't even express it. The humane society counsellor keeps saying to me that nothing can be done, it's within the law what they do.

I wish something would happen to J. and M., his owners, that would totally change his mind …

(Later)

The **cloud** situation tonight was just eerie … as if I was supposed to "see" … t*he approaching … the closeness … the reaching out?* That I saw. And the *"nearly touching".*



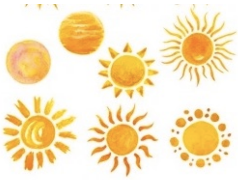
July 9, 2021 – **The White Birds! The Sun & the Lighter … *and the direct hallway reference!***
Wow, amazing lightning in the middle of the night … no thunder, no rain … just skylights in the North and Northeast above the mountains. Before that … amazing cloud formations, kind of telling and speaking … but I didn't „understand", just found them amazing.

Drove to see my mother … she was sweet and fine and clear - and in her nightgown, the apartment dark, at 4 p.m. Refused to get outside … I'm near desperate.

On the way, I went to look for a nightgown for my mother in Völkermarkt … and driving there, I met a car with a license plate number, that struck me ice cold and burning hot: „**MEA 2**".

MEA 910 had ben Bob’s car’s license plate number. Does this mean, there is a second „MEA“ … situation? On the way back, I met „***TC 2***“, so „Taylor Camp 2“. Wow.

In the tunnels, the following I saw:
In housie’s hallways, not much happened, as I was kind of preoccupied with thoughts about my mother, but then … I saw a light colored, more gray or beige than ***white bird*** like a seagull or some similar species with spread wings at the ceiling, sailing down from the right upper corner of my field of view. Then something like a ***garden rake*** stood there, in the hallway, but upside down, then I saw the glimpse of a ***sun***, maybe a ***mirror or a sculpture,*** but yellow …



Oh, now I remember. I saw something else: a ***kite***. With a *tail*. I even said it out loud, between tunnels, ***„A kite … is that it?“***

(Later)
Drove back from getting gasoline at Griffen BP gas station, when a ***bird*** (!) sailed right in front of my car, coming *out of nowhere from high above to my right!* It was some kind of *gray-beige pigeon!* And it ***landed*** in front of my car … as if it wanted to either get killed or force me to stop … and I pushed my brakes and drove around that bird. I looked into the rear mirror, and it stood on the street, turned like „looking after me“. (But that was not all in terms of „bird“, as I was about to see a little later …)

I just now remember that Jacqui had some odd behavior at lake Saissersee today, like he didn’t want to come close to me … he stayed way back and didn’t come when I called him, when he was close, behaving like a complete idiot.

My “guest” Gabi called, she is in Carinthia now, will sleep at lake Turnersee, and tomorrow we meet.

It was so hard to leave my mother and drive to lake Saissersee … into the sunshine, the lush green, the warm water, knowing that she is at home, alone, in the dark apartment. I know I have to do something … but what? She sounds so entirely clear and aware, with some diminished thinking, but still … it’s her „wish“ to be alone at home … but it so hard for me to bear or accept.
I will drive up to her again on Sunday, and I hope I’ll be able to tell her how I feel. I must.

I sent her as much wonderful lake and swimming energy as possible. She seems to be healthy, physically, and my hope is, that her mind will follow.
She talks about wanting to travel around the word.

Driving back, I switched on the *radio* which I actually never to … and there was a kids program on. Something like a “riddle” had to be resolved, someone made a sound and kids had to guess what it was … and I “played” that game and said: a lighter. While doing this I was a bit surprised about myself. But it was a distraction.

(Later)

Something odd (!!!!) happened. The fucking neighbor family was outside, when I came home, J, M kids and dog. And J played some music on some ipod maybe, and as I looked outside, I saw him make some very awkward dance move, sunburned that he is, with his really short hair … and he looked so dorky, so weird and childlike that I found that my heart even went out to him. Jesus Christ, to that fucker who I hate so much? I even had to chuckle. Still I wished he'd collapse and be gone for a while, because he just can't get away with what he has done to his dog and me and Jacqui by mistreating and neglecting Marshall that much.

Still, they never go with the dog … but also still, the view of this asshole kind of touched my heart. Not sure what the fuck that's supposed to mean.

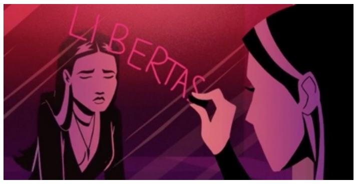
(Later)

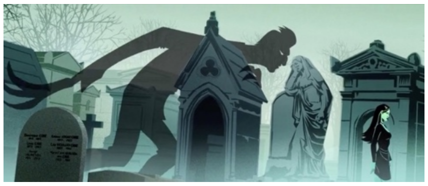
I saw a movie called ***„Die in a Gunfight“,*** and only because the actress looked familiar, I checked for it on the website where I watch my movies … well, it exists to be watched for free.

Part of it is comic drawings *… exactly like my alien persiflage movie* ***„Alien Waltz“*** – and I had received the letter of rejection from the funding place in Carinthia just yesterday.

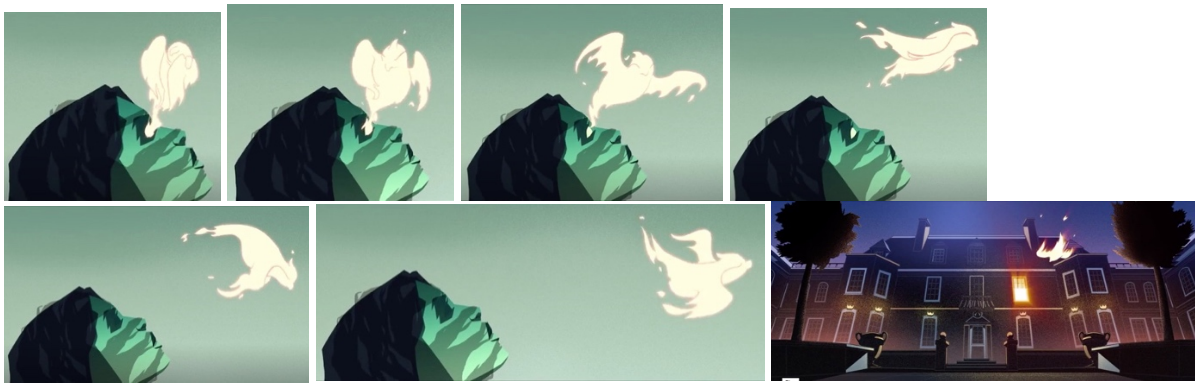
So it was interesting to see a movie just like in the style I had chosen for ***„Alien Waltz“***! *Comic drawings and real action.*

And then it happened … the narrator tells the story of a young woman named „Mary“ … and how her *last „spirit“ in terms of inspiration and wit „left her“* because she was forced by her ***overbearing father*** to life in a place where she didn't belong and where she was *„plagued by a loneliness she simply couldn't shake“* … where she couldn't be herself. Oh wow! That's me!

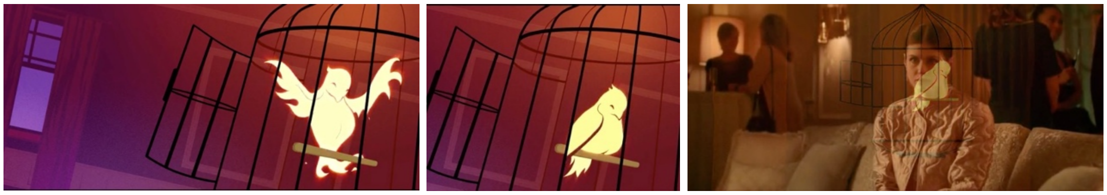




But the most fascinating part: The depiction o***f „her spirit leaving her“*** is with the text „Time dowsed what fire was left in her“ **- *a white bird flying out of that woman!***



„And like a domesticated bird seeking the comfort of a cage she returned home … back where she started.“



Oh wow … that's me. And: A bird! ***A white bird!*** There! I have never seen a *„white bird" in a tunnel hallway vision* except for today when I was about to see a bird in a very deep spiritual meaning in a random (!) movie!

Bob knew that I was going to see a white bird in relation to a story „about me" … reflecting a lot of thoughts that I've been having and expressing.

This is amazing.

I had a ***sizzling feeling*** last night, when the ***skylights*** appeared and flashed for so long … I think it's really called "sheet lightning".

… tingling on my foot and my hand and my lips, to the point that I asked Bob *„Are you kissing me right now?"*

Jacqui was entirely spooked by the lighting without sound, and he stayed close to my bed, panting. So I had to comfort him and couldn't entirely allow myself to „connect" … even though I thought that an energetic phenomenon like this will likely enable the disca to … well, I don't know to do what, maybe to just „mingle" with the inca parameters better?

And today the white bird.

It flew so easily and softly into my mind, … I nearly dismissed it.

But then … there was „MEA 2" before that …

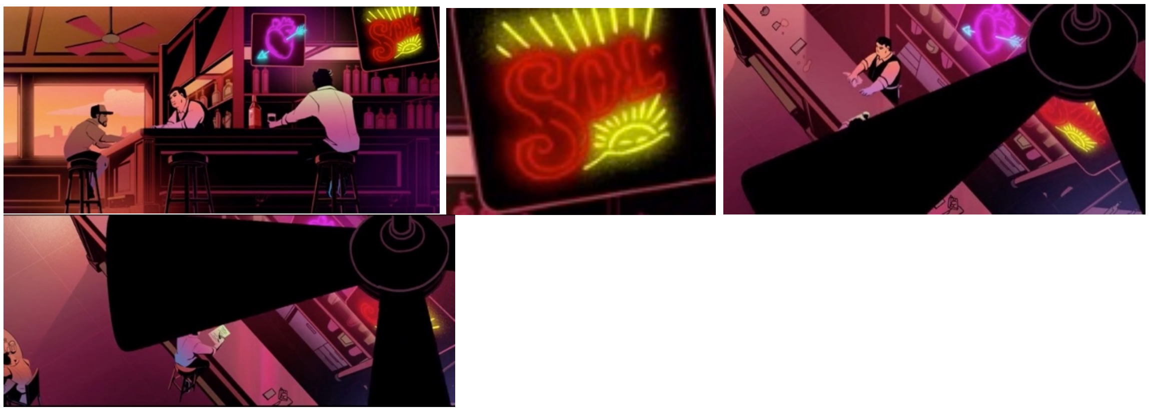
Also, I saw „ZUKI 1" and one other, a name, that I can't recall right now.

Shit, that this movie has no subtitles. But maybe it's just the bird I was supposed to see in there.

Oh Jeezaz! The „***sun***" that I saw, in a tunnel, also just appeared! It says „***SOL***" in a Mexican pub … in that movie ***"Die in a Gun Fight"!***

It's a love story about two people who were deeply in love but then were kept apart by circumstances!

Oh my, the sun, too. All there. Again! But even more than „sol", the sun … ***it was also seen through a ceiling fan, a ventilator*** … and I had just used it a few days ago to explain to Inge why we can't see the disca … *and just last night, I was lying in my bed and imagining* ***lying on my beloved Maui futon … looking at the ceiling fan!*** I did that a million times.

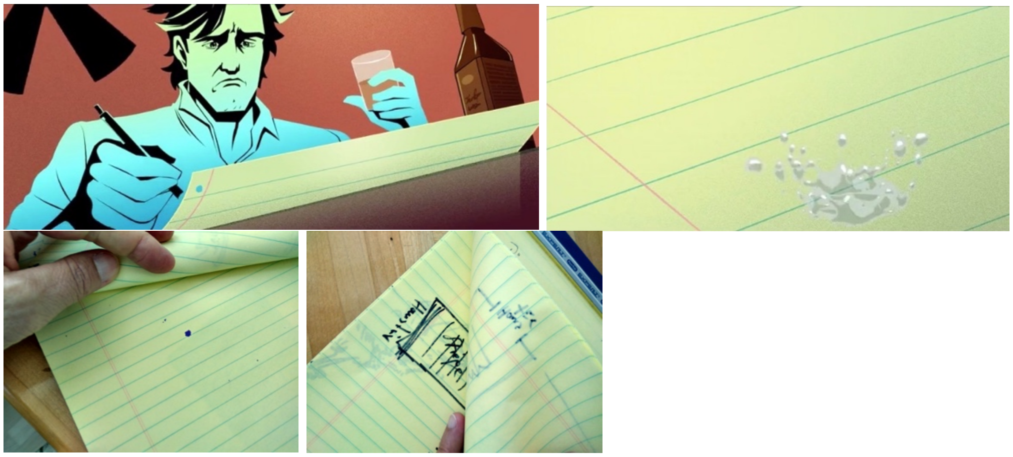


And here it is! In the movie! Together with the sun!

Is Bob telling me, that we are both there, on Maui, still?

That we can be again? That he is with me … here and there, wherever I go? Motherfucker, I sound like some schmooze-narrator.

AND: There is the ***yellow notepad paper*** *that I had taken from the Maui house and have been using, with a heavy heart* … because it was in the storage with the sliding door in the housie hallway, that I see in the tunnels … there were stacks of that paper … and I have some of it with me. Oh … how … amazing, it also showed up in the movie.



It's right there. Together with the sun and the ceiling fan … and totally based on my „being" in the *hallway* and touching that *sliding door* so that it makes a distinct sound, and behind it is Bob's spare office material and packing materials … and that *yellow lined paper* … It's a ***__DIRECT__*** *hallway reference*, that yellow paper, as I've always connected it with the stack to the left behind that sliding door that I had a hard time opening at times. (Yes, I have photographs of that hallway, but I just cannot make myself look for them and they look at them.)

An interesting aspect of seeing and re-seeing all of it is, that obviously it's all in the right course of things. Because I actually thought that I wouldn't watch anything, knowing that I really must check my emails and work on putting the gazillions of screenshots into this c. d. But then, I decided to „just watch while eating" … and then I found this movie poster on „Rottentomaoes" and kind of liked it … and here I am.

Had I left the parking lot at the cemetery (where I took Jacqui for a walk after trying to shop for my mother) a few seconds later, I wouldn't have seen those „messages".

But I did see them … so this means, I was in the right place. I was doing things in the way I should. Same for the bird, the sun, the yellow hallway paper … I was supposed to watch this movie … the part of me that is greedy to fill my mind with fictional shit was supposed to win so that I'd get the real life messages from Bob …

And it sounds so crazy.

Well, maybe I'm just freakin' clairvoyant?

I felt a pinge of displeasure just as I wrote this. Okay, it's not just clairvoyance. But of course one must pose the question, how clairvoyance works in general and how much the disca have to do with it without the inca knowing.

(Later)

In the movie, a ***guy*** calls another guy (the main character, „Ben“) – a ***rabbit!*** Because his wife said she thought the guy was cute, „… cute, like a rabbit“. And then they call him ***„Hey rabbit!“***

And he muses about how a cool way to die was in a ***shark attack!***

Wow. This is getting better and better.

Does it have to do with me having been so disappointed about the rejection of my funding application for „Alien Waltz“? But I mean … how many more times must I try and be rejected before I FUCKING GET IT!? Isn't that the fucking problem of my life, that I'm always rejected?! I don't want this shit no more.

(Later)

Yey, another „***sun***“! A mirror! Or some ornament? With golden rays!

Oh wow! Oh my God! Even the ***lighter***!

The movie goes on … and here is „Ben“, playing with a lighter! Why is that mindblowing? I had switched on the ***radio*** driving back from Velden … and there was a ***kids program*** on, and a man with a funny voice and the radio presenter did a ***„sound riddle***“ (Geräusch Rätsel). And funny voice made a certain sound with a certain thing, and the kids had to guess what it was! It was – ***a lighter! A LIGHTER!*** And here is „Ben“, playing with a lighter! In this movie that I chose at random.

See …

Oh why can't I share this with anyone?

I never switch the radio on! And just when I did today, the one time, it was a „lighter sound“ being featured prominently … and “lighter” was the right answer in that kids' riddle … a lighter, which I was about to see and hear in a random movie!

Synchronicity?

Oh shit yes, YES!

Is it the means of the disca to communicate with the inca, is it a method for building „the bridge“? Yes. Must I share and spread this contact diary! Yes. Is this my main job here …

… sigh. Yes.

But what about „Regents of Clouds“?

If I can „gather myself“ and be as strong and badass as I can be … yup, it's possible to manifest it.

That actor, playing „Ben“, definitely belongs into „Regents of Clouds“ … maybe as „Officer Claude“.

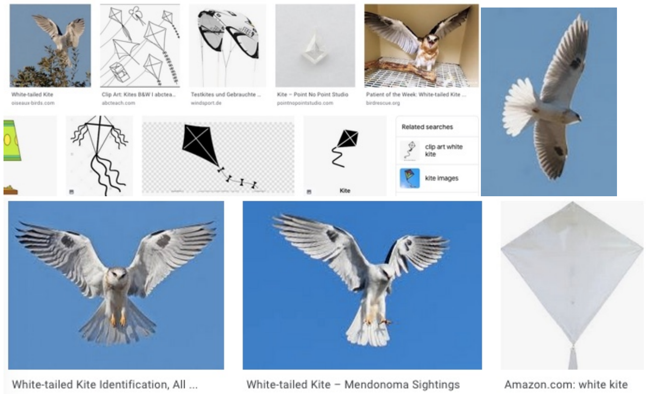
Oh, I looked up the wrong actor, Travis Fimmel … and I realize that I may just have found the perfect main character for most of „And the Evil Above“ and all of „Dawn of the Past“, „*Hillmoon*“!

The actor for „officer Claude“ would be Diego Boneta. He also looks very much like my brother.

(Later)

It may be crazy, but I think that I even saw the „rake“ type thing in the movie … as a very unusual pattern on bed sheets … right after two lovers reunited, realizing that they had been kept apart by other people on purpose. It was upside down in my „vision“ … so a rake wasn't really meant … literally.

Wow! ***Looking for images on Google*** I realized that the bird that resembles most the bird image I saw in my vision, is also a „***kite***“ … and I saw a literal „***kite***“!


White-tailed Kite
oiseaux-birds.com
Clip Art: Kites B&W I abctea...
abcteach.com
Testkites und Gebrauchte ...
windsport.de
Kite – Point No Point Studio
pointnopointstudio.com
Patient of the Week: White-tailed Kite ...
birdrescue.org
Kite
Related searches
clip art white kite
kite images
White-tailed Kite Identification, All ...
White-tailed Kite – Mendonoma Sightings
Amazon.com: white kite

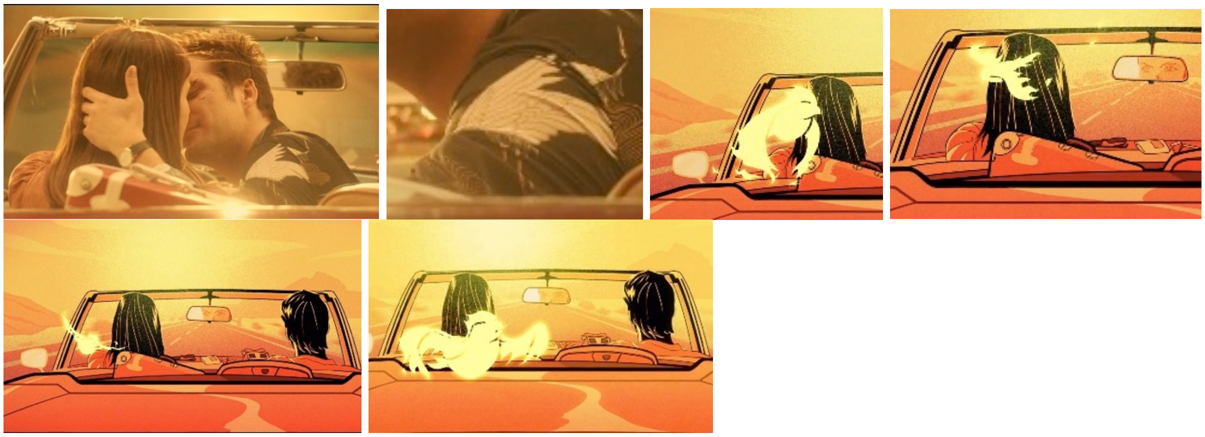
What are the odds.

This is just so wonderful and amazing … and I could cry and scream because I'm the only one knowing about all this now!

Also, there is a scene in ***„Ben's“ apartment*** … and the interesting thing is that it's kept in „**teal**“, *Bob's favorite color!*

(Later)

Okay, I watched the ending of ***„Die in a Gun Fight“*** … after reading it up first, because I wasn't in for something devastating, gruesome. There was a happy ending … and the ***white bird*** appeared again on the shirt of „Ben“, who got to live in Mexico with his „Mary“ … and in the very end, the live action turned again into comic strip, and the white bird appeared again!



There. I saw the white bird in the imaginary hallway of my beloved Maui housie. And hours later it was all over the place.

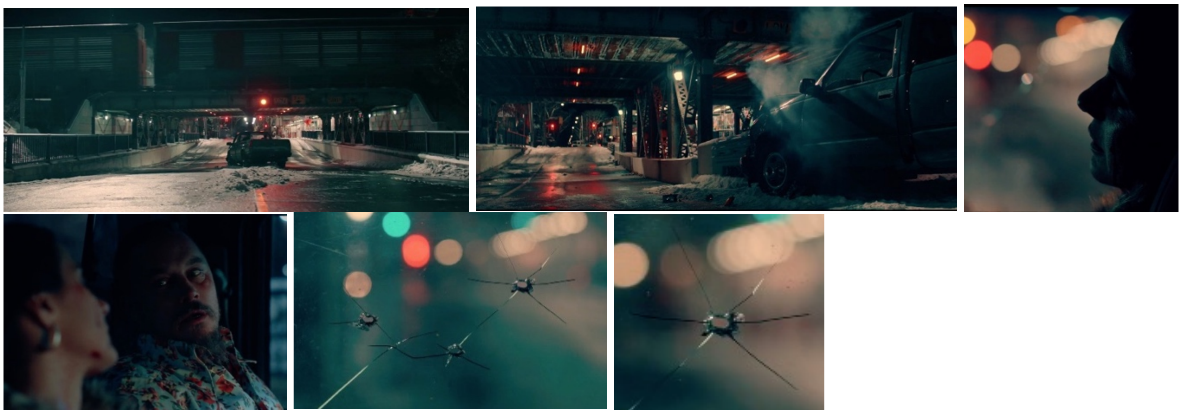
This, I think, has been the most intense manifestation yet. In terms of imagery … in various realms. Think about it: Someone wrote the film, had this idea of the white bird, made the film, then the who enchilada with Bob and me happened, then the hallway vision, then I watched the movie, illegally, on a free movie website, and then I got to see that bird and everything else …

Wow. Life is a huge network.

I'm going with my „gut“. And I think that's … well, fine, at least.

If I died right after having put all pictures into this c. d., so far … which is still a lot of work to do … I'd have created with Bob and the other disca an immensely precious work for the future of mankind … because it mentions and quotes the work of Betty and Stewart and others and refers to so many other people who have been working to make „The Bridge“ a reality. I only need to get it to people who study these things and will read it. I actually want to find a group of people who will read it and do what I did and write their own contact diary and then talk about it in a documentary film! Yep!

The ***bridge*** … also appeared in "***Die in a Gun Fight***" … but it was **also a tunnel at the same time!** Someone crashed into the pillar … but didn't get into the tunnel … it seemed to have a very clear significance for me …



Of course the crack pattern in the window reminded me of the pattern on the ice I saw in winter on the river Drau …

It is a reality.

This only needs to be realized by mankind and become part of general education and life knowledge.

This feels like a chapter ending, doesn't it? I've been having the impression of Bob being with me so closely in the last days. It's like I'm transferring myself into a different … I don't know, state, maybe, although there is nothing like a trance or meditation, the „state" is longer than the tiny brief „state" in a tunnel when I'm open to literally seeing the „inner impression", just one image, like that flying light colored bird, it's like peeling a layer from my usual perception and suddenly „sensing" Bob right here, and my brain translates it into a memory, and I can see him in my inner mind.

And mostly, right then, my real life mind kicks in, and I understand, that Bob, my Bob is dead, and that's a truly unimaginable horrible thing to consider.

Am I selfish and childish longing so much for my Maui time with him?

Probably.

But I long for it so so so much.

Then I see my mother and want to be there for her, but I don't know how. I'm very afraid of losing her, or not doing the right thing. I just know that she can still have a good and healthy life, but she must improve … in several ways. I think she wants to. I'm so afraid of suffering … of her suffering.

My father doesn't want me … and I realized the other day that whatever I'd do or be for him, he'd turn it into spiteful garbage. I don't even want to try and find another word for it.

I feel sorry for him, but there is no way for me to help him, he simply hates me.

This movie „***Die in a Gun Fight***" was really about a young man who had no reason to live and no interest in life until he met his love and finally was able to feel and be happy. Then he lost her, because of the intervention of her and his father, and he lost all joy of life again, and life had no meaning. Then they got together again, and he saved her by taking a bullet for her … but he had always had that death wish. In his case, he recovered, and they lived happily ever after … He looked very much like my brother Peter. Also there is a scene of him and his loved one in bed … if flashed back to Bob and me … so hard.

Also, there is a dead man (whose wife was shot in the course of the bridge-tunnel crash) who had said before dying how much he was looking forward to be reunited with his beloved again … and next to him, a puddle of some liquid, is shaped like a *heart*. And an artwork that touched me a lot …

… but in Bob’s and my case, we didn’t get to live out more blissful days together in this mortal realm … it all turned into gruesome pain.

As a mortal, I have a very hard time accepting that life is such a shit thing for so many people.

It doesn’t have to be.

I sure don’t want to be reborn and have to go through another horror story.

Something just lol-ridiculous I found today, today, walking along beaver-creek: Some pouch with **“Love Dad”** printed on it. “Love” and “dad” together? In my life – not a fucking chance. My father has always hated me and will always hate me. *(**Note**: A message from Edith? I mean – what are the odds of finding this?)*

July 10, 2021 – **Visiting Housie, “Play Me” & Being with Bob & the White Horse Bob**

Disappointment with my supposed visitor Gabi … who really doesn’t seem to be all that interested to see me … anyway. She keeps just not coming, always going somewhere else, ignoring what we had agreed upon as of meeting.

I had one of those horrible intense overwhelming bouts of missing Bob and Maui, and I had to lie down and allow myself to dwell into memories of him … until I realized that those weren’t really „memories“ … those were Bob in various views … coming with an overflow of loving emotional energy. ***He looked at me,*** at a beach, yet the area was kind of greenish turquoise teal, like Bob’s favorite color, and the way he looked into my direction and turned towards me was like he was saying *„You can see me, yes that’s me, just come closer …“* to the point that I stretched out my arms (yes, I was still lying down) for Bob to grab my hands and lead me over to where he was … and I saw him in such detail, I felt and heard and smelled him.

I kept opening my eyes, for some reason, and when I closed them again, I saw something like single images floating by, like a cup, and a man’s face showed, up, calmly, but not the whole face, maybe in his late 30s, with kind of golden or reddish hair and an intense glance, but in a way, I wasn’t calm or patient enough interiorly, and so the image of that man’s face disappeared …

I looked up … felt like crying … and I was wondering if I could „see“ more clearly with my eyes open or closed … so I closed my eyes again …

Before that, I saw myself ***approaching housie***, it was so clear like I was actually there … even the form and the feel of the lock on the front door, the front door itself, the area around the house … it’s like I was there … like I’m there as I’m writing it, the intensity of my connectedness with that place is so strong and still lingering … It’s maybe because I lived there so intensely, I loved it so much … it was really „me“ being there, the whole place let me be me … that’s why it still is me, is with me, is in me … and it was like Bob was there … I flashed to several memories where we had both approached the house, coming from somewhere, a shoot or shopping or swimming … It’s so painful to realize that it’s over and gone and done and the past … but yet, it feels so immediate and real …

And then I found myself opening the door, but at the same time, it was opened from inside - and it wasn’t like entering the housie that Bob and I knew … there was ***a dark haired short, sturdy man, Hispanic*** looking, wearing something like very colorful Mexican pattern trunks and a T-shirt, his black hair in a crew cut … he was shorter than me, and I entered the house behind him, I’m not sure if he saw me.

I stepped onto - tiles! There was no more old rugged dusty brown carpet floor! I walked into the house and faced the door to „my“ bathroom, and there were blue curtains in there …

Suddenly I realized that this may be in *reality* what housie is like now, maybe I had really seen its new inhabitant …

And I deliberately stepped out of this vision …

And I began to cry.

Crying right now again, too, like that big shaky deep crying, that takes your breath away …

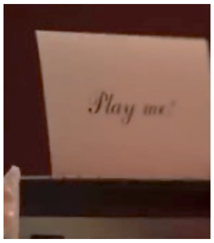
Was that me, was that my life, was that Bob?

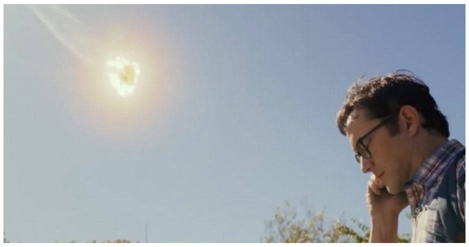
In September it will be 20 years that I’ll have arrived on Maui brought over by Hadassah, after my dog Kimba had died in Norway … and in May 2002 I met Bob.

So then, after that „visit“ to housie, looking at the round muscular brown calves of that Hispanic man who walked into the house in front of me … I felt so sad. So sad. So desolate … and I still am.

Then I tuned into Bob, with ***„Play me“*** … after I had come across this, written out today, watching a ***trailer*** of a movie I won’t watch … and, a ***meteorite*** in another trailer … kind of appealing.

TILL DEATH Trailer (2021) Megan Fox





I mean … ***"Play me"!*** *THE most important phrase ever in my life* … and it turned up "randomly" … in a movie trailer! I did not look for it. And there would be no way to find something like that … so – there! (And no, I don't remember which one it was, because I took screenshots without the title information! Yikes!)

Communication?

I would say so.

So I tuned into Bob, and that's when I suddenly felt like being with him, it was that sandy beach flair where he reached out for me, while at the same time I was flooded by intense detailed memories of Bob next to me, closely next to me, like we had been, and is presence is here right now, as I'm writing this … I can see him in me in my mind so closely, even though I'm wide awake and writing … but when I was lying on the bed, it was like I could reach out and touch him … that's why I reached out for real.

In my „imagination" he grabbed my hands and lead me towards him, but *it was like I was reaching out from a window or a picture frame*, and he was careful to lead me so that I wouldn't stumble.

He smiled at me, happy that I was there, but there was also a version of his face that had a very serious expression, that was kind of hovering as an impression and appeared at times … along with the handsome sweet smiling soft and so familiar Bob … the Bob I had fallen in love with.

Only looking at him had always been the nourishment of my soul … and it felt like it when I looked at him while daydreaming of him …

Marshall barked next door, and the kids screamed, so I kind of dove out of that vision before I could step there where Bob was … but the intensity of him „being" and „being here" and „being there" at the same time and me visiting him through some kind of window, was and is still there.

As a mortal, I can't make peace with the fact that Bob is dead.

That's just how it is for me.

He is alive and well, I think … his serious expression, like a serious looking statue, is with me, too. It seemed to *remind me to „not waste time".*

So I woke myself up …

And I thought that I have a shitload of stuff to do … that I should contact Bernhard Laux and explain to him what I must do with my c. d. and what it is … and I also thought of Keanu Reeves. I have been dreaming of him again, several times … but I suddenly realized that his girlfriend's name is Alexandra Grant, and „Grant" was also the name of Betty before she married Stewart. And Alexandra looks very similar like me. Maybe I should send a copy of „NOO" to her and explain to her that Keanu must make „RoC" with me …

I must check my emails, must do stuff with „CineDip" … then there is my mother … and I don't know what film I should do crowd funding for … it's on my mind a lot, so I'm assuming there is a film I should make.

Also I need to pitch my scripts more, I think …

So why waste time lying around … I let my thoughts free for a little longer, and for some reason a TV-character appeared, „***Daisy***" from the series „***Bones***" that Bob and I loved. I thought, wow, why „Daisy", why in the world would I think of „Daisy", and what does she stand for … right away I thought that „Sweets", a character I had adored, absolutely, had died on her … but …

Well, after a few more minutes I told Bob that I'd really like to know if he was and is with me this afternoon and to *put something into my hand*. I stretched out the left hand … and immediately something like a sand-filled tiny *knitted or crocheted ball* appeared, just big enough to fit into my hand … I have seen or even had something like that before. So strange. So I stretched out my other hand to, and immediately I „saw" fat thick ***violet plums.*** I looked up, and I held my hand just in front of a violet curtain … well, I thought, we'll see. And I and got up.

I had skipped through the movie „*The God Committee*“ earlier, about people who make the decision about who out of signed up heart transplant patients get a donor heart when only one is available … seeing scenes of a human heart being taken out of a body … wow, the body really is a ***machine*** and just a machine.

Why are people so afraid of dying?

This is not right. Death is only a portal, a threshold to another phase of existence.

I must contribute to share this truth … and I know I've been working on this for … well, maybe millennia.

Maybe I am that figure *I was told already in my mid twenties that I used to be*, the mastermind of „them all“, for millennia, but when „they“ approached me when I was in my twenties, I wasn't ready for that kind of … persona I was supposed to be.

Now … oh I wish I could have the powers *they* offered to recall and train in me, back then …

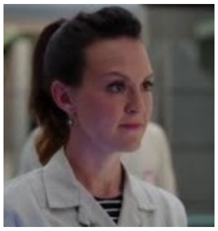
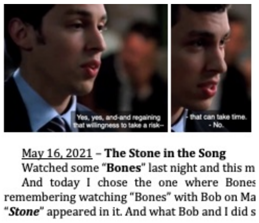
Right now …

at least I was a bit happy today because landlady A. took Marshall into her garden to be with her for several hours, and little girl Isabel was there too. What I witnessed from the girl's questions and behavior and then from her mother M.'s remarks about her playing in the water, and the way M. is so aggressive and pissed off … I just know that I'm entirely right and they don't give a shit about the dog. They already aren't really doing good to the kids either, in a way. How come that a five years old girl, daughter of a teacher (!) doesn't know why plants must be watered?

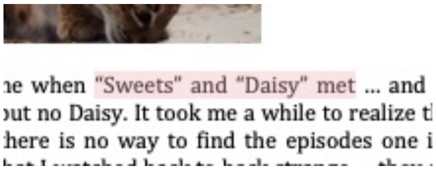
I also heard that they are about to go on a holiday again. Great. I used to be upset about them leaving without the dog. But now I'm happy because it means that A. will take care of Marshall and take him on walks and for swimming. And maybe J and I will get to be with him too, maybe he'll even be allowed to visit in our apartment.

Okay, something else happened, and I only now realized it – I went back just now to the version „O“ of this contact diary to see if there are still images missing.

And the place where I went - without looking, randomly, was where I mention ***„Sweets“ and „Daisy“*** from the TV-series „***Bones***“! That's why „Daisy“ had appeared earlier!



Yes, yes, and-and regaining that willingness to take a risk–
- that can take time.
- No.

May 16, 2021 – **The Stone in the Song**
Watched some "**Bones**" last night and this m
And today I chose the one where Bones
remembering watching "Bones" with Bob on Ma
"***Stone***" appeared in it. And what Bob and I did s


e when "Sweets" and "Daisy" met … and
ut no Daisy. It took me a while to realize t
here is no way to find the episodes one i

Bob knew that I was doing to open part „O“ of this contact diary, when I had no clue yet, and it would be the „Bones“ section and about Sweets and Daisy …!

Wow!

(Later)

As I was working on the screenshots of „*Die in a Gun Fight*“ I realized something: That strange turquoise teal setting in my vision, on that beach, it totally resembled – colorwise – the ***teal*** apartment of that guy in the movie yesterday! Wow!

Is that also a clue of Bob telling me that he is with me?

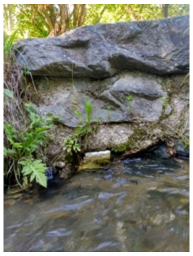
It's very unusual to see an apartment in that color, and then I was also astounded by the coloring of that „reach out“ scenario … ***the teal coloring.*** Wow.

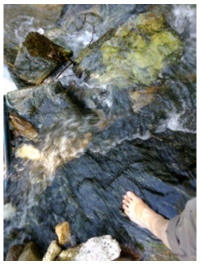
(Later)

G., my „visitor“ only called at about 6 p.m., when I was already at the „oasis of quiet“ with Jacqui, and she simply said she didn't feel like moving today anymore, she had found a camping spot where I had turned her to, lake Turnersee. Well, I was very pissed at her, before, but then I was nice on the phone. She suggested to meet tomorrow morning … yeah, right. Then I suggested to meet at lake Saissersee at 2 p.m., but I regret it now. I have to be honest to myself, I got stood up by someone who I hadn't seen in years (the last time in Vienna with Rebecca) … oh geez, I swore I would tell her my mind, I mean, why am I last all the time? Why dare to not meet with me when we kind of had an appointment and I waited all fucking day?

I will send her a text tomorrow morning cancelling on her. Totally. Yup. *(Note: Did that. Felt good.)*

So I was sitting there, deciding to enjoy the quiet with Jacqui. I waded into the stream and went to the side of the ***bridge*** on which I had stood many times. And I realized something astounding: There is only a small hole where the water can flow through! I had envisioned the lower parts of that bridge entirely differently! Wow.





Then I sat on a wooden table with Jacqui, pondering, drying my feet. Then I found an amazingly interesting stone, between the bench and the table, with two rough black sides and crystal in the middle.

As I looked up, a guy sat there, with a dog.

I thought, okay, he is waiting for me to leave so that his dog can swim …

and suddenly I recognized the guy, the dogs greeted each other excitedly, 10 years old „Thyson" and … the guy: He had been the first guy I had met in Griffen on walks with Jacqui, in late fall 2019, a nice man, I even wrote about him, someone with a strong Tyrolean accent …

So we sat and chatted, I thought me might be early to mid forties … turns out he is turning 70 next year. Impossible! (Note: I only realized this later but …) *This was the* ***face*** *I had seen lying down when I had that intense vision! The golden, reddish hair, the intense glance .. it was that guy!*

We talked a lot … and finally he told me about his wife who is tending to that beautiful garden, is all into gardening, like crazy about it … and that's the subject of the series I've been watching ***„Why Women Kill Season 2"*** – where „Alma" has a great garden, is crazy about gardening and is dying to get into the garden club.

The guy then told me that his wife is very sick, just had a breast surgery for breast cancer, mid June … and her arm is sore, and her hand numb …

Oh geez. And I had talked with him a lot about dying … about „Sterbefasten", deliberately stopping to eat to die in case one is deadsick or getting totally demented … oh man. I know that I was meant to be there to meet him and talk with him … I like him, I hope it was good for him. Only in the end I realized how desperate he must be.

I found some car wheel part along the way …

Back home, I started watching the movie „***Ride the Eagle***" … and again, there is a *bird*. A man must fulfil a task list that his late mother who had just died of cancer (!) had left him! And of course there is a huge „***rabbit***" in the interior of the cabin she will leave her son „Leif" if he fulfils all she wants him to do … Well, the rabbits then show up in the most gruesome way, too.

Wow, I'm getting so hot. I must take a late walk.

Tomorrow … will visit my mother. I so much hope she wants to go for a walk with me.

I wrote to my „visitor" G. how disappointed I was and how badly she misbehaved, and that she shouldn't bother responding, and that I won't meet with her. My interest is over. I had been looking forward to a great chat, I had hoped to tell her about this c. d., about the Hawaii-movies … no such luck.

I do remember that already in 2019, when she and Rebecca and I met for a few hours, she was strange in a lot of ways. Kept saying the same things that she had said at least a year before. And the year before, too.. In the same words. I have heard such from Bob too and from my mother.

(Later)
There is a huge white horse! And I saw ***Bob*** – the “horse”, “***horsie***”, that he called himself – in a hallway vision as a kind of ***white statue-like figure!***

Again – a reflexion of my life and my feelings, says the lover of the deceased mom (who didn’t know she had died): „People who love each other should be together. That’s the bottom line. Our time together is what matters. But now it’s too late … We fucking blew it. Shame on us.“

„I’m gonna miss you. Your smile. And your eyes. Your mind … I’ll miss you every day, for the rest of my days.” Says the movie character. Yes. No shit.

END PART 6 CONTACT DIARY “Naupaka Bunny”